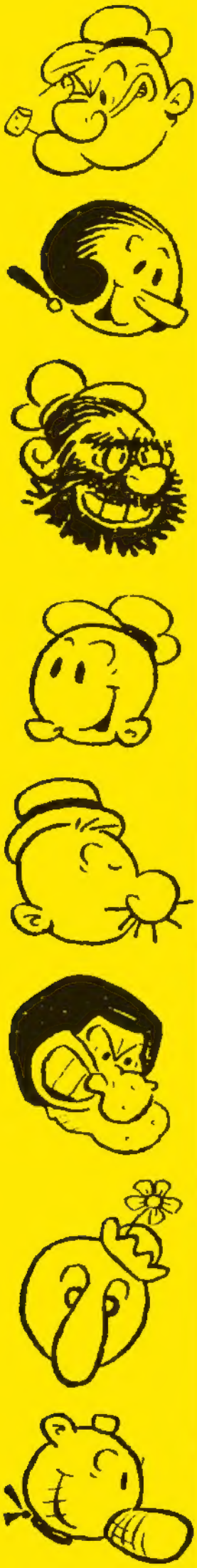


Popeye®

ADULT & KID FRIENDLY!™

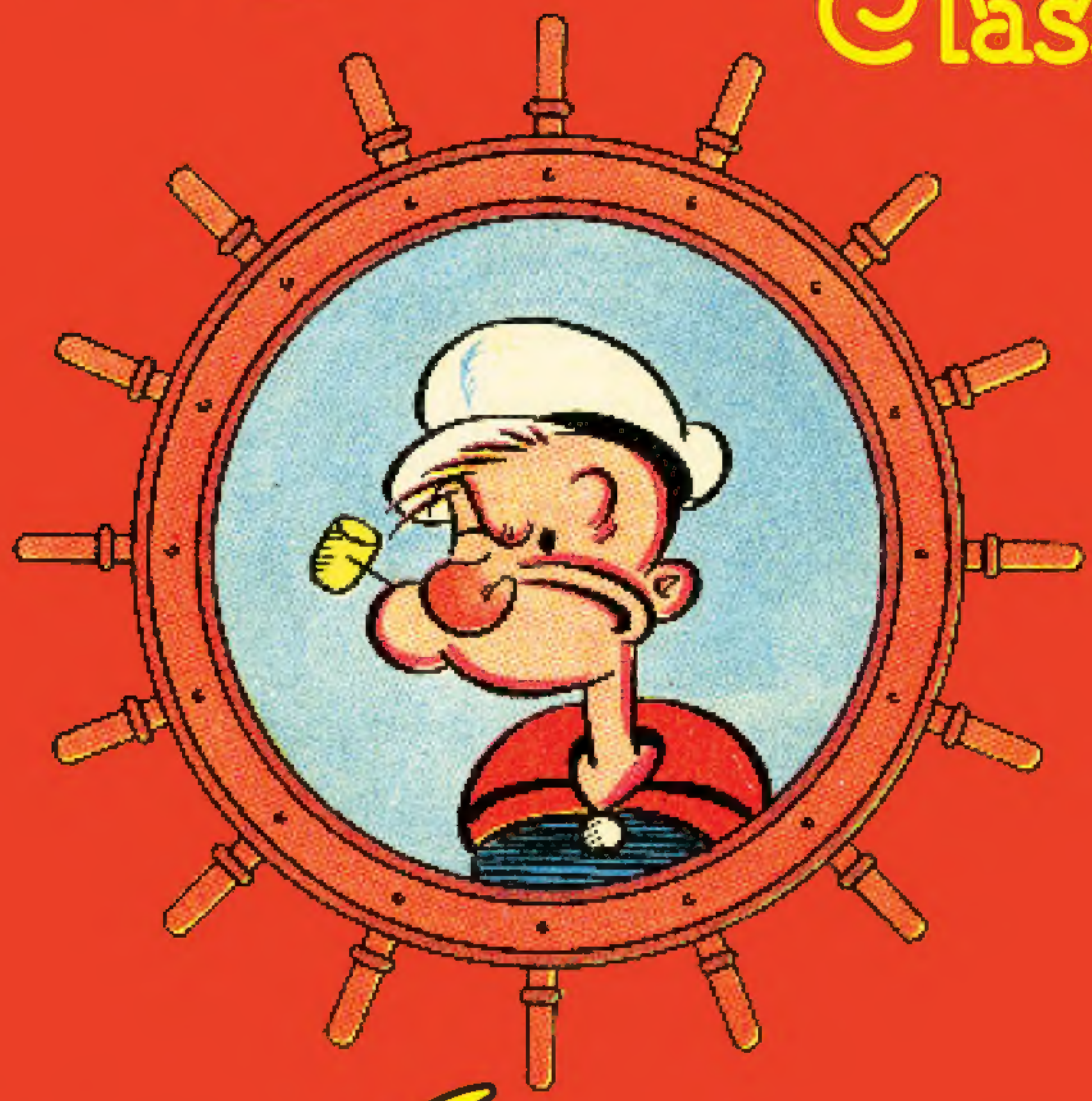
MOON GOON
and more!

Edited and Designed by
CRAIG YOE

BUD SAGENDORF

Popeye

Classics



Bud Sagendorf

Produced by
CLIZIA GUSSONI

Edited and Designed by
CRAIG YOE

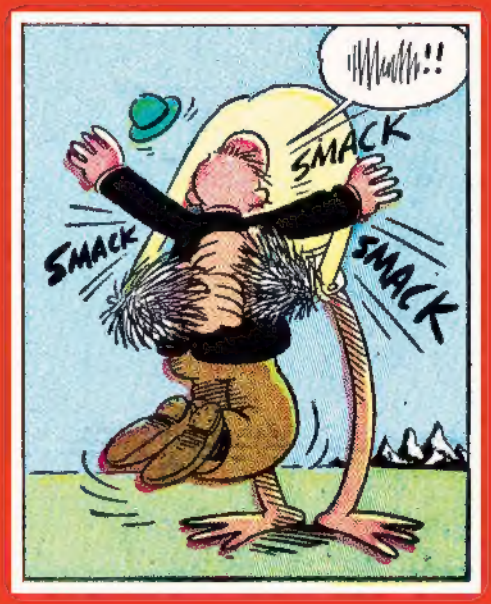
IDW PUBLISHING
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Forrest "Bud" Sagendorf (1915 – 1994)
wrote and drew more *Popeye* comic strips and books than any other cartoonist—and wrote and drew them better than all the other swabs!
When Bud was just 17, his sister, who worked in an art supply store in Santa Monica, California, introduced him to a customer, E.C. Segar, the creator of Popeye. Bud began a long relationship with
Segar who became his teacher, employer, and father figure.
After Segar's passing, Bud produced comic books for 24 years, penned the daily strip, and drew art for licensing products.
For a full biography with the crème de la spinach comics and many other rarities, see *Popeye: The Great Comic Book Tales by Bud Sagendorf* (Yoe Books/IDW, 2011).
We encourage you to send us images of Sagendorf treasures for future scrapbooks.

SOCIETY·OF·SAGENDORKS

"I am not now, nor have ever been, a member of the Society of Sagendorks (S.O.S.). I know nothing of the Society of Sagendork's clandestine rites involving Bud Sagendorf's art, and have no knowledge of the group's apparent deification of Forrest "Bud" Sagendorf, their connection to the world banking system, or their avowed goal of total world domination. Furthermore, the cult-like symbol for the Society of Sagendorks above was NOT drawn by me, rather by someone who has fiendishly affixed a reproduction of my signature to it in order to discredit me by associating me with these zealots. Be it known: I stand willing to totally cooperate with any and all authorities on this matter even to the point of releasing names of people that may themselves be involved in sympathetic activities of the Society of Sagendorks or names of actual
card-carrying members of the Society of Sagendorks I have obtained through my connections. For the good of mankind and all that we hold good and holy, I urge all patriotic, upstanding citizens to do the same!"

—Craig Yoe



Dedicated to a good friend of Popeye and ours

Donnie Pitchford.

This is volume 2 in the complete reprint of Bud Sagendorf's classic Popeye comics. Collect them all.

Do you have art or ephemera for the Bud Sagendorf Scrapbook? Please contact Craig Yoe on Facebook!

Check out our videos on **The Yoe Tube** at **YouTube.com/TheYoeTube** and **Vimeo.com/TheYoeTube**

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Deep thanks to: Giovanna Anzaldi, Greg Goldstein, Fred Grandinetti, Nerio Gussoni, Donnie Pitchford, Bill Ponseti, and Linda Salsedo.

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A BUD SAGENDORF SCRAPBOOK

POPEYE'S
BIG
BAND
Made in U. S. A.
COPR. 1919-1929-1933 KING FEATURES SYNDICATE Inc.
BAR ZIM TOY MFG. CO. Inc.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

SO YA SPOKE TO THE IMAGINARY MAN WHAT YA THINKS IS FOLLOWIN' YA!
YES! I SPOKE TO HIM!
ARF! ARF!
I TURNED AROUND REAL QUICK AND SAID HELLO TO HIM!
ARF! ARF!
-AND -AND THEN HE SAID HELLO TO ME!
ARF! ARF! AND WHAT DID YER IMAGINATION DO?
© 1961, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved.
I DON'T KNOW.... I FAINTED!!
9-23
BUD SAGENDORF

Previous Spread: Early Sagendorf artwork for a box of musical instrument toys. The fine print says, "Made in U.S.A. copyright 1910-1929-1933 King Feature Syndicate, Inc. Bar Zim Toy M.fg. Co. Inc. New York, N.Y."

Above: A Popeye daily reproduced from the original art from the author's collection. September 23, 1961.

Left: A specialty painting from the collection of Bill Ponseti. 1978. Thanks for sharing, Bill!

פּוֹפַּאי

בתוספת השבוע
תַּגְרִיָה

עיתון־הילדים הגדול ביותר בישראל

גליון 49

המחיר 1.50 ל"י

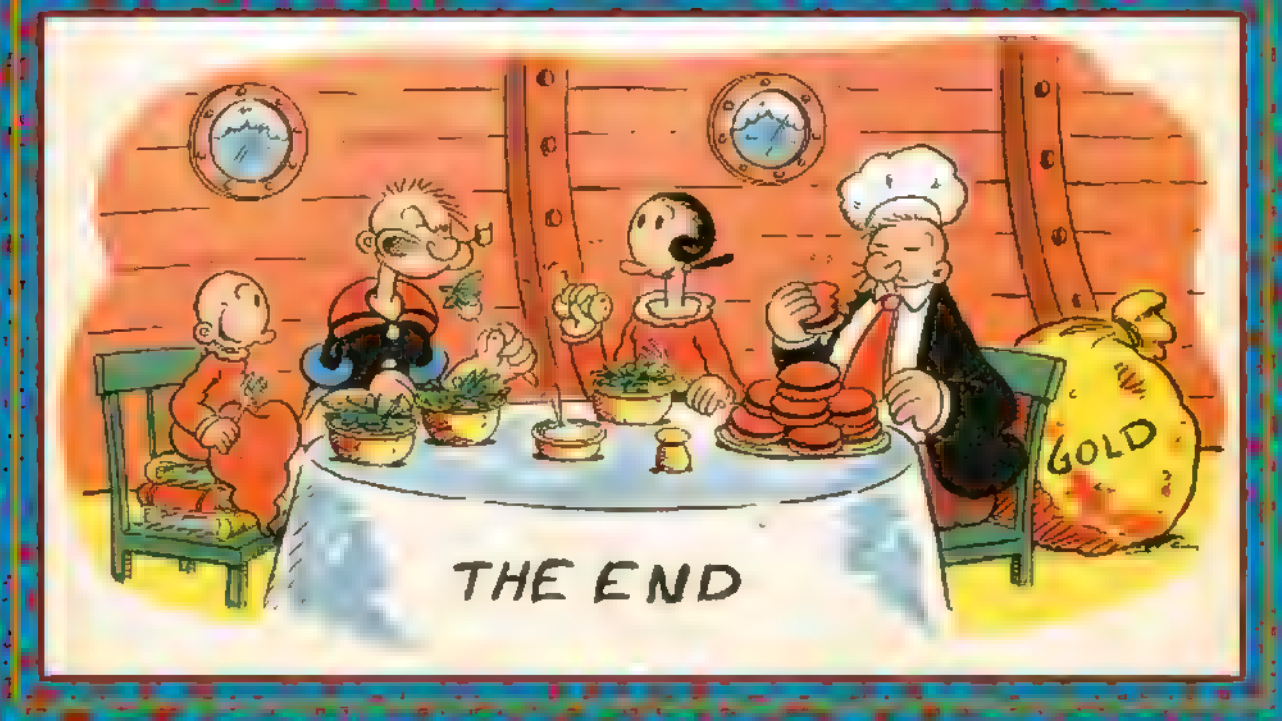
POPEYE

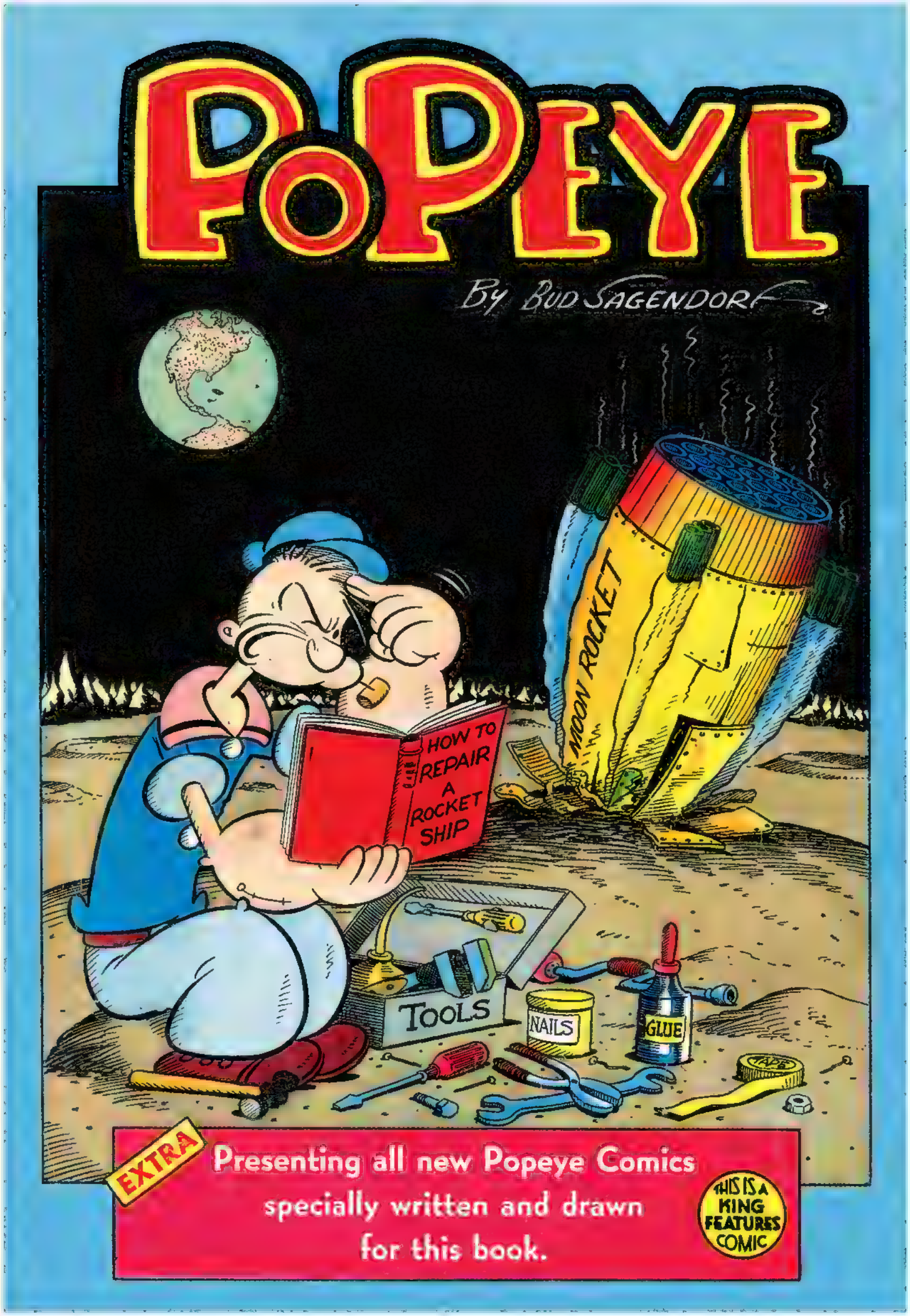
By Bud Sagendorf

T-2769

Left: Israeli Popeye #49, 1972.

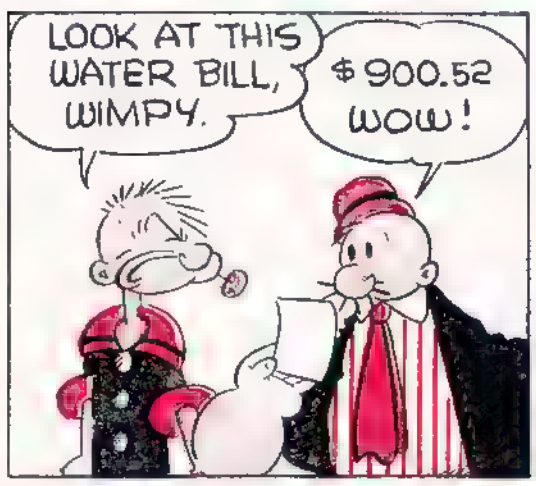
This page: A greeting card by H.A. Co.


GOLD
THE END



Popeye #5, February-March 1949

POPEYE


LOOK AT THIS WATER BILL, WIMPY.
$900.52 WOW!

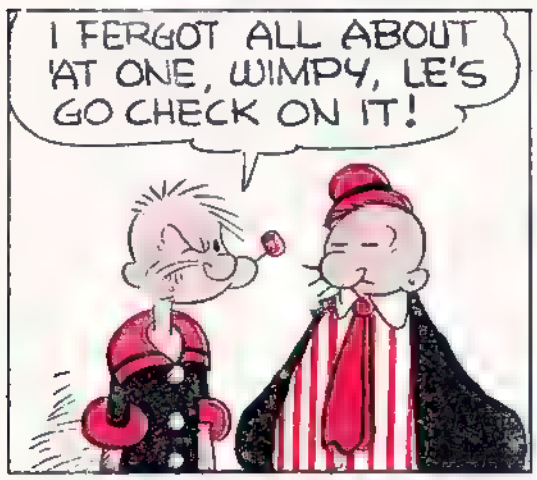
YOU MUST HAVE EATEN A LOT OF SALTED PEANUTS!

I KIN NOT FIGURE IT OUT - THEY MUST BE A LEAK IN OUR PIPES!

COME ON WIT' ME - I YAM GOIN' TO CHECK ALL OF THE PIPES!

THEY'S ALL OKAY DOWN HERE!

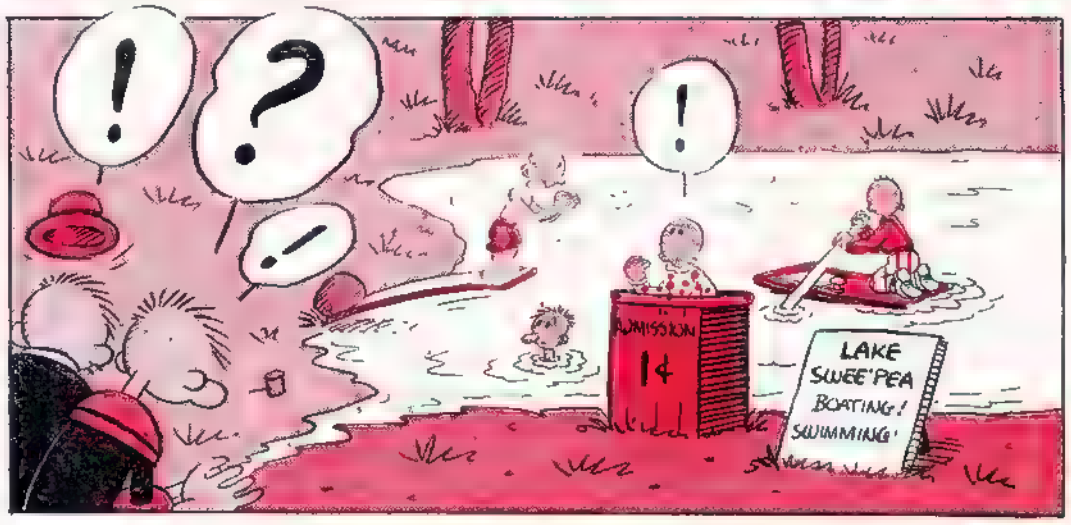
DON'T YOU HAVE A FAUCET WAY OUT IN YOUR BACK YARD?


I FERGOT ALL ABOUT 'AT ONE, WIMPY, LE'S GO CHECK ON IT!

YA WAS RIGHT, WIMPY, LOOK AT IT!

WON'ER WHERE ALL 'AT WATER'S GOIN' TO?
LET US FOLLOW IT!

GORSH! LOOK, WIMPY, IT'S GOIN' INTO THAT BIG GULLY!!
BUD SAGENDORF


!
?
!
!
ADMISSION
14
LAKE SWEE'PEA
BOATING!
SWIMMING!

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS-

A STUPENDOUSLY STIRRING STORY, STARRING STALWART, STUDIOUS SCIENTISTS STRUGGLING STARWARD- SPEEDING, SLASHING, SUCCESSFULLY SURMOUNTING STELLAR SPACE →

STARRING!

POPEYE

WIMPY

PROFESSOR I.C. BIGGY

PROFESSOR I. M. SHORTY

ENTITLED-

"MOON GOON!"

OR

"GOON ON THE MOON!"

OR

"THE MAN IN THE MOON IS A GOON!"

BY BUD SAGENDORF

IN A SMALL VALLEY ABOUT AN HOUR'S TRIP FROM POPEYE'S HOME, TWO MEN OF SCIENCE SQUARELY FACE THE PROBLEM CONFRONTING THEM →

BUT BUT WHAT WILL WE DO?

I DON'T KNOW? THERE'S NO ONE AROUND WITH THE EXPERIENCE WE NEED FOR THE JOB!

PERHAPS A SEAFARING MAN WOULD DO - THEY ARE USED TO GOING PLACES!!

BLOW ME DOWN, BUT I IS **BORED!**

IF ME SHIP WASN'T IN DRY DOCK, I WOULD TAKE A TRIP SOME-PLACE!!

I FEELS LIKE A CAGED AMINAL!!

POPEYE "S 492

I BELIEVE I'LL PAY OL' POPEYE A VISIT — PERHAPS HIS ICEBOX ISN'T AS EMPTY AS I AM.

GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE - WHAT IS WRONG? YOU LOOK LOW-DOWN!

I YAM BORED !! I FEELS LIKE GOIN' SOMEPLACE, BUT ME SHIP IS IN DRY DOCK!

I HAVE THIS MORNING'S PAPER AND THERE IS AN AD WHICH MIGHT INTEREST YOU —

— I'LL READ IT TO YOU!

"HELP WANTED— MALE— NEED BRAVE SAILOR TO CAPTAIN NEW SHIP ON VOYAGE OF EXPLORATION"

BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY! GIVE ME 'AT — IT SOUNDS VERY INTERESTIN'!

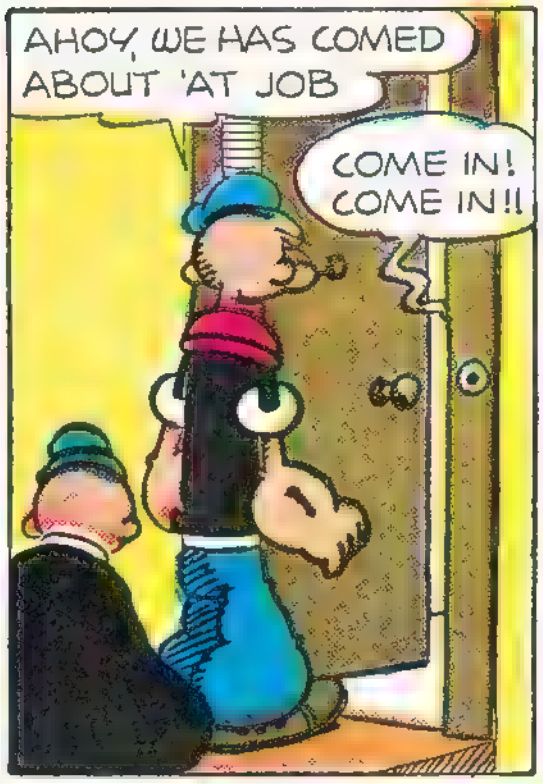
COME ON, WIMPY! WE WILL GO SEE ABOUT THIS JOB!!

?

BUT, POPEYE, I'M NOT BORED! I HAVE NO DESIRE FOR A SEA VOYAGE!

DON'T BE SILLY, WIMPY! THE SEA AIR WILL DO YA GOOD — I WILL MAKE YA ME FIRSK MATE

THIS IS THE PLACE, WIMPY


AHOY, WE HAS COMED ABOUT 'AT JOB
COME IN! COME IN!!

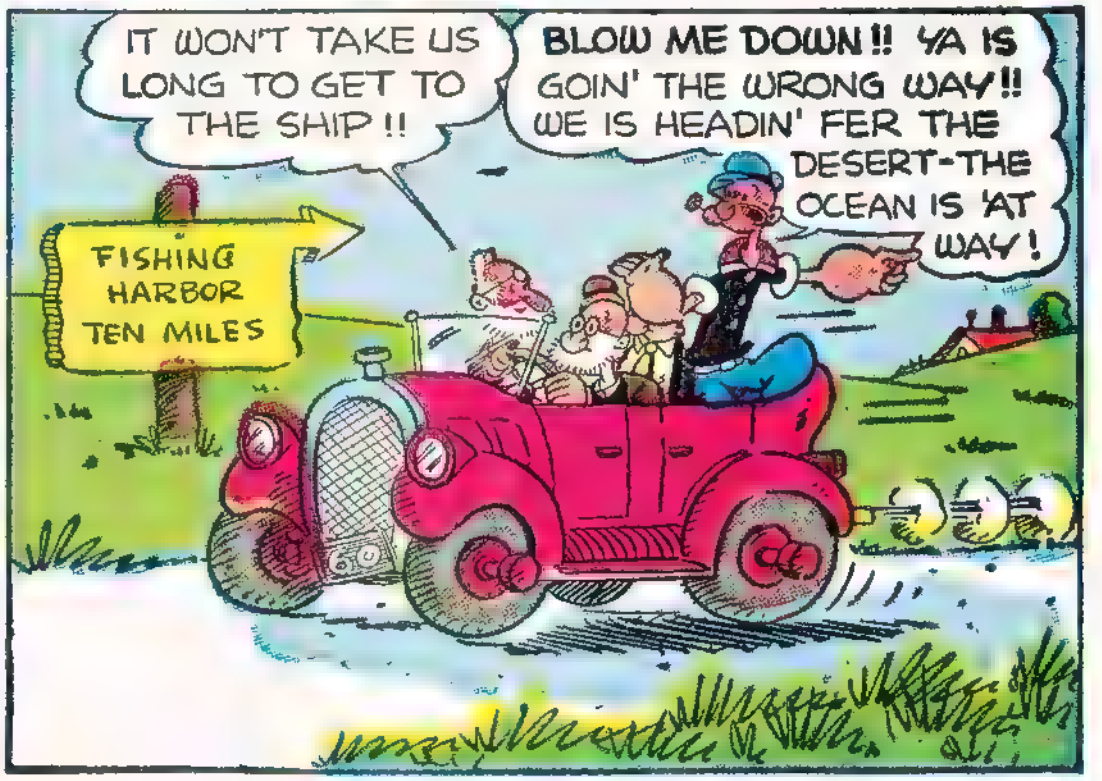
YOU LOOK LIKE A SAILOR! DO YOU LIKE TO TRAVEL ?
YEAH! I YAM NUTS ABOUT GOIN' PLACES

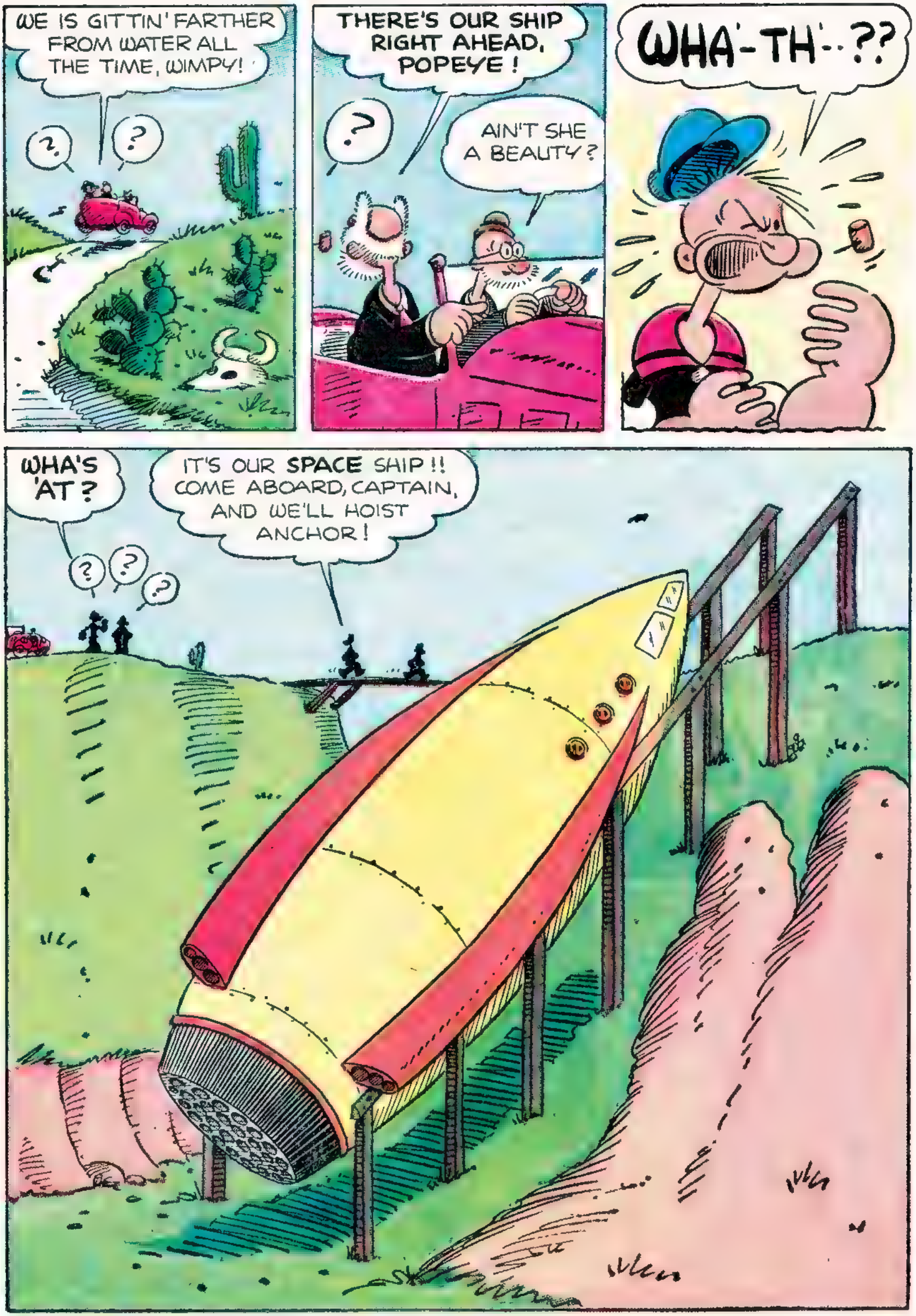
YOUR FRIEND DOESN'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A SEAMAN!
PHOOEY TO YOU, SIR!!

WELL? DOES WE GIT THE JOB ?
JUST A MOMENT. I'LL TALK IT OVER WITH MY COLLEAGUE

BZ-ZZZ BZ-Z !!
BZ-ZZZ!
HM?
BZZ ?
BZ ?
OKAY!

VERY WELL, GENTLEMEN, YOU'RE HIRED! WE'LL GO TO THE SHIP AT ONCE!


IT WON'T TAKE US LONG TO GET TO THE SHIP !!
BLOW ME DOWN!! YA IS GOIN' THE WRONG WAY!! WE IS HEADIN' FER THE DESERT-THE OCEAN IS 'AT WAY!
FISHING HARBOR TEN MILES


WE IS GITTIN' FARTHER FROM WATER ALL THE TIME, WIMPY!
?
?
THERE'S OUR SHIP RIGHT AHEAD, POPEYE!
?
AIN'T SHE A BEAUTY?
WHA'-TH'..??
WHA'S 'AT?
?
?
?
IT'S OUR SPACE SHIP!! COME ABOARD, CAPTAIN, AND WE'LL HOIST ANCHOR!

GOOD-BYE, OL' PAL, I'LL BE SEEING YOU!

AHOY, WIMPY, WHERE YA GOIN'?

SIR! THAT SHIP IS NO SAILING VESSEL!! IT IS A SPACE SHIP AND I DO NOT WISH TO SIGN ABOARD HER!

DON'T BE A SISSY, WIMPY. YA HAS BEEN IN AN AIRYPLANE B'FORE!

POPEYE, OL' PAL, I'LL WAGER THEY ARE GOING TO **MARS!**

SO WHAT? MARS CAN'T BE MUCH FARTHER THAN SHANGHAI?

NOT MUCH - JUST ABOUT THIRTY-FIVE MILLION MILES FARTHER!

THIRTY-FIVE MILLION MILES!?!

GORSH!

'AT'S A LOT OF SAILIN'!

?

?

?

COME, COME, GENTLEMEN, WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!

GORSH, PROF, I DOESN'T THINK WE WANTS TO SAIL NO THIRTY-FIVE MILLION MILES -

'AT'S DANGEROUS!

OH, WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE FOOLISH ON OUR FIRST TRIP - WE WON'T TRY FOR MARS - WE'LL PLAY IT SAFE AND GO TO THE MOON - THAT'S ONLY ABOUT TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY THOUSAND MILES!

'AT'S MORE LIKE IT - COME ON, WIMPY, LE'S GO ABOARD!

?

?

WE'LL HAVE TO BLAST OFF IN AN HOUR IF WE WANT TO HIT THE MOON!
THIS IS EXCITIN'!
POPEYE, A QUESTION HAS COME TO MY MIND!
YEA, WIMPY, WHAT IS IT?
I KNOW YOU ARE AN ACCOMPLISHED SAILOR, BUT HAVE YOU EVER SAILED A SPACE SHIP?
WHY-ER-A I-ER- - ?
OF COURSE, HE HASN'T, MR. WIMPY!
NOBODY HAS - THAT'S WHY WE PICKED A SAILOR - HE WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE!
FOLLOW ME AND I'LL SHOW YOU THE PILOTHOUSE!
THE PROF IS RIGHT, WIMPY - A GOOD SAILOR KIN SAIL ANYTHIN' - I YAM NOT WORRIED!
GULP!?!
YOUR SEAT OF AUTHORITY, CAPTAIN!

MY GORSH, PROFESSOR BIGGY, DOES YA EXPECT ME TO KNOW HOW TO RUN ALL THEM GADGETS ?

IT'S SIMPLE, POPEYE. ALL THESE BUTTONS ARE MARKED — ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS PUSH THEM.

THIS IS THE STEERING MECHANISM —

?

?

I'VE GOT TO GO TO MY LAB IN THE STERN — IN THIRTY-SIX MINUTES PUSH THE BUTTON MARKED "FIRE" AND WE'LL BE UNDER-WAY.

GOOD HEAVENS !?! IS THAT ALL THE INSTRUCTIONS WE GET —

I GUESSES SO, WIMPY!

THEY'S ONE THING SURE — I YAM NOT GOIN' TO STEER NO SHIP WIT' A BLASTID STICK!

LOOK AROUN' AN' SEE IF THERE IS ANY TOOLS.

BETTER HURRY, OL' PAL. WE HAVE TO BLAST OFF IN THREE MINUTES !

BANG

BANG

OKAY, WIMPY. BLAST ORF WHEN IT IS TIME — I YAM READY NOW!

TEN SECONDS, POPEYE !

TOOLS

THREE SECONDS - TWO - ONE - HERE WE GO !!

BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY, WE IS ON OUR WAY TO THE MOON !

AS WIMPY'S FINGER DEPRESSES THE BUTTON, THERE IS A ROAR AND IN A SWOOSH OF FIRE THE SPACE SHIP RIPS INTO THE SKY ——→

AHOY, WIMPY, SHE ANSWERS THE HELM LIKE A BABY !! HOW FAST IS WE GOIN' ?

WE'RE DOING VERY WELL — ABOUT TWO THOUSAND MILES PER HOUR !!

TWO THOUSAND !?! WOW !!! 'AT'S FASTER THAN ME OWN SHIP !!

GO ASK ONE OF THE PROFS IF WE IS SUPPOSED TO BE GOIN' SO FAST !

AYE, AYE, SIR !

BUT OUR FRIENDS ARE IN FOR A SURPRISE, FOR AS THE SPACE SHIP LEAVES THE EARTH TWO HEADS POP UP FROM BEHIND TWO ROCKS IN THE DESERT BELOW →

WHEEE -- LOOK AT IT GO !!

I FEEL A LITTLE GUILTY, LETTING THEM THINK WE WERE GOING WITH THEM —

DON'T BE SILLY, BIGGY - WE COULDN'T RISK OUR MILLION-DOLLAR BRAINS. AFTER ALL, WE DIDN'T KNOW IF IT WOULD FLY OR NOT!

YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE, BUT IT'S A SHAME THE SHIP ONLY HAS ENOUGH FUEL TO REACH THE MOON — I HOPE THEY'LL BE HAPPY LIVING THERE!

WHERE'S POPEYE? YOUR HOUSEBOY SAID HE CAME OUT HERE WITH YOU!

?

?

WHO-WHO ARE YOU?

I'M HIS SWEETIE, OLIVE — I WANT TO ASK HIM WHAT TIME OUR DATE IS TONIGHT

SEE THAT SMOKE TRAIL UP IN THE SKY?

YES!

THAT'S YOUR BOY FRIEND IN A ROCKET SHIP!

WHY, THE BRUTE! HE'D BETTER BE BACK TO TAKE ME TO DINNER!

I'M AFRAID HE WON'T BE BACK TONIGHT — HE'S ON A **ONE-WAY** TRIP TO THE MOON!!

!

?

I THINK YOU SHOULD HAVE BROKEN IT TO HER A LITTLE GENTLER—

PHOOEY!! I THOUGHT SHE WOULD BE PROUD TO KNOW HER BOY FRIEND WAS SACRIFICING HIS LIFE FOR SCIENCE—

POPEYE, OL' PAL - I THINK I HAVE DISTURBING NEWS.

WHA'S WRONG, WIMPY?

I FEAR WE ARE MAKING THIS TRIP ALONE!

WHAT YA MEAN, WIMPY?

WE ARE THE ONLY ONES ON THIS SHIP!

GULP!

HOW ARE THEY DOING?

FROM THE WAY THE SHIP IS ACTING, I'D SAY THEY FOUND OUT WE'RE NOT WITH THEM-

OH, MY POOR SAILOR BOY!!

WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, WIMPY?

I'D SUGGEST YOU GET BACK TO THE WHEEL - OR WE'LL BE IN THE SUN!!

I KIN NOT FIGURE OUT WHY THEM PROFESSORS WOULD DO THIS TO US!

AHOY, WIMPY, WHA'CHA DOIN'?

POPEYE, GET BACK TO THE WHEEL!

THE SHIP IS OKAY, WIMPY. I TIED THE WHEEL- WE'LL STAY ON OUR COURSE!

HOW FAR ALONG WOULD YOU SAY WE WERE?

OH, ABOUT TWO-THIRDS OF THE WAY TO THE MOON -

TSK-TSK- THAT'S WHAT I WAS AFRAID OF!

WHAT'S WRONG, WIMPY?

WE'VE USED TWO-THIRDS OF OUR FUEL!

EMPTY FUEL FULL

WE HAS ONE-THIRD TO GO AND ONE-THIRD OF OUR FUEL - WE WILL MAKE THE MOON OKAY!!

MAY I ASK, OL' PAL, **HOW** DO WE GET HOME? I DOUBT IF WE'LL FIND A GAS STATION ON THE MOON!!

OH, MY GORSH!! YA IS RIGHT!! WE IS A PAIR OF DOOMED DUCKS!

I WONDER IF THEY HAVE COWS ON THE MOON!

AHOY, WIMPY. COME QUICK!

BOY, IT'S PRETTY. ISN'T IT?

I'D RATHER SEE IT FROM THE EARTH!

DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER PREPARE TO LAND?

YEA; WE HASN'T MUCH FUEL TO WASTE

MY GORSH!?! I DOESN' KNOW HOW TO LAND THIS THING!!

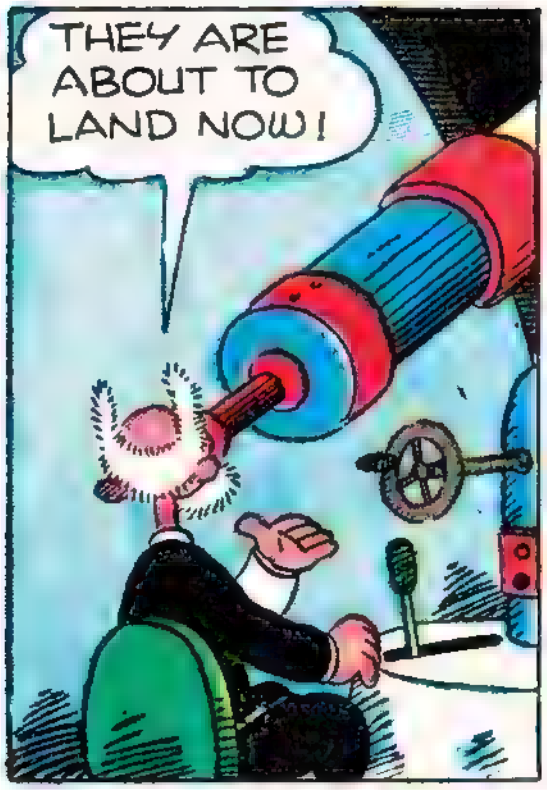
THAT DIPPY PROF TOLD ME HOW TO GET IT ORF THE GROUND - BUT

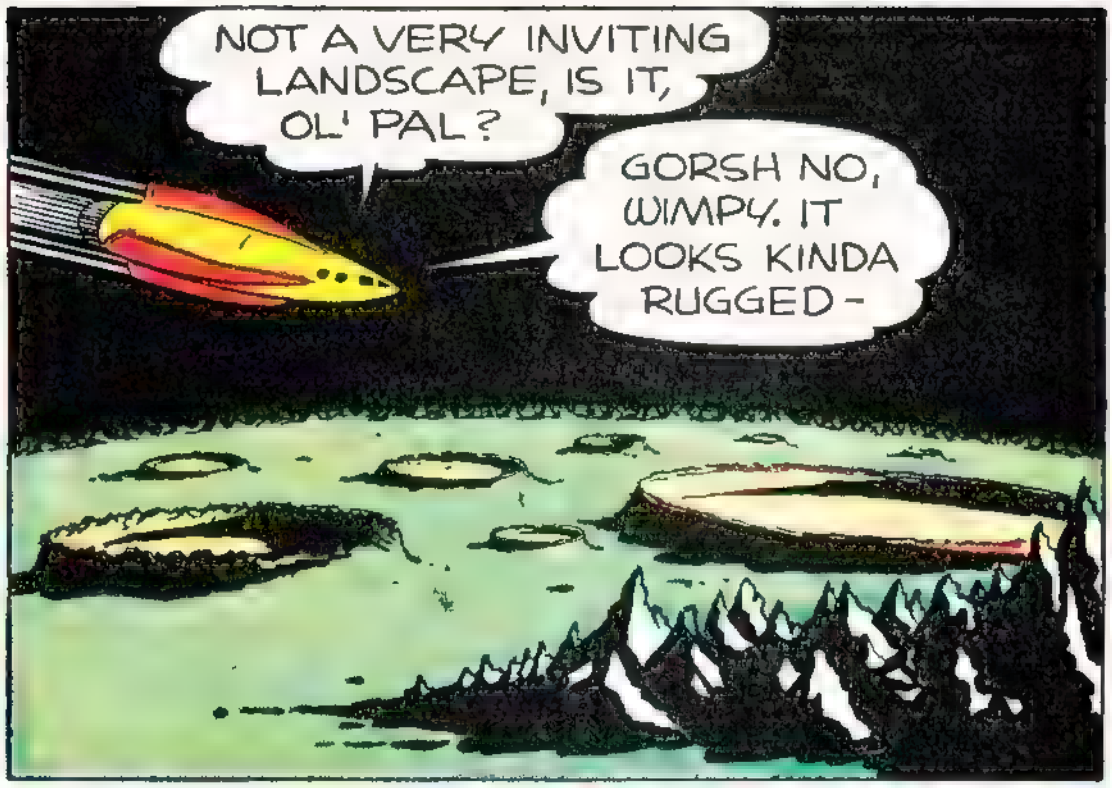
NOT HOW TO GIT IT DOWN!

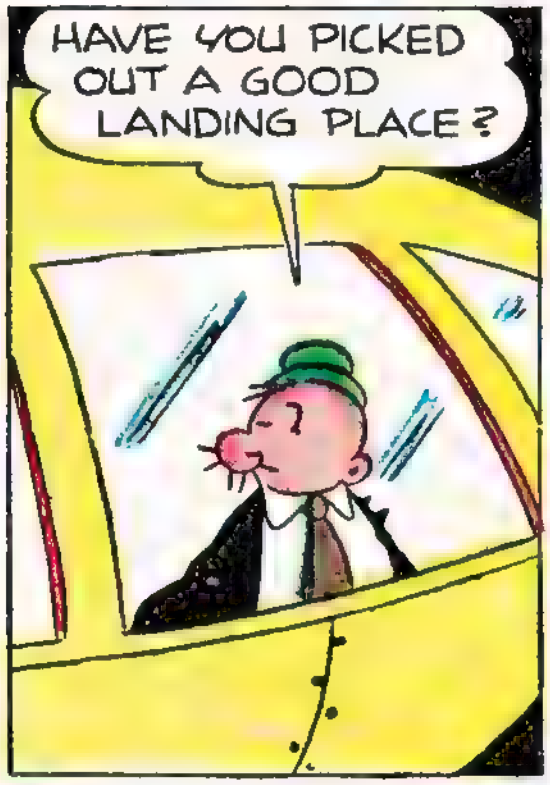
WELL, ONE NICE THING— THE MOON'S BIG ENOUGH, SO WE WON'T MISS IT!

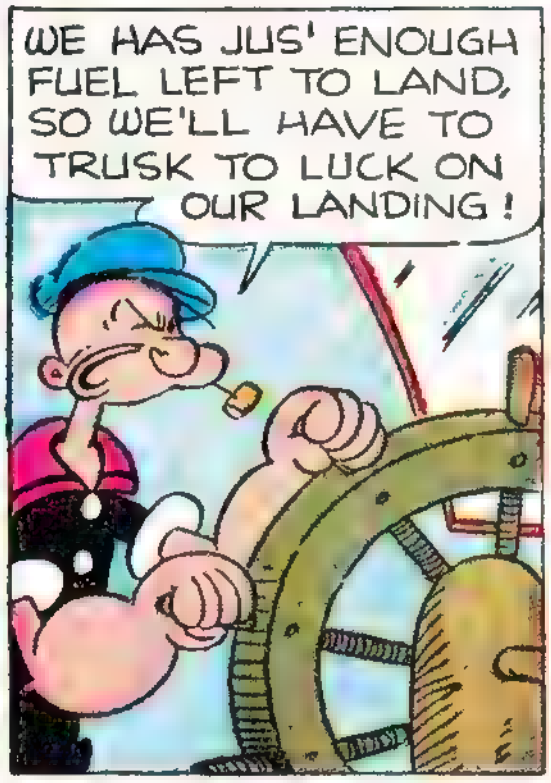
GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE, SHOULDN'T WE LAND ON TOP OF IT - I DON'T WANT TO FALL OFF!

DON'T BE SILLY, WIMPY. GRAVITY WILL HOLD US ON!!!


THEY ARE ABOUT TO LAND NOW!

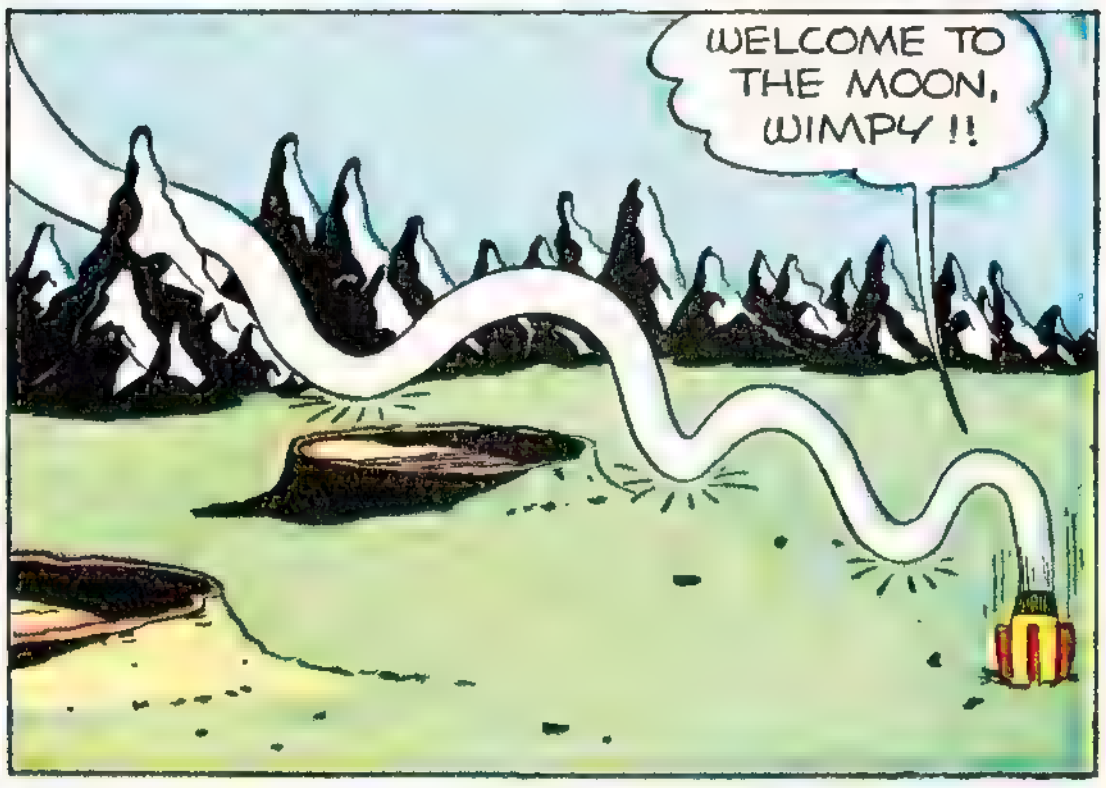

NOT A VERY INVITING LANDSCAPE, IS IT, OL' PAL?
GORSH NO, WIMPY. IT LOOKS KINDA RUGGED -


HAVE YOU PICKED OUT A GOOD LANDING PLACE?


WE HAS JUS' ENOUGH FUEL LEFT TO LAND, SO WE'LL HAVE TO TRUSK TO LUCK ON OUR LANDING!

KEEP YER FINGERS CROSSED, WIMPY!

I WISHES THEM PROFESSORS HAD PUT WHEELS ON THIS THING.


WELCOME TO THE MOON, WIMPY!!

MY GORSH! IS YA OKAY, WIMPY?

YES-BUT IT'S DARK HERE ON THE MOON!

OUR LIGHTS WENT OUT AND THE NOSE OF OUR SHIP IS BURIED UNDER THE SAND -'AT'S WHY IT'S DARK!!

WELL, LET US GET OUT OF HERE!

THANK HEAVENS-THE HATCH IS ABOVE THE SAND!!

JUMP OUT, WIMPY

SURE IS LONESOME-FEELIN' HERE!

DO YOU SEE ANY WILD BEASTS?

DON'T BE SILLY- THE MOON IS DEAD. THEY IS NOTHIN' LIV'IN' ON IT!

THAT'S A RELIEF!

I THINK I'LL SIT DOWN ON ONE OF THESE ROCKS AND TAKE IT EASY!

IT'S NICE TO KNOW WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM ANY ANIMAL LIFE!

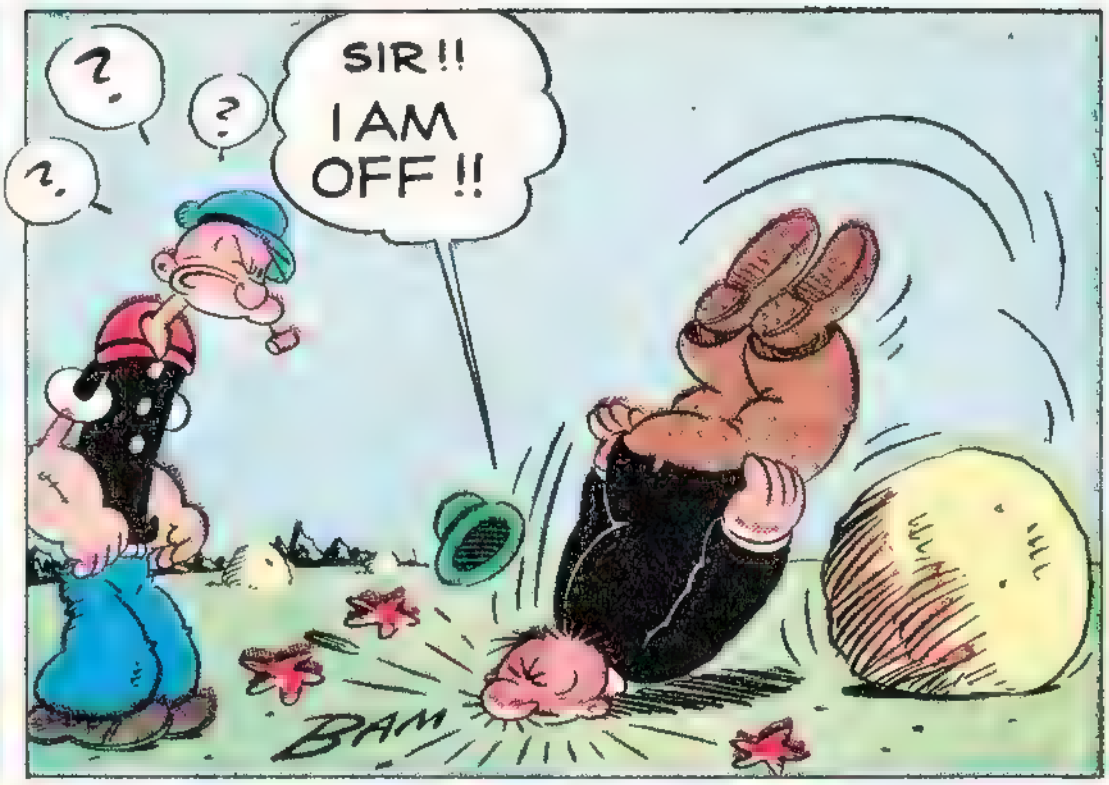
WHAT'RE YA DOIN', WIMPY?

?

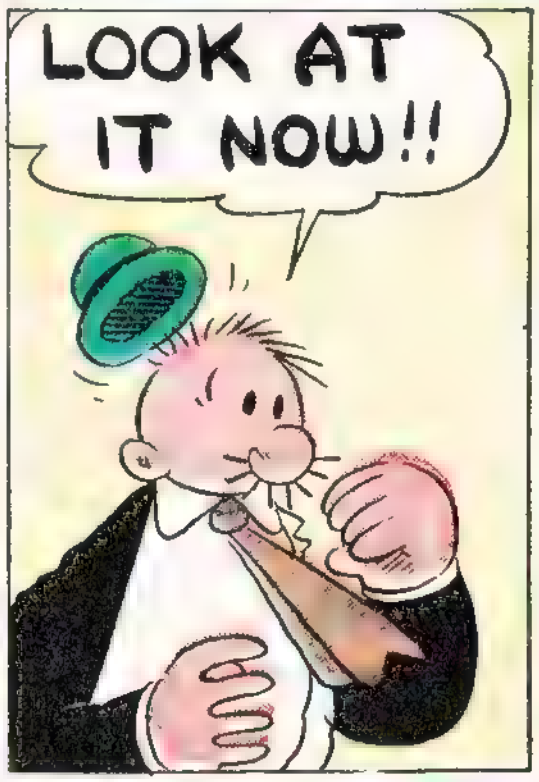
?

SIR, I'M DOING NOTHING! IT'S THE ROCK! IT'S MOVING!!

WIMPY, YA HAD BETTER GIT ORF!!

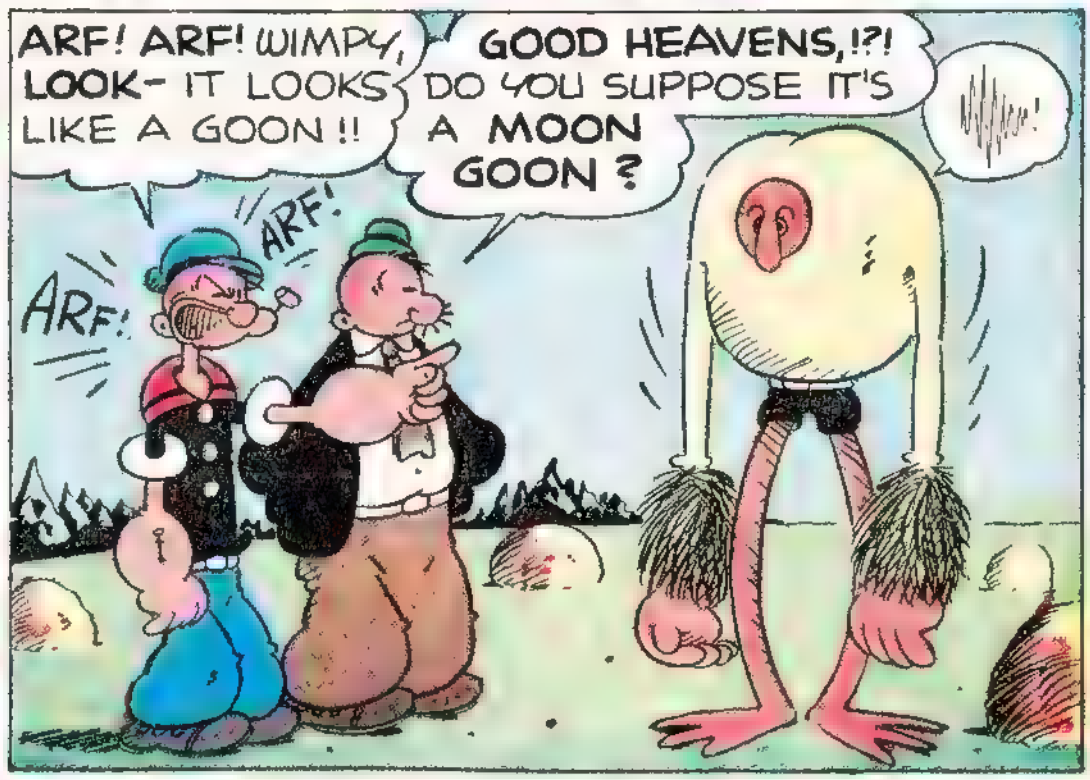

?
?
?
SIR!!
I AM OFF!!
BAM

ARE YA OKAY?
YES, I'M OKAY —
NASTY LITTLE PEBBLE, ISN'T IT?


LOOK AT IT NOW!!

OH, MY GORSH!?!
?
?
?

IT'S ALIVE!!
?
?
?


ARF! ARF! WIMPY, LOOK- IT LOOKS LIKE A GOON!!
GOOD HEAVENS,!?! DO YOU SUPPOSE IT'S A MOON GOON?
ARF!
ARF!

BOY! ARE THOSE SCIENTISTS ORF THE BEAM? THEY SAID THERE WAS NOTHIN' ALIVE ON THE MOON!

AHOY, YA MOON GOON. WHA'S YER NAME?

?

?

?

HE SAYS, OL' PAL, HE DOESN'T UNDERSTAND THE FUNNY NOISES YOU ARE MAKING.

BUT HOW KIN YOU UN'ER-STAN' HIM?

YOU FORGET, POPEYE, THAT ALICE, THE EARTH GOON, TAUGHT ME THEIR LANGUAGE!

I'LL ASK HIM WHAT HE'S DOING ON THE MOON!

?

...!

HE SAYS HE'S A NATIVE OF THE MOON - I'M GOING TO ASK HIM IF HE EVER HEARD OF ALICE.

?

LOOK OUT, WIMPY!!

?

HELP, POPEYE!! HE'S KISSING ME!! HE SAYS HE'S ALICE'S GRANDFATHER!!

!!

SMACK

SMACK

SMACK

ARF!

ARF!

ARF!

HAW!

WHEEW! POPEYE, HE SAYS HIS PEOPLE SENT ALICE TO THE EARTH TEN YEARS AGO TO SEE WHAT EARTHLINGS WERE LIKE –

BUT WHY THE KISSIN'?

ALICE NEVER CAME BACK AND HE WAS OVERJOYED TO FIND OUT WE KNEW HER.

I WON'ER WHERE THE REST OF HIS PEOPLE IS ?

I'LL ASK HIM!

HE SAYS THEY'RE ALL HERE WITH US!

HUH?

BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY, THEY'S NOTHIN' AROUN' HERE BUT ROCKS!

HE'S CALLING HIS PEOPLE NOW, POPEYE!

MY GORSH!?! ALL OF 'EM ROCKS IS MOON GOONS!

IT MUST BE THEIR WAY OF HIDING —

BUT WHAT COULD THERE BE AROUN' HERE TA HIDE FROM?

PERHAPS THEY HEARD OUR SPACE SHIP COMIN' AND WERE AFRAID OF IT!

MY GORSH, WIMPY, WHAT IS THEY DOIN' NOW?

?

?

THEY'RE ALL DIGGING IN AGAIN!!

?

?

?

!

GOOD HEAVENS! HE SAYS WE'D BETTER MAKE OURSELVES LOOK LIKE **ROCKS!!**

WHY?

HE SAYS THEIR ENEMIES, THE **MOON ROCKS**, ARE COMING!

THE WHAT?

MY GORSH, WIMPY!?! LOOK!! MILLINGS OF BIG ROCKS ROLLIN' AN' BOUNCIN' ACROSS THE MOON TOWARDS US!!

GOOD HEAVENS!! WE'LL BE CRUSHED TO DEATH!!

WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE, POPEYE!

STAY IN BACK OF ME, WIMPY, I'LL TRY TO KEEP 'EM FROM HITTIN' US!!

KEEP YER FINGERS CROSSED, WIMPY, HERE THEY COMES !!

NO WONDER THE MOON GOONS HIDE!

'AT A BOY, POPEYE! YOU STOPPED THAT ONE!

SPLAT

YOU'RE DOING FINE, OL' PAL, NONE OF THEM HAVE HIT ME YET

BAM!

SPLAT

THIS IS THE LAST ONE, WIMPY, — I'LL JUS' CATCH IT —

—AN' TOSS IT BACK TO WHERE IT CAME FROM!!

THAT'S NO WAY TO TREAT HIS MAJESTY, KING GRANITE! THROWING HIM AROUND LIKE THAT!!!

HUH??

?

HE'LL BE VERY ANGRY!!

GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE, TALKING MOON ROCKS!

QUIET, FATSO!

WHERE'S THOSE MOON GOONS? WE SAW YOU TALKING TO THEM AND WE CAME TO CRUSH THEM!!

BUT WHY DOES YA HATE THE GOONS?

WHY DO WE HATE THEM?? GOOD GOSH, WOULDN'T YOU HATE SOMEONE WHO TRIED TO BUILD A HOUSE OUT OF YOU?

GR-R-R

?

?

ARF! ARF! YA MEANS THEY USED YA FER BRICKS? ARF! ARF!!

ARF!

IT'S NOT FUNNY, EARTH-MAN

IT'S NO FUN BEING CEMENTED INTO A WALL!!

OH!!

I YAM SORRY, MR ROCK, BUT I KIN NOT HELP BUT LAUGH! ARF! ARF!!

ARF!

ARF!

ARF!

ARF

GO AHEAD-LAUGH! OUR KING GRANITE WILL CHANGE YOUR TONE WHEN HE GETS BACK!!

GR-RR

GREETINGS, YOUR MAJESTY!

WHAT'S GOIN' ON HERE, CLINKER?

BAM!

PLOP

THESE EARTHMEN ARE FRIENDS OF THE GOONS!

TOO BAD FOR THEM!

I'LL HAVE TO CRUSH THEM!! I'LL GO UP HIGH AND LET MYSELF DROP ON THEM!

DON'T MISS, YOUR MAJESTY!

I'LL DROP ON THE SKINNY ONE FIRST-

WHEEEW!! WHAT HIT ME?

AH! HE'S SITTIN' UP! I'LL LAND ON HIS HEAD!

SWISH

WOW! WHAT A BUMP!!

LOOK OUT, POPEYE, LOOK OUT FROM ABOVE!

WHA' THE-?

?

OH!!

BAM!

BLOW ME DOWN!! LOOK, WIMPY, IT DROVE ME INTO THE GROUND!

IT WAS QUITE A BLOW, POPEYE!

YOU BEAST!! YOU KNOCKED OUT OUR KING!!

I DIDN'T KNOCK HIM OUT - HE DID IT TO HIMSELF ON ME FIST !!!

IT MAKES NO DIF-FERENCE HOW IT HAP-PENED, YOU DEFEATED OUR KING, SO —

—AS SOON AS HE COMES TO, HE'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU HIS CROWN- - YOU'RE NOW OUR KING!!

HUH?

THE EARTHMAN LICKED YOU, JOE - YOU'LL HAVE TO GIVE UP YOUR CROWN!

OOOH!!

POPEYE, LOOK!! IT'S OPENING UP!!!

OH, MY GORSH!?!

?

HERE YOU ARE, YOUR MAJESTY.

TAKE THE CROWN, EARTHMAN, YOU HAVE EARNED IT !!

? ? ? ?

WIMPY, WE HAS BEEN HERE THREE WEEKS – THE GOONS AND ROCKS ARE AT PEACE AND YOU AND I ARE THOU-SINGS OF MILES FROM HOME!

SNIFF! HOME! DEAR LOVELY MOTHER EARTH- SNIFF – EARTH WITH HER SALUBRIOUS, BOVINE SANDWICHES-

SNIFF

SNIFF

WHAT'S WRONG, WIMPY? WHY THE TEARS ?

WE'RE HOME-SICK, JOE!

SNIFF

WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME?

OUR SPACE SHIP IS OUT OF FUEL!

THAT'S NO PROBLEM! YOU DON'T NEED A SPACE SHIP TO GET TO THE EARTH!

HOT DORG!!! YA MEANS YA KIN GIT US BACK TO THE EARTH?

SURE! SURE! WE MOON ROCKS CAN DO ANYTHING!!

BACK ON THE EARTH!!

OH, MY POOR SAILOR BOY – SNIFF – LOST UP THERE ON THE MOON-

– I'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!

IT WAS SWELL OF JOE TO LET US USE A COUPLE OF THEIR ROCKS!

INDEED YES, POPEYE.

IT'S LUCKY FER US 'AT THESE ROCK MACHINES WILL REACH THE EARTH!

THOSE MOON ROCK MEN SURE ARE SMART LITTLE FELLOWS -BUT I WISH THEY'D MADE THESE THINGS A LITTLE LARGER-

I THINK WE'D BETTER LAND AT OLIVE'S HOUSE - I BET SHE'S BEEN WORRIED ABOUT ME!

ANYTHING YOU SAY, POPEYE.

OH, MY LOST SWEETHEART, PLEASE COME HOME TO YOUR LITTLE OLIVE -

YIPE!! MY HOUSE!!

CRASH BAM

MY POOR HOUSE!! IT LOOKED LIKE TWO METEORS!!

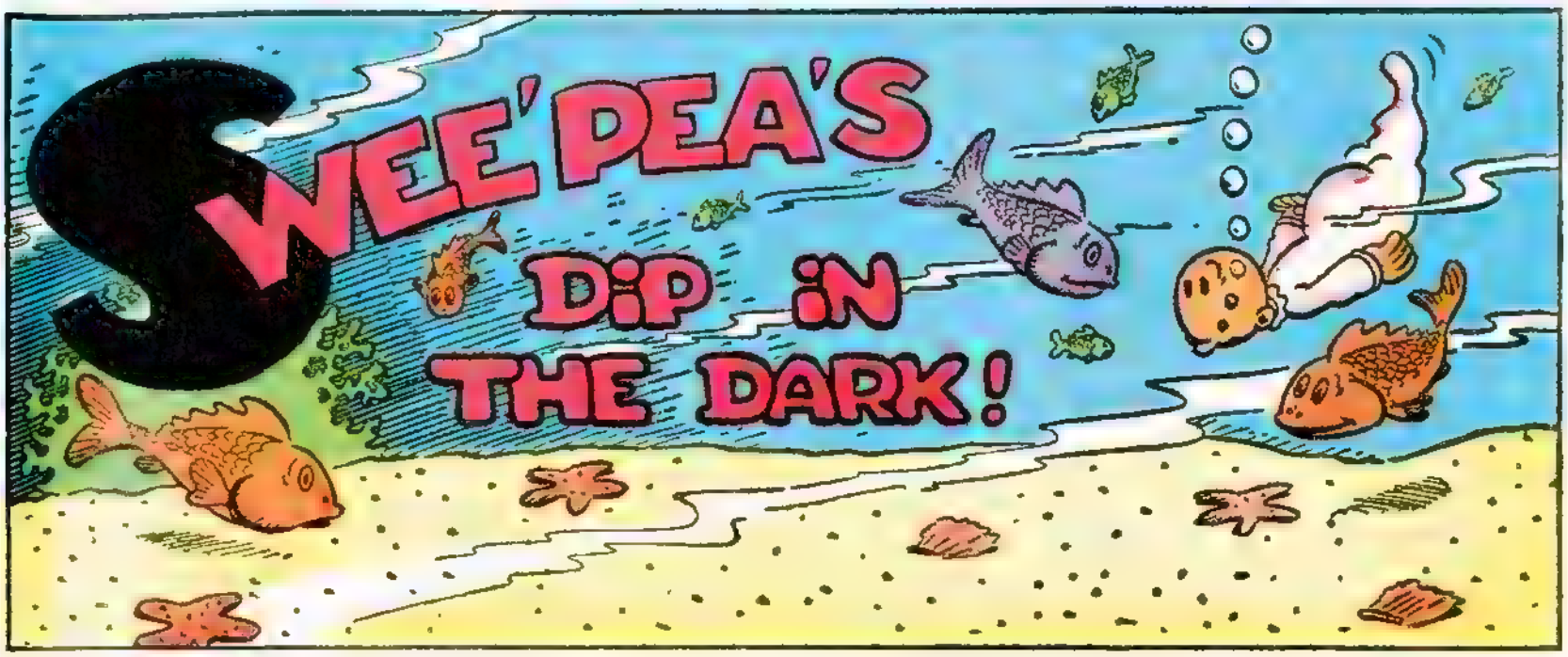
AHOY, OLIVE, WE IS HOME!!

GREETINGS, MISS OYL, DO YOU HAVE A CAN-OPENER?

WHY, YOU--YOU BEAST! JUST BECAUSE I BEGGED YOU TO COME BACK IS NO REASON FOR YOU TO BE SO ACCURATE!!

BUD SAGENDORF

THE END



"Avast, Swee'pea, ya had better get b'low. They is a storm blowin' up!" Popeye called to his adopted boy and then turned back to the schooner's wheel as the first gust of the coming storm shook the little craft.

Ignoring Popeye's order, Swee'pea crawled forward to the bow of the ship. Popeye was too busy to notice what the little boy was doing.

"Phooey!" Swee'pea muttered, "I am a big boy now and I don't like to be sent b'low. I like to be up here in the bow where I can feel the salt spray in my face."

In a very few minutes, Swee'pea had reason to wish he had paid attention to the older sailor. The storm was rapidly gaining in fury and it was all the little boy could do to hold on to the anchor chain. It was too late to attempt to make his way back to the safety of the small cabin.

"Blow me down! This is a humdinger! I hope this anchor chain is good and strong," he thought as a huge wave broke over his head and the angry water tugged and pulled at him.

Back at the wheel it was taking all of Popeye's strength to hold the schooner's nose pointed in the right direction. Several times the wet wheel slipped from his grasp and it was only years of experience that enabled the sailor man to regain control of the lurching vessel. Suddenly there was the loud snapping of metal as a mountainous wave lifted the ship and slapped her back into the water.

"Oh, my gorsh!" Popeye yelped. "There goes the anchor! That last wave broke the chain like a string. Oh, well, I kin always buy another anchor, maybe!"

Popeye wouldn't have treated the loss of the anchor so lightly if he had seen the white figure sailing over his head. It was little Swee'pea. With the snapping of the chain, he had been tossed into the air and with a splash, landed in the churning sea behind the tossing ship.

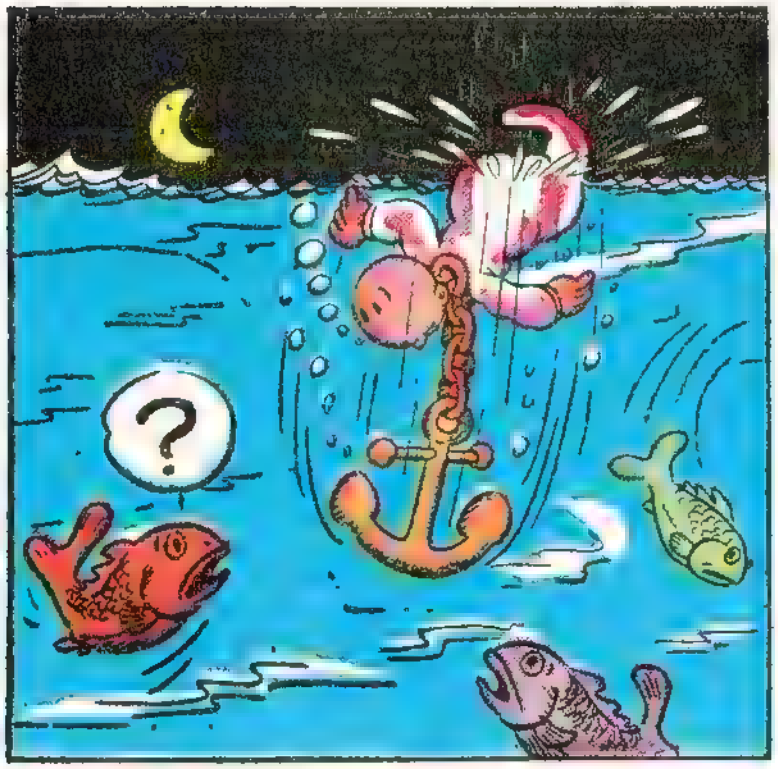
"WOW!" was all the startled boy could say before the water closed over his head.

At first Swee'pea wasn't worried about his predicament. Popeye, with the wisdom of an old salt, had taught him to swim even before he could walk. So with a light heart he kicked out with his feet, expecting to shoot to the surface. Much to his dismay the kicking only hurried his downward descent. Try as he did, he was unable to stop his dive for the ocean floor.

"Oh, my," he thought to himself, as his lungs began to ache for fresh air. "What is the matter with me? I am going to drown if I cannot get some air soon."

He again tried to force his body to turn around and point upward but all he succeeded in doing was to use up a little more of the precious air left in his lungs.

With a thud his head crashed into



the ocean floor. Through the swirl of mud and sand he saw the anchor with about six feet of chain lying beside him.

"Blow me down! No wonder I couldn't swim. The broken chain of the anchor is caught in my clothes and pulled me down."

Desperately he fought to free himself from the chain. The broken end was caught in the neck of his dress in back and it wasn't easy to reach. At last he was free and with a kick against the sand, he shot for the surface. It was a race now between his ability to hold his breath and the length of time it would take to reach the air above. Finally, just as he was certain he would have to give up, his head popped out of the water. His momentum carried him out of the sea and into the air and before he fell back into the water, he filled his lungs with the sweet, fresh air.

The storm was still raging, but this time he had no difficulty keeping himself afloat. He took a few quick turns about, trying to spot the ship, but it was nowhere to be seen. He knew that if he was to save himself, he would have to swim for it. Popeye wouldn't miss him until morning, for the sailor man thought he was fast asleep in his bunk on the ship.

It was a good thing for Swee'pea that Popeye had taught him to remain cool and collected in any kind of situation, for it would have been easy for him to become panicky and swim about wildly in a vain attempt to save his life. Remembering Popeye's training, he took his predicament calmly. He started swimming slowly, conserving his strength, in the direction he hoped would bring him to land.

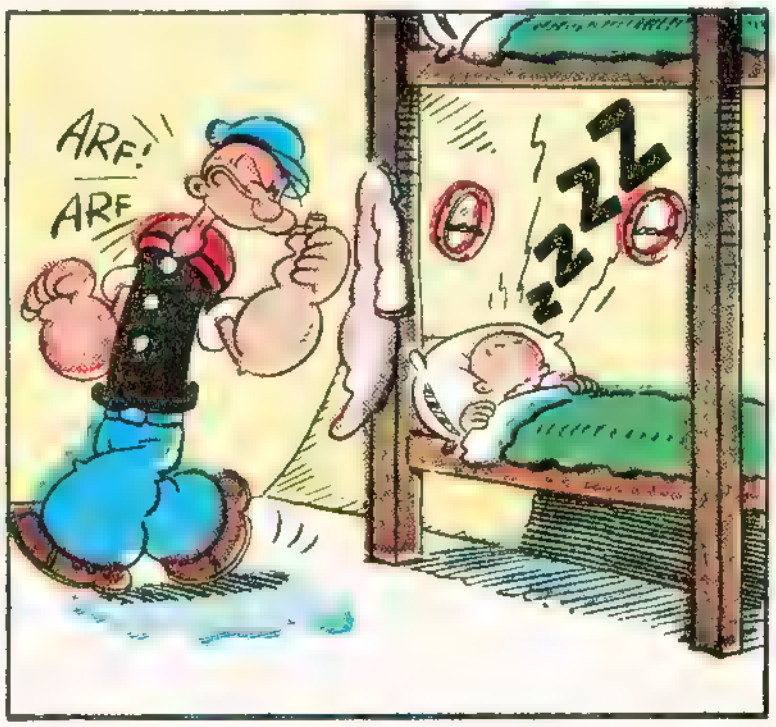
Several hours later he spotted a light on the horizon and made for it. As he neared it, he found that it was a small harbor and he was immensely pleased to see, as he rounded the small breakwater, Popeye's ship just pulling up to the small pier.

It was a tired little boy that pulled himself over the stern of the vessel and crawled across the deck into the cabin. With a thankful sigh, he slipped out of his clothes and into bed. In less than a second he was fast asleep and didn't hear the door open, as Popeye entered the room.

Popeye stood for a moment looking at the little boy. The storm was over and once again they had safely made port. Convinced that everything was as it should be, the unknowing sailor turned and left the cabin.

"ARF! ARF!" laughed Popeye to himself as he walked down the deck, "Swee'pea sure has it easy! All the time I was battlin' the storm he was in dreamland. Sometimes I thinks I makes it too easy fer me li'l boy kid. ARF! ARF! I sure would like to know what he is dreaming about."

But Swee'pea wasn't dreaming. He was too tired to dream.

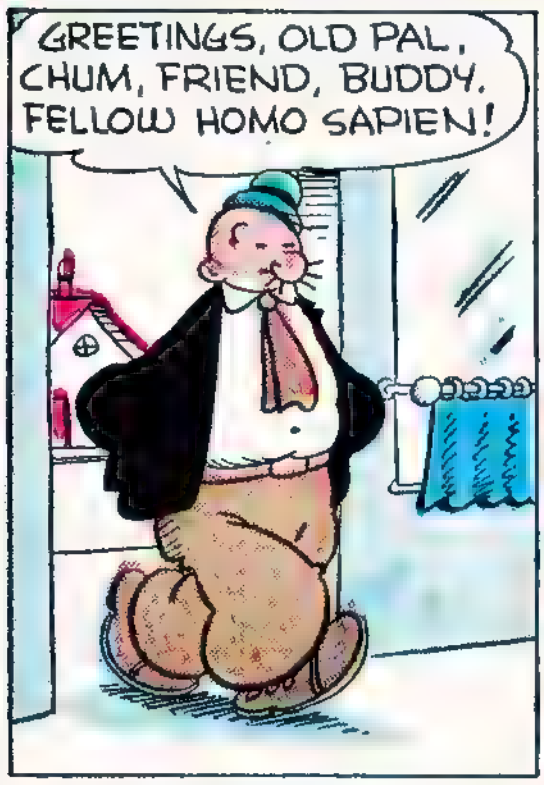


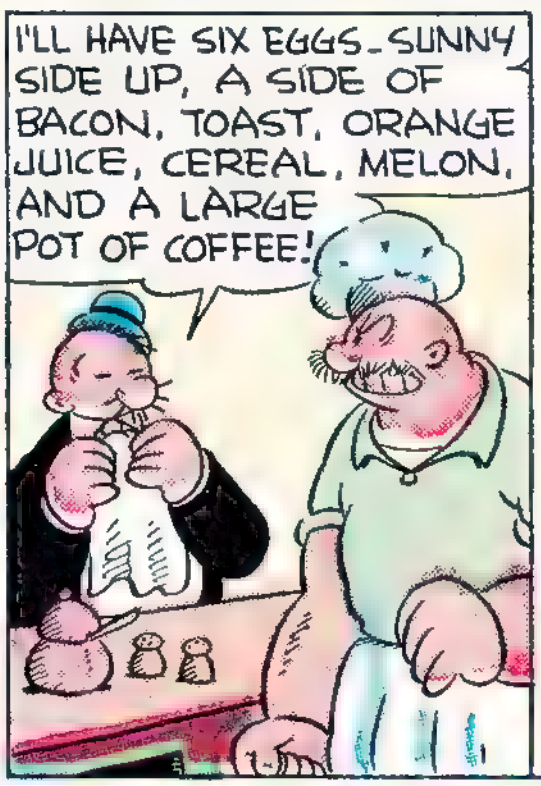
WIMPY

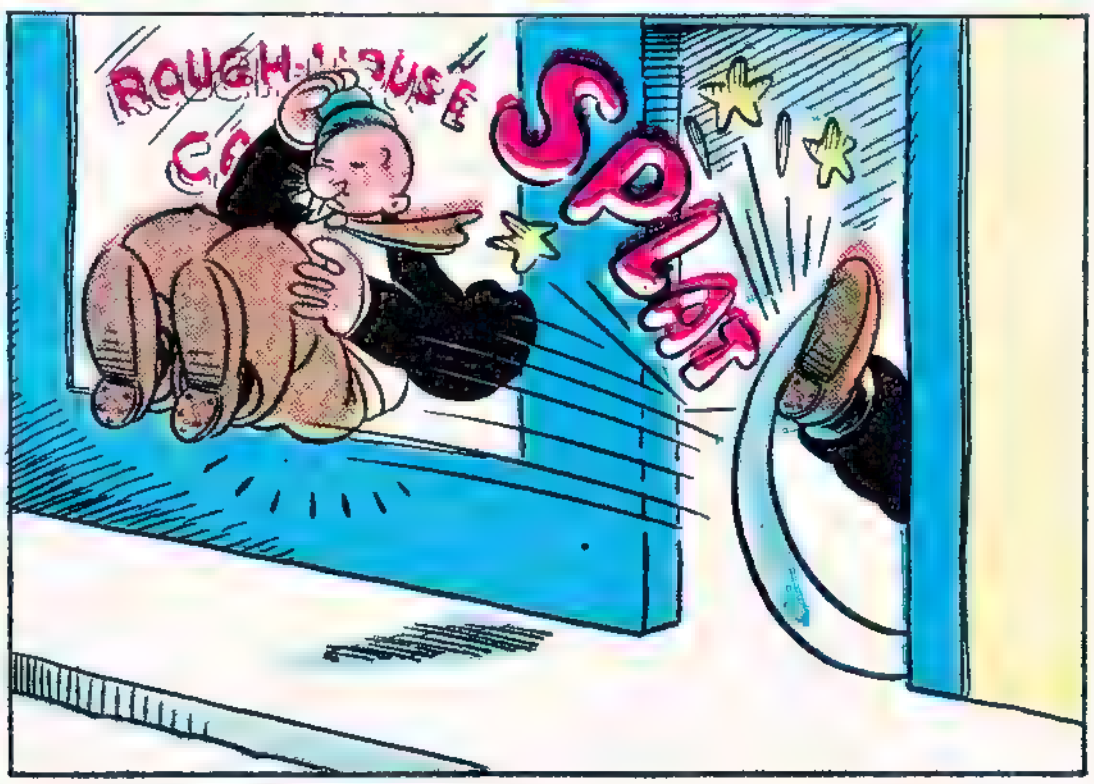
IN

"ANOTHER DAY ANOTHER BREAKFAST!"

By BUD SAGENDORF







VERY WELL, SIR! I SHALL TAKE MY BUSINESS ELSEWHERE!

I MUST HAVE BREAKFAST! I NEED STRENGTH TO MOOCH MY LUNCH!

PERHAPS OUT HERE IN THE COUNTRY I'LL FIND A KIND-HEARTED FARMER!!

HM? THERE'S A PROMISING LOOKING CITIZEN!

LOVELY MORNING, ISN'T IT, FRIEND?

HOWDY!

NICE DAY FOR BREAKFAST! HAVE YOU HAD YOURS? IS THERE ANY LEFT?

?

I DON'T GETCHA, STRANGER?

WHA'CHA DRIVIN' AT?

SIR!! MUST I BE BLUNT? VERY WELL, I SHALL BE!!

I AM HUNGRY!

I MUST HAVE FOOD!

HOW ABOUT SOME BREAKFAST FOR A LONELY WAYFARER?

PERHAPS SOME EGGS?

OH-HO! A COMMON MOOCHER!

SIR!! I MAY BE A MOOCHER, BUT NOT A COMMON ONE!! I AM AN ARTIST AT THE GAME!

GR-R

SORRY, FRIEND, I DON'T BELIEVE IN GIVING ANYONE FOOD UNLESS THEY WORK FOR IT!

AND I, FRIEND, DON'T BELIEVE IN WORK!

I GOT A COW THAT WANDERED OFF IN THE WOODS — IF YOU BRING HER BACK, I'LL GIVE YOU BREAKFAST!

COW!?! YOU **DID** SAY COW? HM!! LOST IN THE WOODS — POOR THING!!

IF YOU'D LOAN ME AN AXE, OLD PAL, TO CUT MY WAY THROUGH THE WOODS, I'D BE PLEASED TO RETURN YOUR COW!

OKAY!

HAW! HAW! WAIT TILL HE MEETS THAT COW!! SHE'S AS WILD AND MEAN AS A MAD BULL!!

I'VE TRIED FER MONTHS TO GIT HER TO COME HOME!

YOO-HOO!! HERE COWSY - WOWSY!! COME TO WIMPY - YOU LOVELY CREATURE!

TSK! TSK! SHAME ON YOU! HIDING FROM J. WELLINGTON WIMPY!

YOU SWEET BOVINE BLESSING OF NATURE!

?

?

?

I THRILL AT YOUR PROXIMITY – YOU SALUBRIOUS HAMBURGER ON THE HOOF!

?

HM!?! AT LEAST A THOUSAND HAMBURGERS, I'D SAY!

?

PAT PAT

IT GRIEVES ME TO DO THIS, BUT THINK HOW NICE YOU'LL SIZZLE ON THE GRIDDLE!

?

SNIFF

BELIEVE ME, LADY OF THE MEADOW, THIS WILL HURT ME MORE THAN THOU!

SWISH

?

!

.?

.!

?

TSK! TSK! SHAME ON YOU! YOU NAUGHTY GIRL – YOU MOVED!!!

?

SHALL WE TRY IT AGAIN ?

THAT'S A GOOD GIRL! BOW DOWN SO UNCLE WIMPY CAN REACH YOU!!

GR-R-R!

BAM!

THAT WASN'T VERY FAIR, OL' GIRL - AFTER I FOUND YOU WANDERING AROUND LOST IN THE WOODS!

?

PERHAPS YOU'VE NEVER HEARD THAT WE WIMPYS NEVER GIVE UP!

GR-R-R-R-!! THERE'S NO COW IN THE WORLD THAT J. WELLINGTON WIMPY CAN'T PUT ON A BUN AND EAT!!

I'M HUNGRY AND I'M GOING TO--ER--A--WHA' TH'-?

GR-R-R-R!!

HA! HA! I WONDER HOW THAT CITY FELLER'S GITTIN' ON WITH MY WILD COW!!

WHA' TH'---?

!

?

I DIDN'T THINK HE COULD DO IT!!

RUN HER INTO THIS SHED, STRANGER!

PUFF! PUFF!

NICE WORK!

?

HOORAY!! I'VE GOT MY COW BACK!

?

SLAM!

SURE IS A RIGHT BRAVE FELLOW—STAYED RIGHT IN THERE WITH HER—GOIN' TA TAME HER FER ME—I GUESS!!

I'LL HAVE TO GIVE HIM A REAL NICE BREAKFAST FER DOIN' IT!!!

BAM!

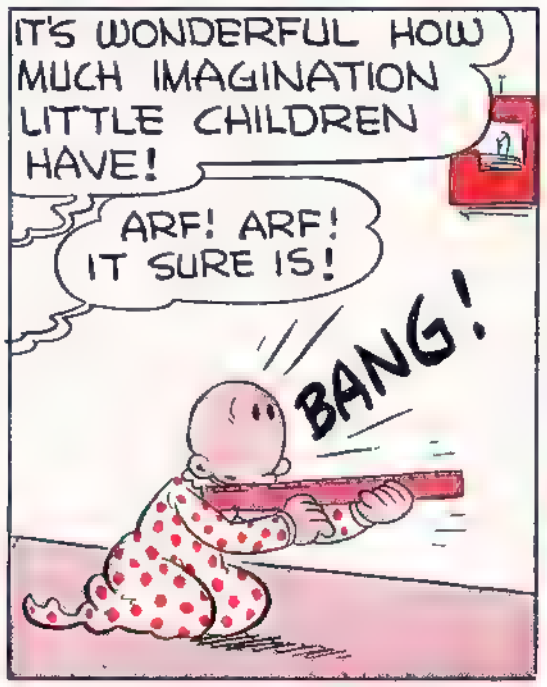
CRASH!

BUD SAGENDORF

THE END—

POPEYE

WHAT IN THE WORLD IS SWEE'PEA DOING?
HE'S HUNTIN' BEARS!
BANG
BANG

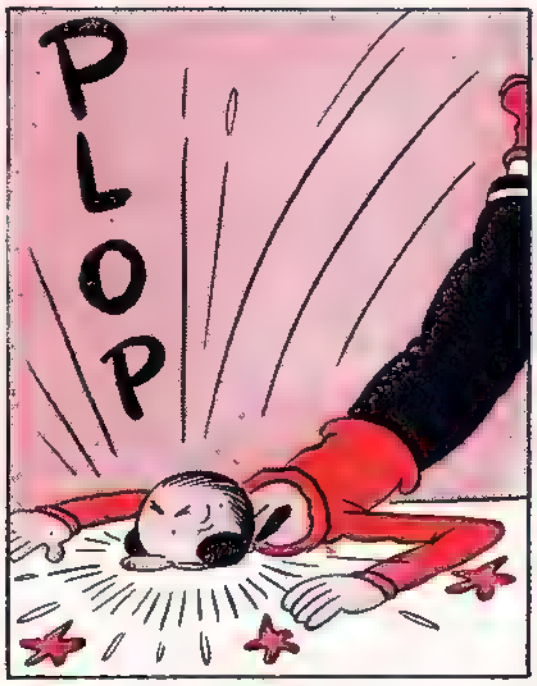

IT'S WONDERFUL HOW MUCH IMAGINATION LITTLE CHILDREN HAVE!
ARF! ARF! IT SURE IS!
BANG!

SAFE IN HIS OWN HOME AND YET HE'S HUNTING A FEROCIOUS BEAR!
THE LITTLE DEAR!
BANG!

HE MUST HAVE GOTTEN HIM THAT TIME!
BANG!

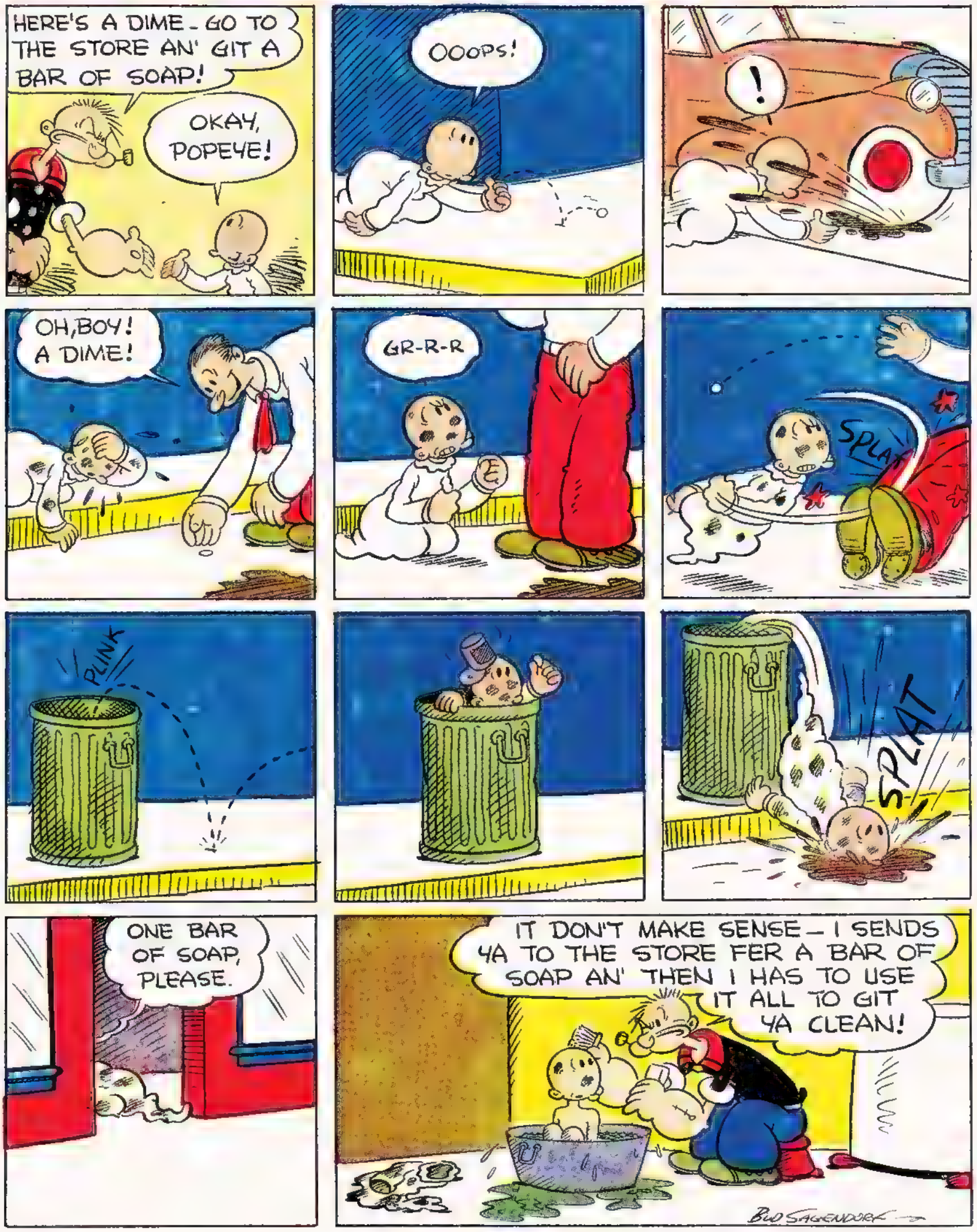
OH-TO BE A CHILD AGAIN, SO I COULD HUNT A WILD BEAR!

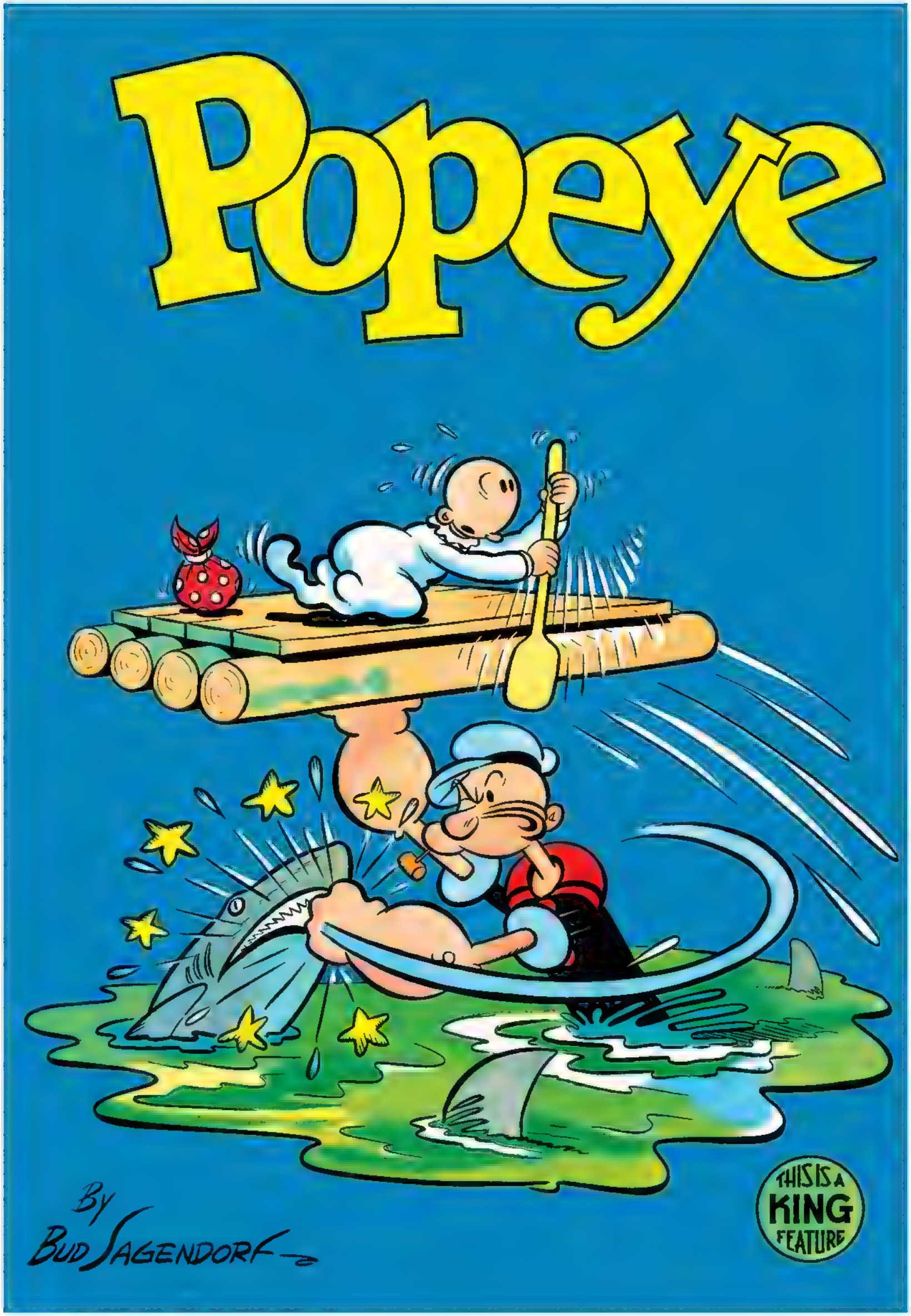
GR-R-R


PLOP

I HAS TOLD YA NOT TO PLAY WIT' 'AT OLD BEARSKIN RUG WHEN WE HAS COMPANY!
?
BUD SAGENDORF

POPEYE


HERE'S A DIME - GO TO THE STORE AN' GIT A BAR OF SOAP!
OKAY, POPEYE!
OOOPS!
!
OH, BOY! A DIME!
GR-R-R
SPLAT
PLINK
SPLAT
ONE BAR OF SOAP, PLEASE.
IT DON'T MAKE SENSE — I SENDS YA TO THE STORE FER A BAR OF SOAP AN' THEN I HAS TO USE IT ALL TO GIT YA CLEAN!
BUD SAGENDORF

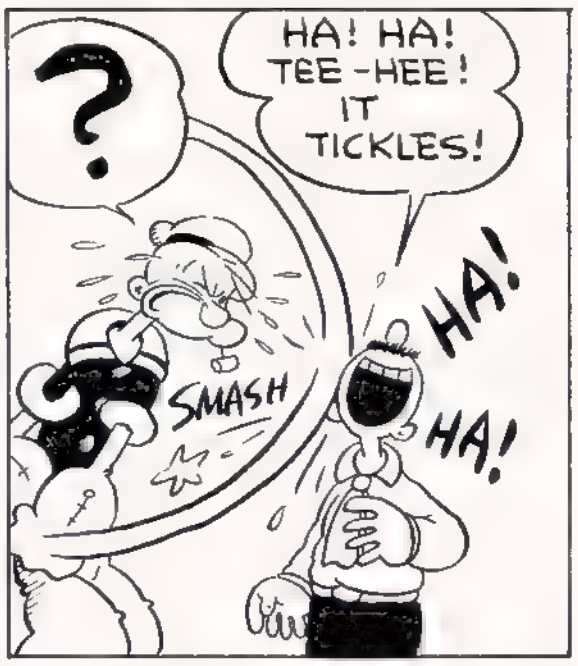


Popeye #6, April-May 1949

POPEYE

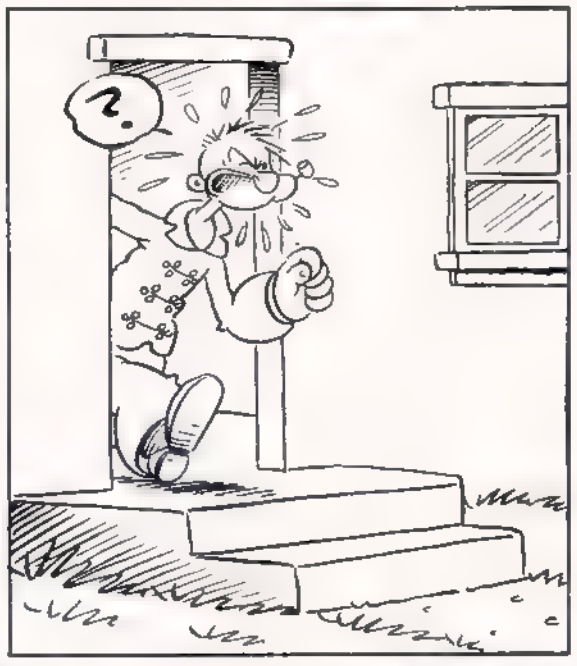
HA! HA! HA! DIDN'T EVEN KNOCK MY HAT OFF!
?
SPLAT

HO! HO! WHAT A SISSY!! NO PUNCH AT ALL!
?
CRACK


HA! HA! TEE-HEE! IT TICKLES!
?
SMASH
HA!
HA!

?
YOU'RE GETTIN' OLD, POPEYE!
HA!
HA!
ZZZ
ZZ

WELL, I'LL BE ---!
?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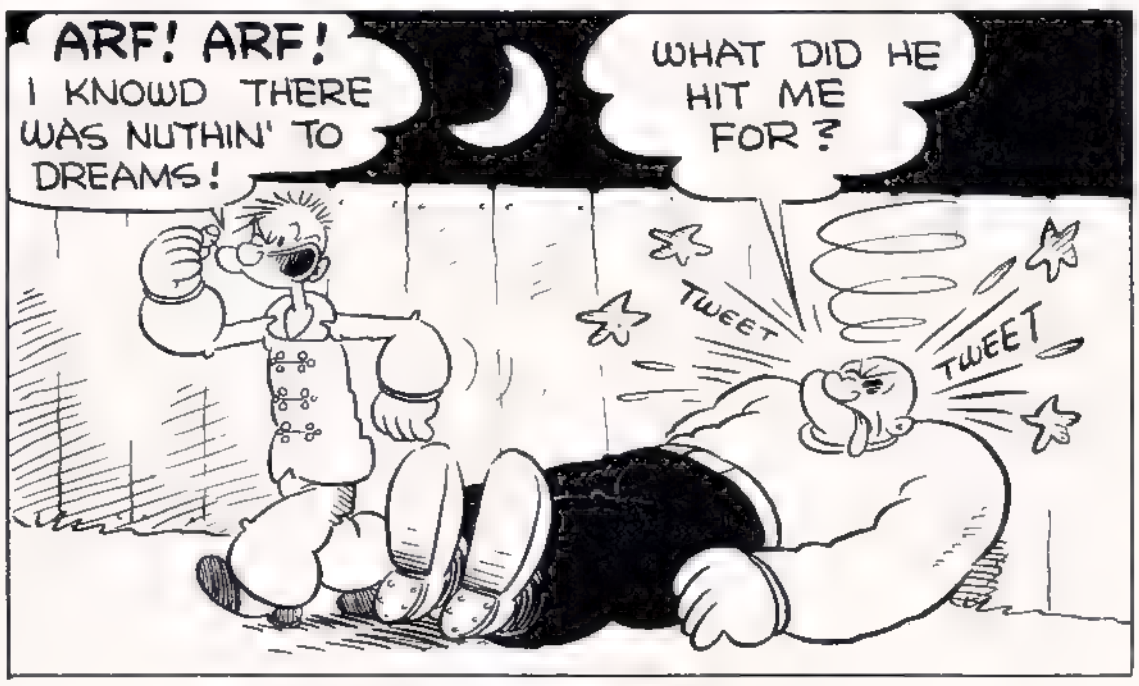
PARDING ME, MISKER!
HUH? WHATCHA WANT, SHORTY?


ARF! ARF! I KNOWD THERE WAS NUTHIN' TO DREAMS!
WHAT DID HE HIT ME FOR?
TWEET
TWEET

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS A SAGA OF THE SEA, ENTITLED -

"RAFT!"

OR
"IT'S A LONG DRIFT HOME!!"
OR
"RAFTS ARE BOATS, BUT NOT SO COMFORTABLE!!"

YOU WAIT THERE, HINK! I'LL GO ASK POPEYE NOW!

BY BUD SAGENDORF

AHOY, POPEYE, WHERE IS YA? IN HERE, SWEE'PEA!

ME AN' HINK WANTS TO DIG FER BURIED TREASURES AN' WE NEEDS A MAP!!

HAS YA GOT AN OL' PIRATE MAP WE KIN USE?

I WILL GIT YA A TREASURE MAP! I HAS LOTS OF 'EM!!

ARF! ARF! LI'L KIDS SURE LIKES TO PLAY AT DIGGIN' FER BURIED TREASURE!

OH, BOY!! THANKS A LOT, POPEYE!

POPEYE ™6-494

I GOT ONE, HINK. NOW WE IS ALL SET!

THAT'S SWELL, SWEE'-PEA!

HEY! THIS IS SUMPIN'!! LET'S GET GOIN' FOR SMOGY ISLAND AND OUR FORTUNE !!

OUR SHIP IS ALL SET TO SAIL

HOW FAR AWAY IS SMOGY ISLAND ?

NOT FAR, ONLY ABOUT SIX THOUSING MILES

OKAY, TAKE IT AWAY, MATEY!

RIGHT, CAPTAIN! WE ARE ON OUR WAY!

THIS IS THE LIFE, HINK - THEY IS NUTHIN' LIKE A SAILOR'S LIFE!

I WON'ER WHERE SWEE'PEA IS? IT IS GITTIN' DARK OUTSIDE!

DO YOU THINK THEY COULD HAVE GONE TO THE ISLAND ON THE MAP YOU GAVE THEM?

DON'T BE SILLY, OLIVE!! TO GIT TO AN ISLAND YA HASTA HAVE A BOAT! WHERE WOULD THEY GIT ONE?

THEY COULD BUILD ONE!

IF SWEE'PEA HAD BUILT A BOAT, I YAM SURE HE WOULD HAVE TOLD ME ABOUT IT!

THERE'S SOMEONE AT THE DOOR – I'LL LET THEM IN, POPEYE!!

KNOCK

KNOCK

IS IT SOMEONE WIT' NEWS OF ME LI'L BOY KID, OLIVE ?

I WANT TO SEE POPEYE!

?

ARE YOU POPEYE, THE FATHER OF THAT SWEE'PEA KID?

YAS, I YAM HIS ADOPTID PAPPY-

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, MR. POPEYE!!

?

SPLAT

BLOW ME DOWN? WHAT DID YA DO 'AT FER?

YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW?

HERE, YOU READ THIS NOTE TO HIM – HE DOES NOT LOOK LIKE HE COULD READ!

"DEAR POP_ MR. POPEYE GAVE SWEE'PEA AN' ME A TREASURE MAP AN' WE ARE GOING TO DIG FOR THE TREASURE —HINK"

MY GORSH!?! YOU IS HINK'S PAPPY!!

GIVING LITTLE KIDS A TREASURE MAP! BAH!! PHOOEY!

THEY IS NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT- THEY HASN'T GOT A BOAT!

OH, YEAH! HAVEN'T YOU SEEN THE RAFT THEY BUILT?

A RAFT!! MY GORSH, 'AT IS BAD!!

WHERE IS THE TREASURE THEY'RE LOOKING FOR?

IT'S ON SMOGY ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, BUT THEY IS NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT--

-SWEE'PEA AIN'T DUMB ENOUGH TO TRY TO SAIL A RAFT ACROSS THE PACIFIC! NAW-HE'S A SMART LI'L BOY KID!

THEY IS PROBABLY SAILIN' AROUN' ON THE RIVER RIGHT NOW HAVIN' A LOT OF FUN!!

BAH!!

THEY IS SAFE ENOUGH!

THEY MAY BE SAFE ON THE RIVER, BUT REMEMBER, THE RIVER EMPTIES INTO THE OCEAN!

I SEZ THEY WOULD NOT GO OUT ON THE OCEAN

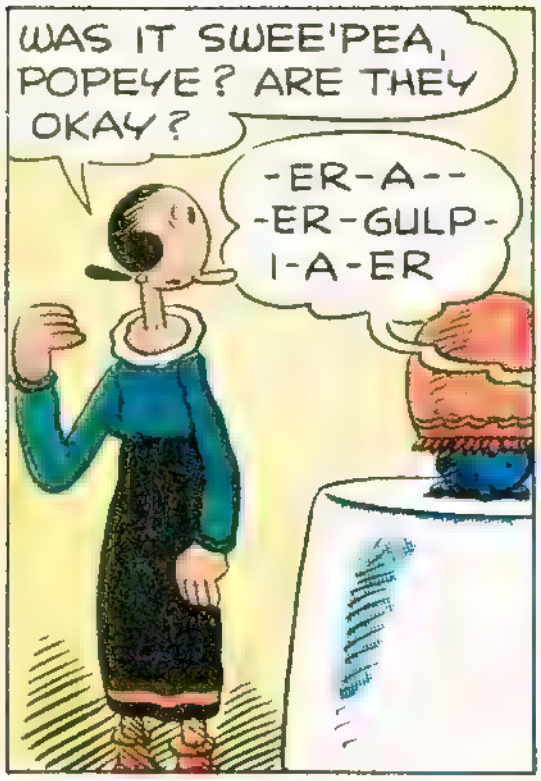
THERE'S THE PHONE! I BET IT IS SWEE'PEA CALLIN' FER ME TO COME AN' GIT HIM!!

I TOLD YA THEY WAS OKAY!

BR-RRR

BR-RRR

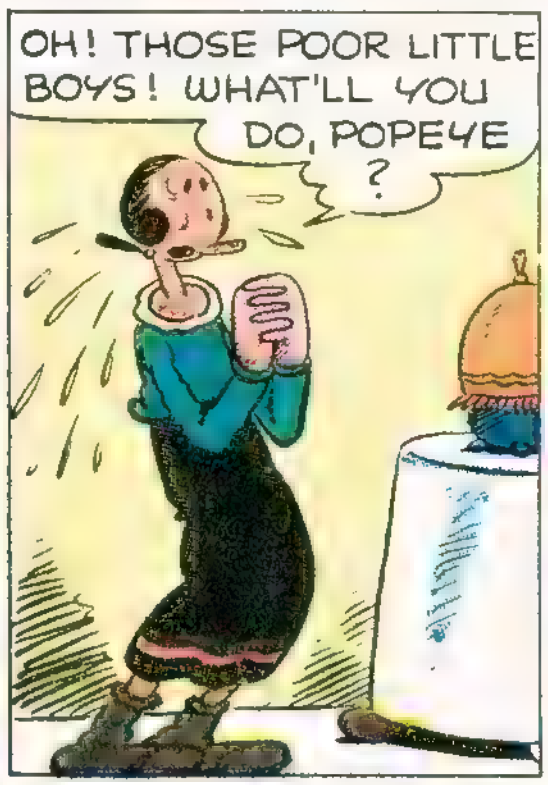
HELLO, POPEYE. THIS IS JOE AT THE LIGHTHOUSE ON THE ROCK OFF THE COAST- A RAFT JUST PASSED. HEADED FOR THE OPEN SEA AND IT LOOKED LIKE YOUR KID WAS ON IT!


WAS IT SWEE'PEA, POPEYE? ARE THEY OKAY?
-ER-A--
-ER-GULP-
I-A-ER

WELL? WHAT IS IT, MASTERMIND? ARE THEY OKAY??
ER-A-
THEY-ER
WELL--
ER-

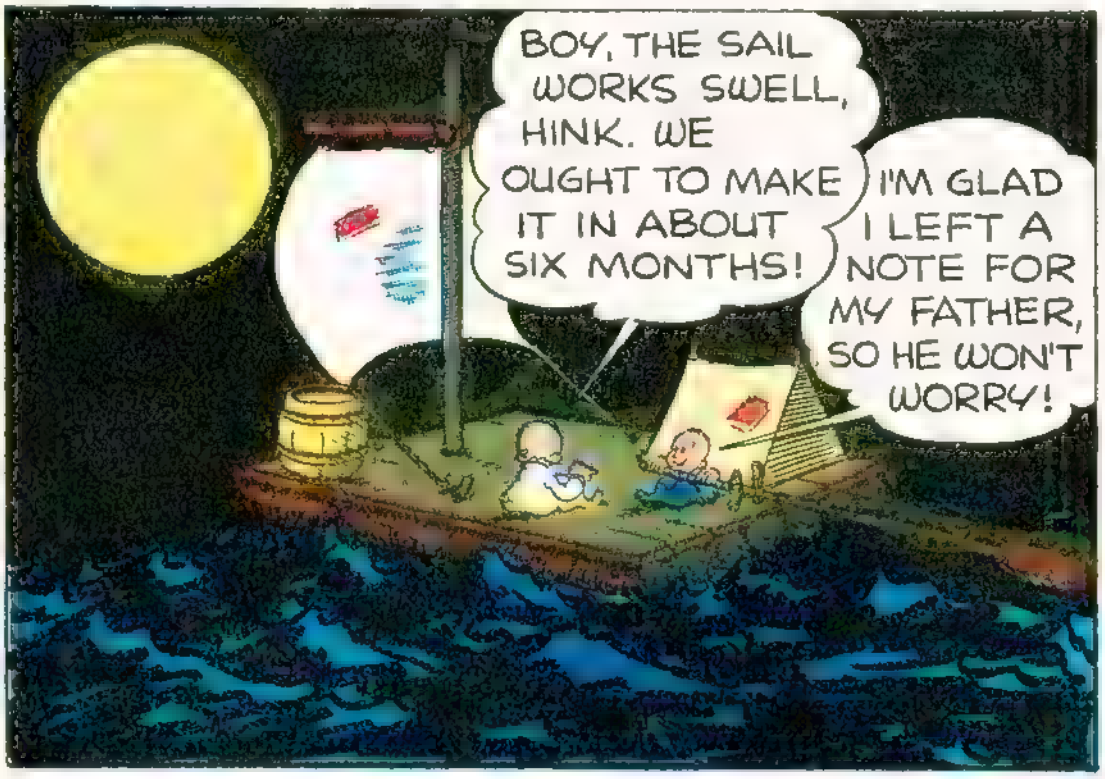
THEY IS OKAY-ER-
BUT---THEY IS OUT ON THE OCEAN HEAD-IN' FOR SMOGY ISLAND

I KNEW IT!! ONLY A DUMB SAILOR WOULD GIVE LITTLE KIDS A TREASURE MAP TO PLAY WITH!!
GR-R
GR-R


OH! THOSE POOR LITTLE BOYS! WHAT'LL YOU DO, POPEYE?

COME ON, YOU TWO- STOP YER HYSTERICS! WE'LL GIT ME SHIP AN' GO AFTER THEM!

PHOOEY!! I'LL GO ALONG TO SAVE MY KID, BUT I'LL BET THAT SAILOR GETS US INTO A MESS OF TROUBLE!


BOY, THE SAIL WORKS SWELL, HINK. WE OUGHT TO MAKE IT IN ABOUT SIX MONTHS!
I'M GLAD I LEFT A NOTE FOR MY FATHER, SO HE WON'T WORRY!

WE SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE CATCHIN' THEM - A RAFT CAN'T GO VERY FAST!

OH, I'M SO WORRIED!

I'M SURE THE LITTLE DEARS ARE IN TERRIBLE DANGER! I JUST FEEL IT !!

DON'T BE SILLY, OLIVE I TELLS YA THEY WILL BOTH BE HOME IN THEIR LITTLE BEDS B'FORE MORNING -

POPEYE WOULDN'T FEEL SO POSITIVE OF THE FUTURE SAFETY OF THE TWO LITTLE BOYS IF HE COULD SEE THE SINISTER BLACK VESSEL APPROACHING THE RAFT IN THE MOONLIGHT !

WHAT IS IT, BEN?

LOOKS LIKE A RAFT, CAPTAIN!

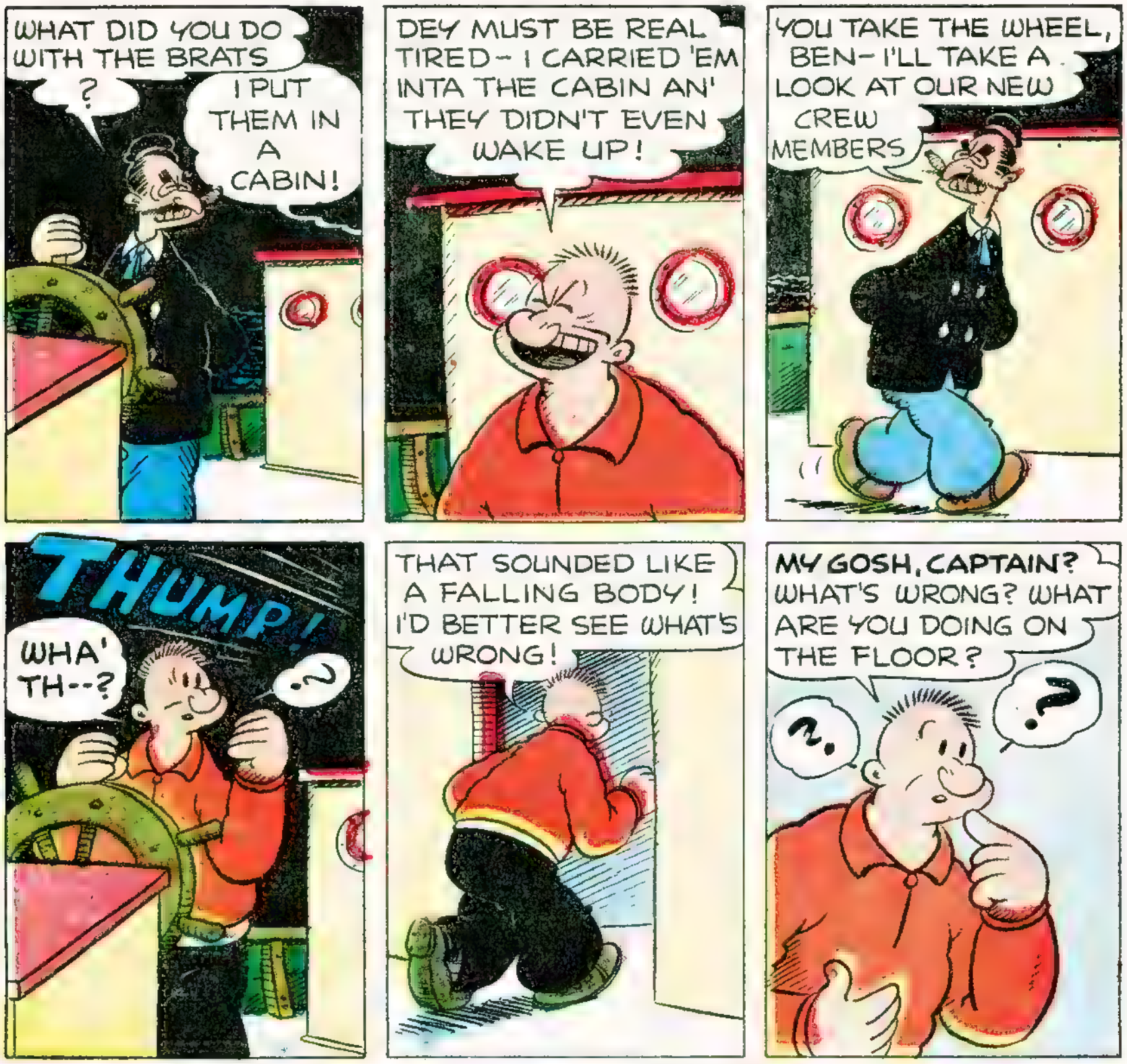
THROW A LINE ON IT AND BOARD HER, BEN - THERE MIGHT BE SOMETHING WORTH STEALING!!

AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN!

AHOY, CAPTAIN! DEY'S A COUPLE OF LITTLE KIDS ASLEEP IN THE TENT

Z Z Z

BRING 'EM ABOARD! I CAN USE SOME NEW BLOOD ON THIS TUB !!


WHAT DID YOU DO WITH THE BRATS ?
I PUT THEM IN A CABIN!
DEY MUST BE REAL TIRED - I CARRIED 'EM INTA THE CABIN AN' THEY DIDN'T EVEN WAKE UP!
YOU TAKE THE WHEEL, BEN - I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT OUR NEW CREW MEMBERS
THUMP!
WHA' TH--?
THAT SOUNDED LIKE A FALLING BODY! I'D BETTER SEE WHAT'S WRONG!
MY GOSH, CAPTAIN? WHAT'S WRONG? WHAT ARE YOU DOING ON THE FLOOR?
?
?
WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE I'M DOING?! I TOOK ONE LOOK AT OUR LITTLE GUESTS AND THEN I FAINTED !!!
B-B-BUT WHY ??
PLOP!
WHY!?! YOU BARNACLE-BRAINED EXCUSE FOR A SAILOR - DON'T YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE DONE ? YOU JUST SIGNED OUR DEATH WARRANT - THIS LI'L KID BELONGS TO POPEYE, MY OLD ENEMY !!
Z z
z z

THIS IS TERRIBLE! WHAT WILL WE DO? POPEYE WILL TEAR US TO BITS IF HE CATCHES US WITH HIS LITTLE SWEE'PEA!

I'M NOT SO WORRIED ABOUT POPEYE RIGHT NOW - IT'S HIS KID THAT BOTHERS ME- WHEN HE WAKES UP HE'S LIABLE TO BE MAD!!!

FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD HE PACKS A MEAN WALLOP, HIMSELF!! HE MIGHT GIT ROUGH AND HURT US!!

WE'D BETTER DO SOMETHIN' BEFORE THEY WAKE UP!

YOU BRING POPEYE'S KID I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

?

Z Z Z

THE BIG SISSY!! HE MAKES ME CARRY THE DYNAMITE!!

Z Z Z

THAT SHOULD DO IT!!

OH-OH!! HE'S WAKING UP!

WHA'--TH'--?

? ?

Z Z Z

YOU'D BETTER FIND MY SON, HINK, OR I'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES!!

KEEP YA SHIRT ON!

IT IS GITTIN' LIGHT NOW, SO WE SHOULD SPOT THEIR RAFT IN NO TIME-!

OH, I HOPE THEY'RE ALL RIGHT - THE POOR DEARS ALONE ALL NIGHT ON THIS HORRIBLE OCEAN!

THEY IS OKAY, OLIVE!

WHAT'LL I DO WIT' THE KID'S RAFT, CAPTAIN?

TURN IT LOOSE!

ANYONE LOOKIN' FER THEM KIDS WILL THINK THEY FELL OFF IF THEY FIND THE EMPTY - RAFT!

HEY CAP, LOOK WHAT I FOUND ON THE RAFT!

HM!?! LET'S SEE WHAT IT IS !?! HM? MY - MY - - -

WHEEEE - HOT DIGGITY DOG!! IT'S ONE OF POPEYE'S TREASURE MAPS!!

TRA - LA - DE - DA -

?

TAP! TAP! TAP!

GEE!! YOU MEAN IT'S A REAL PIRATE'S TREASURE MAP?

SURE IT'S REAL!! POPEYE OWNS THOUSANDS OF TREASURE MAPS!

GOSH! GEE! PEARLS AND GOLD!

YES! GOLD AND PEARLS AND EMERALDS, DIAMONDS, RUBIES, SAPPHIRES AND BARS OF SILVER!

WE'LL BE RICH!

ABOARD POPEYE'S SHIP THE FRANTIC SEARCH FOR THE RAFT GOES ON!

AHOY, OLIVE, DOES YA SEE ANYTHIN' YET?

I'M NOT SURE — FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT I SAW IT!

YES! YES! I SEE IT! IT'S STRAIGHT AHEAD!!

HOT DORG!! DID YA HEAR 'AT, MR. JONES? WE HAS FOUND THEM!!

IT'S ABOUT TIME!!

THE RAFT IS EMPTY! THEY IS NOT HERE!! ME POOR LI'L SWEE'PEA IS MISSIN'!!

I KNEW IT!! YOU WOULD GIVE A TREASURE MAP TO LITTLE KIDS!

OH, DEAR!

WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED TO THEM?

THEY MUST OF FELL ORF DURIN' THE NIGHT!

ME POOR LI'L SWEE'-PEA HAS PROBABLY BEEN ET UP BY SHARKS!

SNIFF

SNIFF

SNIFF!

YOU MURDERER! I'LL SEE THAT YOU GET LIFE FOR THIS!!

YOU SENT MY HINK TO A WATERY GRAVE!

I DOESN'T CARE WHAT YA DOES TO ME!! I GAVE THEM THE MAP AND NOW ME LI'L SWEE'PEA IS GORN – I WOULD BE HAPPY - SNIFF - TO GO TO JAIL!

BACK ABOARD CAPTAIN ZATO'S EVIL SHIP—

IF WE'RE GOING TO SMOGY ISLAND FOR THE TREASURE, WHAT'LL WE DO WIT' THE KIDS ?

THAT LITTLE SWEE'PEA IS TOUGH – BUT WE NEED MORE HANDS TO RUN THE SHIP – HM? I WONDER? YEP, I'LL TRY IT! GO GET THEM!

THE BEST DEFENSE IS A STRONG OFFENSE – I'LL SCARE THEM INTO HELPING ME!!

AH! SO THERE YOU ARE!! YOU LITTLE PAIR OF THIEVES!! I SHOULD TURN YOU OVER TO THE AUTHOR-ITIES!!

HUH?

THIEVES ?

?

?

WHAT DO YA MEAN-WE IS THIEVES AN' WHAT IS WE DOIN' ON THIS SHIP?

YEA! AND WHO ARE YOU?

QUIET!! I'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS ON THIS SHIP!! HOW DID YOU LITTLE THIEVES SUCCEED IN STEALING THE MAP?!

WE DIDN'T STEAL IT! IT WAS GIVEN TO US!!

?

AH, HA! THAT'S JUST AS BAD! RECEIVING STOLEN GOODS! WHAT ROBBER GAVE IT TO YOU?

ME ADOPTID FATHER GIVED IT TO US TO PLAY WIT'—AN' HE IS NO ROBBER!

YOUR FATHER-HUH! HM—TOO BAD, BUT I'LL HAVE TO SEND HIM TO JAIL—YOU SEE, HE STOLE THIS MAP FROM ME!

?

OH, MY GORSH!! YA WOULD NOT SEND POPEYE TO JAIL, WOULD YA?

PLEASE DON'T DO THAT!

HM!! I HATE TO DO IT! PERHAPS WE CAN MAKE A DEAL—IF YOU'LL HELP ME SAIL MY SHIP TO SMOGY ISLAND AND HELP HUNT FOR MY TREASURE, I MIGHT FORGET ABOUT YOUR FATHER'S CRIME!

OH, THANK YOU! WE'D BE GLAD TO HELP YOU!!

POPEYE, OLIVE AND MR. JONES RETURN HOME, SURE THAT THE TWO BOYS ARE LOST —

KEEP GOING RIGHT OVER TO THE COURT HOUSE!

SAHFF

JUDGE, I WANT THIS CRIMINAL PUT AWAY FOR LIFE - HE CAUSED TWO BOYS TO BE EATEN BY SHARKS

HOW DOES THE DEFENDANT PLEAD?

I YAM GUILTY, YER HONOR - NOW KIN I BE HUNGED?

MY GOODNESS! THIS IS TEMPTING - HE WANTS TO BE HUNG - BUT I CAN-NOT DO THAT - I CAN'T HANG HIM FOR INVOLUNTARY MANSLAUGHTER

DRAT! I DON'T GET MANY CHANCES LIKE THIS!

TWENTY YEARS ON THE ROCK PILE !!

BANG

HE IS BEIN' TOO GOOD TO ME!

SNIFF

TAKE HIM OUT, GUARD!

THIS WAY, BUD!!

PHOOEY!! I SHOULD'VE BEEN HUNG!

STOP SAYING THAT, POPEYE - YOU DON'T WANT TO BE HUNG!!

WHY NOT, OLIVE? I YAM A NO-GOOD BUSTID SAILOR WHAT DOESN'T KNOW NUTTIN' ABOUT BEIN' A MOMMA OR A POPPA TO A LI'L BOY KID! I LET THE SHARKS GIT HIM!

?

SNIFF!

HA! HA! BOY, WHAT A GAG! YOU SURE GOT SWEE'PEA UNDER YOUR THUMB!

YES, INDEED! LOOK AT HIM WORK! HE'S REALLY SCARED!

POOR POPEYE— IF I DON'T WORK HARD, HE'LL GO TO JAIL!

I'M TIRED, SWEE'PEA!

WE GOTTA KEEP GOIN', HINK!

COME ON, YOU KIDS — GET TO WORK!! DO WHAT I SAID!

YES, SIR!

YES, SIR!

YES, SIR

YES, SIR!

AYE-AYE, SIR

OKAY!

WHY DOES HE WANT THE ANCHOR POLISHED?

I HAS BEEN ON A LOT OF SHIPS, BUT I HAS NEVER SEEN IT DONE B'FORE — I THINK HE'S JUS' HUNTIN' FER WORK FER US!

HEH!

HA!

SILVER POLISH

AHOY, CAPTAIN ZATO. WE HAS FINISHED THE ANCHOR - CAN WE PLEASE REST NOW?

NO!!

GIT B'LOW AND PAINT THE HOLD AGAIN!

THIS TIME PAINT IT GREEN!

THE WEEKS PASS - SWEE'PEA AND HINK WORK LIKE SLAVES FOR CAPTAIN ZATO - FINALLY, WHILE THEY ARE PAINTING THE HOLD FOR THE SEVENTY-SIXTH TIME, HINK MAKES A DISCOVERY!

HEY, SWEE'PEA, COME HERE, QUICK!!

ISN'T THAT AN ISLAND OUT THERE?

BLOW ME DOWN! IT SURE IS! I WON'ERS IF IT IS SMOGY ISLAND?

HEY, YOU KIDS!! GIT UP HERE AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!!

THAT'S CAPTAIN ZATO - WE'D BETTER GO!!

HERE, GRAB THESE SPADES!! WE'RE GOING ASHORE TO GET **MY** TREASURE!!

STEP IT UP, YOU KIDS!! WE'RE IN A HURRY!

WELL, HERE WE ARE, BEN - SMOGY ISLAND AT LAST!

WHERE'S THE TREASURE ?

LET'S SEE WHAT THE MAP SAYS - HM? TEN PACES NORTH OF THE BIG TREE!

BIG TREE? DAT SHOULDN'T BE HARD TO FIND!

COME ON - FOLLOW US AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR A LARGE TREE!

WOW!?! LOOK AT ALL THE TREES!

YEA - AND ALL BIG!!

LET 'EM GIT A LITTLE AHEAD OF US!

WHAT'S WRONG ?

I'VE BEEN THINKIN' AN' I YAM STARTIN' TO B'LIEVE THEY IS SUMPIN' FUNNY ABOUT CAPTAIN ZATO!

IF THE TREASURE IS REALLY HIS AND HE BURIED IT - WHY DOES HE HAVE TO USE A MAP TO FIND IT ?

I BETCHA HE HAS BEEN FIBBIN' TO US!

WAIT A MINUTE, BEN -

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU KIDS TALKING ABOUT ?

DROP YER SPADE AN' FOLLOW ME, HINK!!

SWISH

?

WHA-TH--? WHERE ARE THOSE KIDS?? COME BACK HERE, YOU THIEVES!!

DEY'S GONE!

WHAT'S THE IDEA, SWEE'PEA?

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS- JUS' RUN!

WHEEEw! I GUESS WE HAS LORST THEM!

WON'T HE BE MAD AT US FOR RUNNIN' AWAY?

SURE! BUT WHO CARES?! I YAM SURE NOW **HE** IS A **THIEF** AND THAT POPEYE NEVER DID STEAL THAT MAP!

BUT WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?

WE'VE GOTTA FIND THAT TREASURE B'FORE THEY DOES!

BUT THEY HAVE THE MAP!

WE DOESN'T NEED THE MAP! ALL WE HAS TO DO IS FIND THAT BIG TREE!

GEE! THAT'S RIGHT!

OH, BOY! SWEE'PEA, LOOK AT THIS! IT MUSTA BEEN A WHOPPER OF A TREE!

ARF! ARF! I BET IT IS THE RIGHT ONE _IT MUSTA BEEN BLOWN DOWN SINCE THE TREASURE WAS BURIED!!

IT'S NO WON'ER THE CAPTAIN COULDN'T SEE IT!!

LET'S SEE? NORTH IS THAT WAY! THE TREASURE MUS' BE RIGHT OVER THERE!

BUT HOW ARE WE GOING TO DIG IT UP? WE LEFT THE SPADES WITH THE CAPTAIN!

GORSH!?! 'AT'S RIGHT— WE CAN'T DIG IT UP WIT' OUR HANDS!

I'VE GOT AN' IDEA!! WE WILL LET ZATO AND BEN DO IT FER US!!

COME ON, WE'LL SNEAK BACK TO THE SHIP AN' GIT SOME PAINT AN' THINGS!

HUH?

WHA'--TH--??

?

?

?

?

TREASURE

WELCOME TO TREASURE LAND

100 YARDS TO GOLD, SILVER AND JEWELS

BRING A SPADE AND HAVE FUN

TREASURE

COME AND DIG

THIS WAY TO BIG TREE

RIGHT THIS WAY TO THE BIG BURIED TREASURE

HERE THEY COME, SWEE'PEA

QUICK, GET UP THIS TREE B'FORE THEY SEES US!

HEH! HEH! THIS IS IT, BEN – OH, BOY!! THIS IS EASY!

DON'T YOU THINK THIS IS A FUNNY WAY TO HIDE A TREASURE?

THIS IS THE BIG TREE

THE TREASURE IS TEN PACES THIS WAY

SO WHAT? IF SOMEONE IS CRAZY ENOUGH TO MARK IT FOR US, WE'LL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT !!

-SEVEN-EIGHT-NINE TEN-AH! THIS IS THE PLACE!!

HURRY UP, BEN!

IF YA HADN'T LET THEM KIDS GET AWAY, I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD TO DO ALL OF THIS WORK!

HOT DOG!! HERE IT IS!! I HIT IT WITH THE SPADE!!

CLANK

COME ON, GRAB HOLD AND HELP!!

OH BOY!! IT'S HEAVY ENOUGH - MUST BE MILLIONS IN IT !!

BUT THEY'LL GET AWAY WITH THE TREASURE !!

NO, THEY WON'T !!

AH!

SNAP

OH BOY !! LOOK AT THE STUFF !!

MILLIONS! MILLIONS! MILLIONS!

HEY! WHA'- TH'-..?

SLAM

HOW YA DOIN', FELLOWS ?

IT'S OKAY TO COME DOWN NOW, HINK!

GIT SOME ROPE AN' TIE THESE SWABS UP!

GOSH !! **GOLD!!** LOOK AT ALL OF IT, SWEE'PEA!

I HOPES THOSE SWABS WON'T BE OUT FER TOO LONG!

AS SOON AS THEY COMES TO, I WILL MAKE 'EM CARRY THE CHESK TO THE SHIP!

'AT'S SWELL!

ZATO IS COMING TO, NOW!

OH!! MY NECK!! WHAT HIT ME?

AHOY, ZATO, IF WE UNTIES YA, WILL YA BE GOOD? IF YA DOESN'T SAY YES, WE WILL LEAVE YA HERE!

OH! SO IT'S YOU KIDS!

OKAY, YOU WIN, SWEE'PEA, UNTIE ME— I PROMISE TO BE GOOD!

AS SOON AS I UNTIES BEN, YOU TWO WILL CARRY THE TREASURE TO THE BEACH!!

HA!

SEE! I TOLD YA WE WOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE WIT' 'EM!!

?

I'LL TEACH YOU TO TRY TO BEST CAPTAIN ZATO!

HA! HA!

SPLAT

'AT WASN'T A VERY NICE THING TO DO, MR. ZATO!

.?

.?

GR-R-R

I TOLD YA NOT TO MISTREAT LI'L KIDS!

WHY AREN'T YOU DEAD? THAT BLOW WOULD HAVE FELLED AN OX!

I DIDN'T WANT TO GIT ROUGH WIT' YA, BUT---

GR-R-R

PLEASE, SWEE'PEA!! STAY AWAY FROM ME!!!

GR-R-R

CRASH!

HOW ABOUT YOU? DO YOU WANT TO GET ROUGH, TOO?

N-N-NO!! I'LL BE GOOD, MISTER SWEE'PEA!!

AS SOON AS ZATO COMES AROUND AGAIN, WE WILL HEAD FER HOME!

I BET THEY'LL BE GOOD, NOW!

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER IN POPEYE'S HOME TOWN—

WE WILL TAKE THE TREASURE TO ME HOUSE, HINK, THEN WE KIN FIND YER PAPPY!

OKAY, SWEE'PEA

ARF! ARF! AHOY, ZATO, HERE'S THE JAIL YA WAS GOIN' TO PUT POPEYE IN!!

ARF! ARF!

POPEYE!?!

! ?

SWEE'PEA? OH, MY GORSH!?! ME LI'L BOY KID IS A GHOSK!! I YAM BEIN' HAUNTED BY ME ADOPTID SON!!

DON'T BE SILLY, POPEYE. I YAM NO GHOSK!

IF YA IS NOT A GHOSK, THEN YA MUS' BE OKAY! IF YA IS OKAY, THEY IS NO REASING FER ME STAYING IN HERE!

GET OUT OF THE WAY!! I YAM COMIN' OUT!

THUMP BANG

?

!

HEY!! WHAT'S GOING ON??

!

AHOY, MR. POLICEMAN, GIVE THESE TWO SWABS ME OLD ROOM!

THAT EVENING

WELL, HINK, NOW WHAT DOES YER PAPPY THINK OF GIVING TREASURE MAPS TO LI'L KIDS

?

A VERY NICE HOBBY FOR CHILDREN, MR. POPEYE – HAVE YOU ANY MORE MAPS THEY CAN PLAY WITH??

ARF!

ARF!

ERF!

ERF!

THE END

Swee'pea entered the house. He had just been to the corner grocery store where Poop-deck sent him for a loaf of bread. He put the bread on the table and looked about the room.

The house seemed empty with Popeye away for the week end. Maybe Poop-deck would tell him a story! He looked into the living room and there he saw the old fellow sitting in the comfortable armchair.

"Ahoy, Poop-deck, whatcha doin'?", asked little Swee'pea as he crawled across the floor to the chair where the old gent was sitting.

"I yam jus' about to take a nap," snapped Poop-deck glaring down at the little fellow, "'at is I yam if me son's adoptid boy kid will leave me alone."

"Blow me down!" exclaimed Swee'pea, "Why does ya always take a nap jus' as I yam about to ask ya to tell me a story?"

Poop-deck Pappy scratched his head and then knocked his pipe against the leg of the chair. He was stalling for time. He knew if he didn't watch out, he would end up telling a story whether he wanted to or not. He would have to be careful how he answered Swee'pea's question.

"I takes a lot of naps because I has lots of sleep to catch up on."

He was gratified to see that he had satisfied the young man for Swee'pea started across the room for the door and with a sigh Pappy settled back for his nap

Swee'pea was just about to pass through the door when he stopped and looked back at Popeye's Pappy. With a puzzled expression on his face he crawled back to the chair and climbing up on the arm he tapped the old man on the shoulder.

"Why does ya have a lot of sleep to catch up on?"

Poop-deck jerked awake and before he realized it, he foolishly answered Swee'pea's question.

"B'cause I lorst a lot of sleep when I was a young man, 'at's why!"

"HOW?", shot back Swee'pea seeing an opening that might lead to an interesting story.

"Oh, no you don't," Poop-deck snarled. "Ya is not goin' to get me to tell no story."

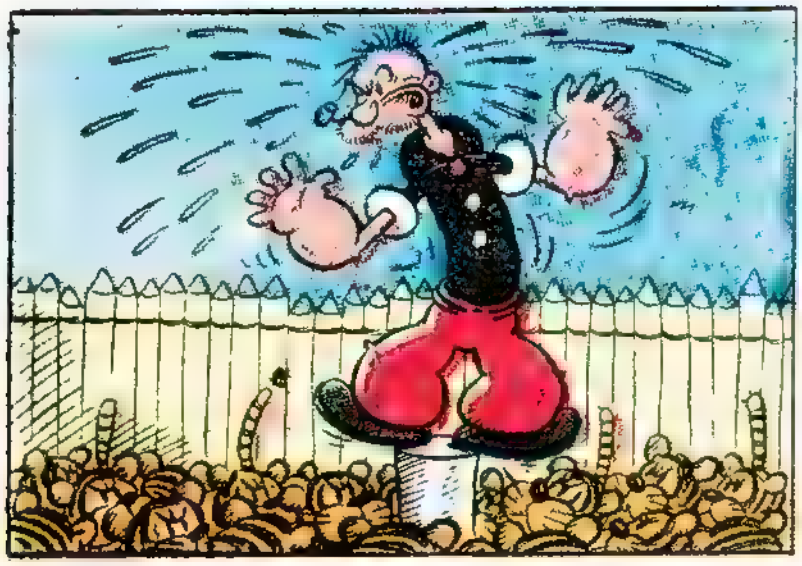
"Ya takes a lot of naps b'cause ya is lazy. 'At's why," laughed Swee'pea trying to draw him out.

"I YAM NOT LAZY!" exploded Poop-deck. "I was held captive by a gang of Persian bandicks fer one whole week and I didn't get a wink of sleep all the time they held me."

"Why not? Did they make so much noise that ya couldn't get to sleep?" asked Swee'pea.

"There ya goes!" shouted Pappy. "Ya is trying to trick me into tellin' a story and I will not do it. Now git out of here and let me sleep!"

"Ha!" smiled Swee'pea "I betcha never ever was in Persia."



"Oh, no!" growled Poop-deck quick to come to the defense of his past adventure. "Not only was I there but them blastid bandicks put me on top of a pole in the ground and made me stand there."

"Was ya afraid ya would fall orf?" asked the little fellow. "Was 'at why ya could not get no sleep?"

"Of course I was afraid I would fall orf! Ya doesn't think I wanted to get et up by Tigers, does ya?"

"TIGERS?" exclaimed Swee'pea. "Was there tigers there, too?"

"I'll say there was. There was about a hun'red of them. And the pole I was standin' on was right in the center of their pen. If I went to sleep, I would fall orf and I knew if I did them blastid tigers would eat me up b'fore I had a chance to wake up."

"ARF! ARF!" laughed Swee'pea. "No won'er ya was ascared to go to sleep. I betcha you would still be there if some brave persing hadn't come along and saved ya."

"SAVED ME!" Poop-deck jumped from the chair and began shouting. "NOBODY HAD TO SAVE ME! WHAT DOES YA THINK I YAM, A BLASTID SISSY?"

"Well, someone musta saved ya or ya wouldn't be here tryin' ta take a nap." chuckled Swee'pea.

Poop-deck sat down in the chair again and went on.

"I has never quite figured out how I did get away. Ya see, after a week wit'out sleep I couldn't take it any longer and late the sixth night, try as hard as I could to prevent it, I fell asleep and when I woke up I was aboard me ship and sailin' fer home."

"Somebody musta seen ya fall and grabbed ya real quick and carried ya out of the pen."

"No, sir," Pappy said. "They is only one answer. When I fell asleep I started to walk in me sleep and I climbed right down orf that pole and grabbed the biggest tiger and rode him down to the harbor, and went aboard me ship."

"Oh, my gorsh! I knows ya walks in yer sleep, but what makes ya think ya rode a wild tiger?"

"Why, ya stupid ijet! They was tiger hairs on me britches, 'at's how!" Poop-deck snapped back and then, pointing to the door, he ordered, "Now git out of here and let me take me nap. I yam not going to tell ya no story. Now scram!" He settled back in the chair once more and closed his eyes.

Smiling to himself Swee'pea did as he was told, but just before he went through the door he stopped and called back to the old man in the chair.

"Thanks for the story, Poop-deck."

Poop-deck popped his eyes open and sitting up in the chair he muttered to himself as Swee'pea disappeared from sight, "Wha' the heck is he talkin' about? I didn't tell him no story."

TWIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS

J.W. WIMPY

IN A STORY OF HUNGER AND DESERT MADNESS

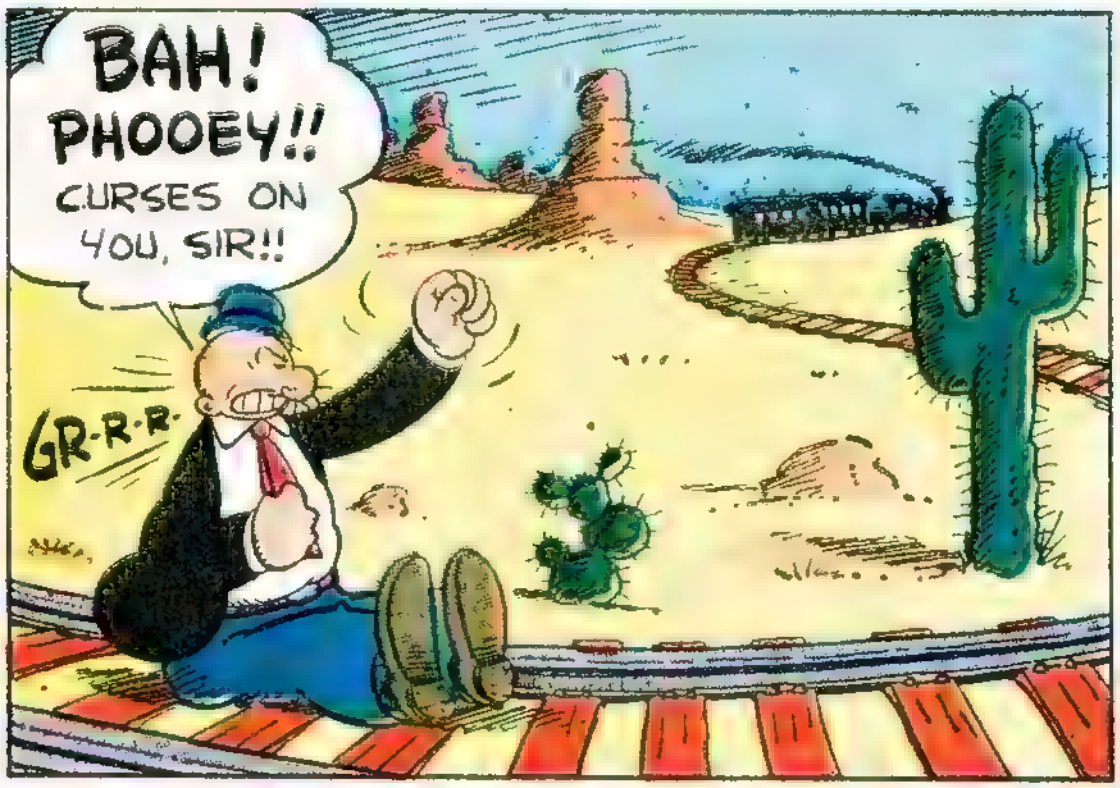
ENTITLED

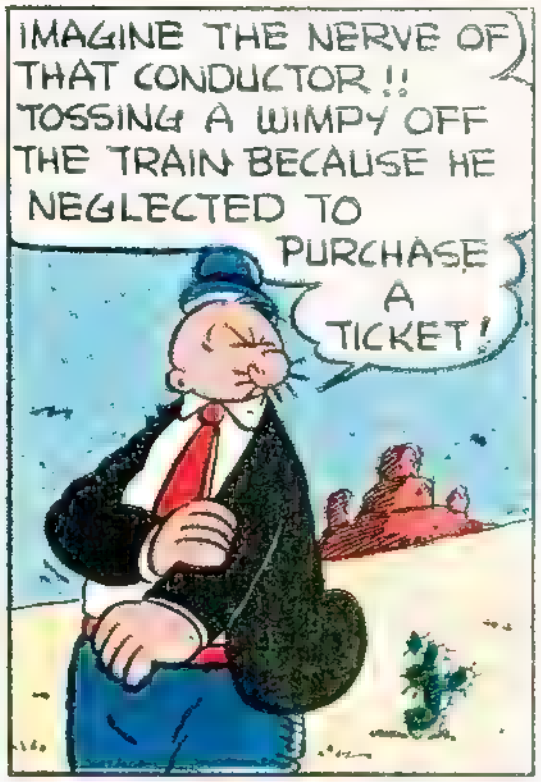
"FOOD! FOOD!"

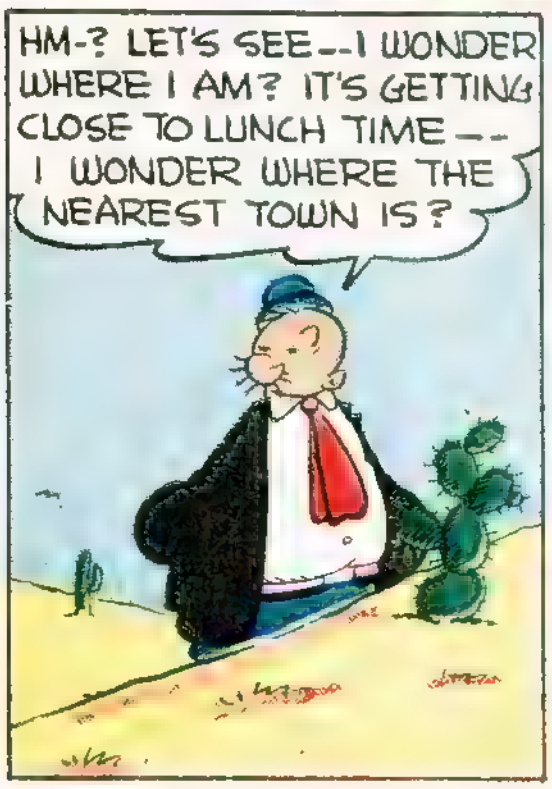
or

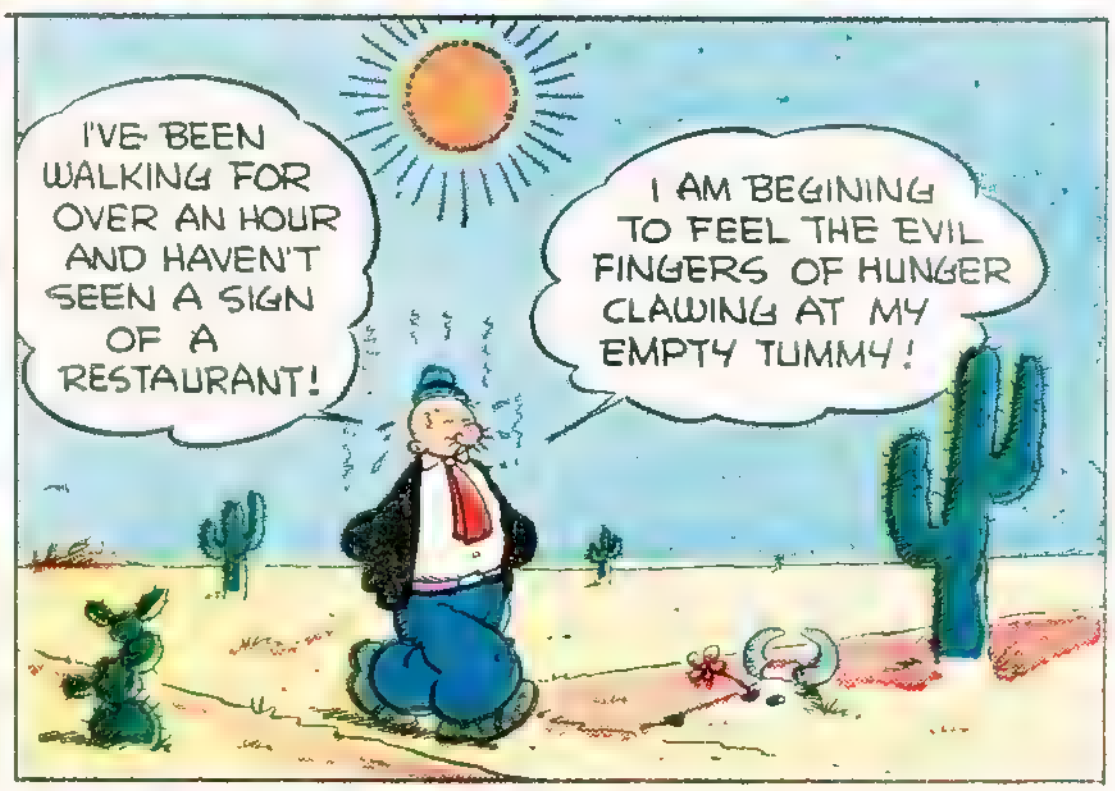
"MAY I BORROW YOUR DUCK, MISTER?"

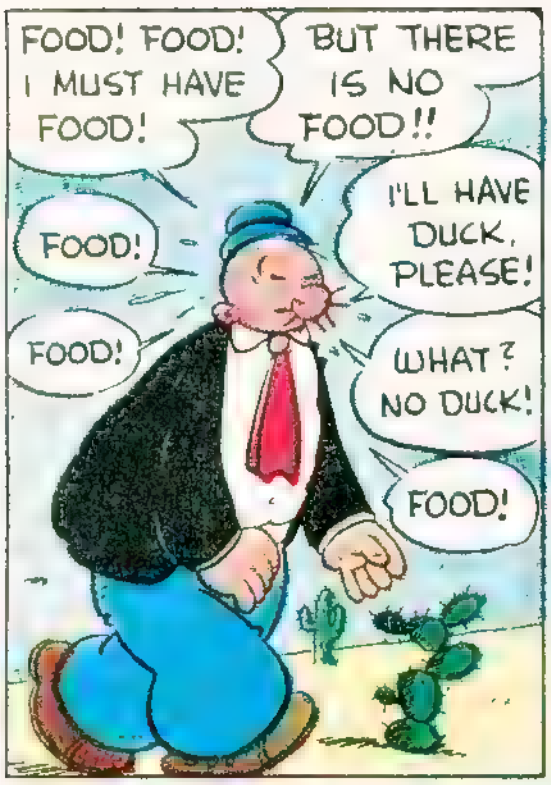
By BUD SAGENDORF





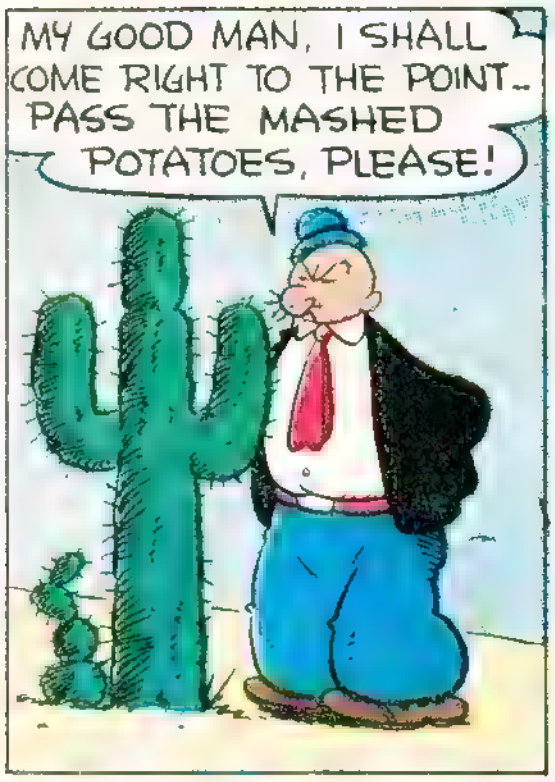



I'VE BEEN WALKING FOR OVER AN HOUR AND HAVEN'T SEEN A SIGN OF A RESTAURANT!
I AM BEGINING TO FEEL THE EVIL FINGERS OF HUNGER CLAWING AT MY EMPTY TUMMY!


FOOD! FOOD! I MUST HAVE FOOD!
BUT THERE IS NO FOOD!!
FOOD!
I'LL HAVE DUCK, PLEASE!
FOOD!
WHAT? NO DUCK!
FOOD!

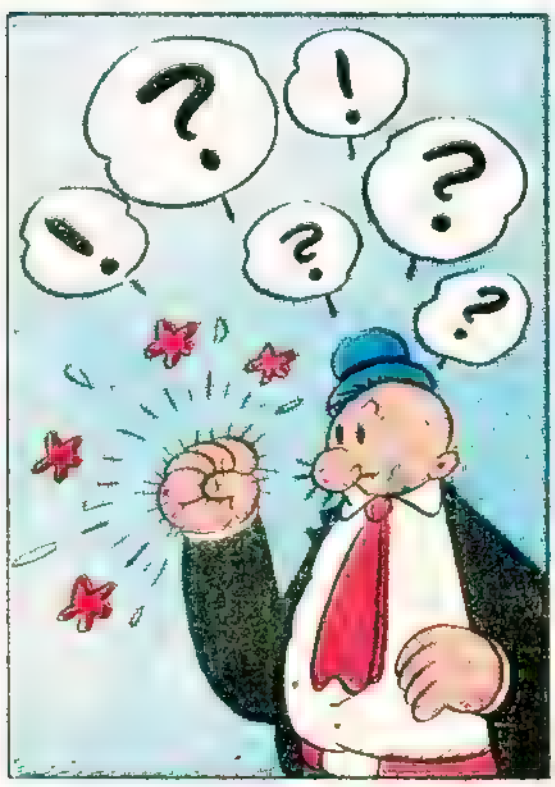
FOOD! FOOD! FOOD! FOOD! FOOD!
WHY DOESN'T SOMEONE GIVE ME FOOD?
I MUST HAVE FOOD!!

AH!! THERE YOU ARE!! DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME? I MUST HAVE FOOD!!


MY GOOD MAN, I SHALL COME RIGHT TO THE POINT.. PASS THE MASHED POTATOES, PLEASE!

WHAT!?! THERE ARE NO MASHED POTATOES LEFT? WHY YOU-- YOU--YOU-- YOU--

-YOU PIG!! EATING THEM ALL YOUR-SELF!!
SPLAT


?
!
?
?
?

MY GOOD MAN, WHY DON'T YOU SHAVE?

BEHIND A PILE OF ROCKS, WIMPY IS WATCHED BY **TERRIFIC TENSION**, THE MEANEST AND MOST FEARED BANDIT OF THE SOUTHWEST -

WHA-- TH--?

?

?

THAT HOMBRE HAS DESERT MADNESS - HE'S HAD TOO MUCH SUN AND NOT ENOUGH WATER OR FOOD!!

!

!

I'LL TRY TO SNEAK AWAY - I'D RATHER MEET UP WITH A THOUSAND RATTLESNAKES THAN ONE CASE OF DESERT MADNESS!

A CRITTER WITH DESERT MADNESS IS SOMETHING TO FEAR!

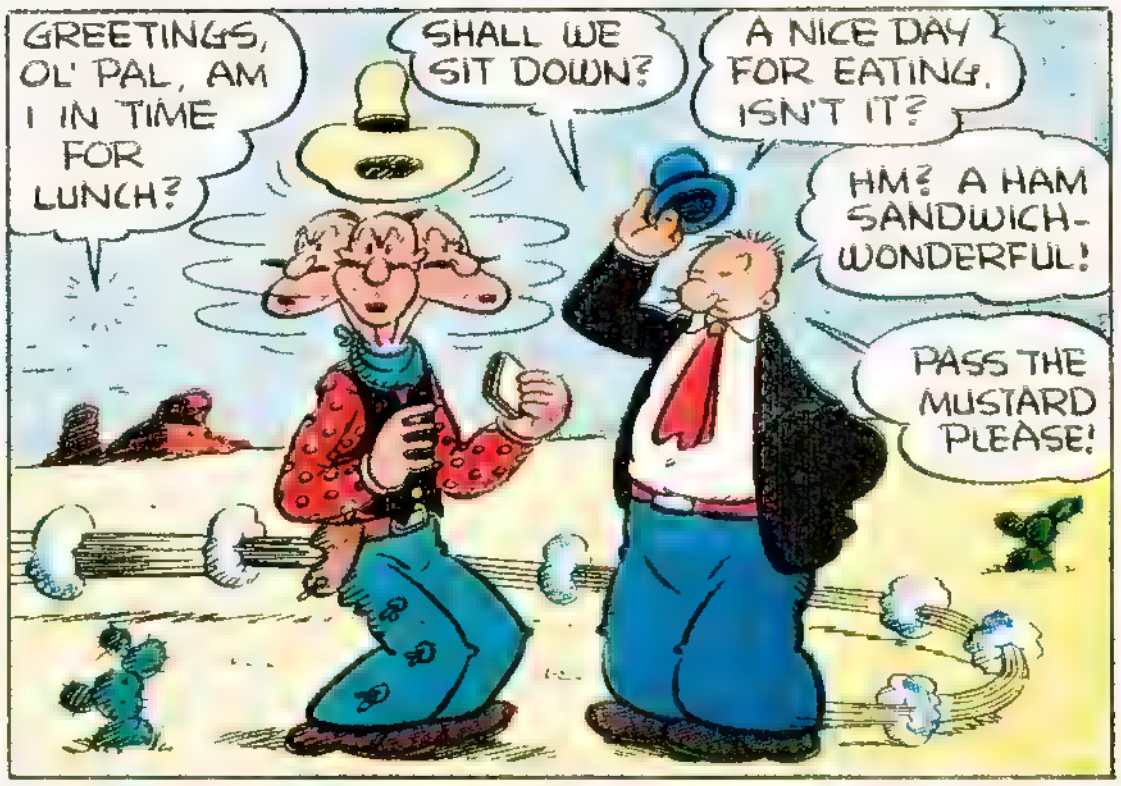
WHEEW!! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!! I GUESS I'M OKAY NOW- HE'S NO-WHERE IN SIGHT!

I CAN EAT THIS HAM SANDWICH NOW - I'M STARVED!!

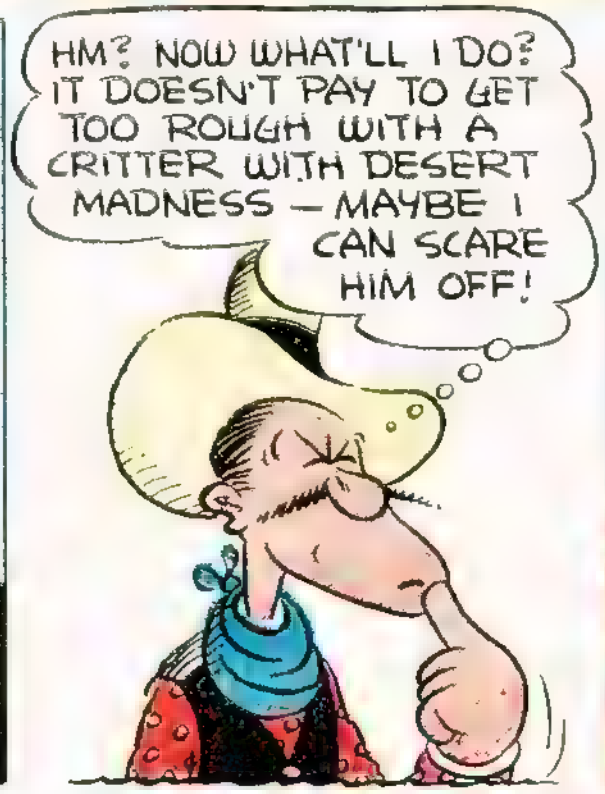
!

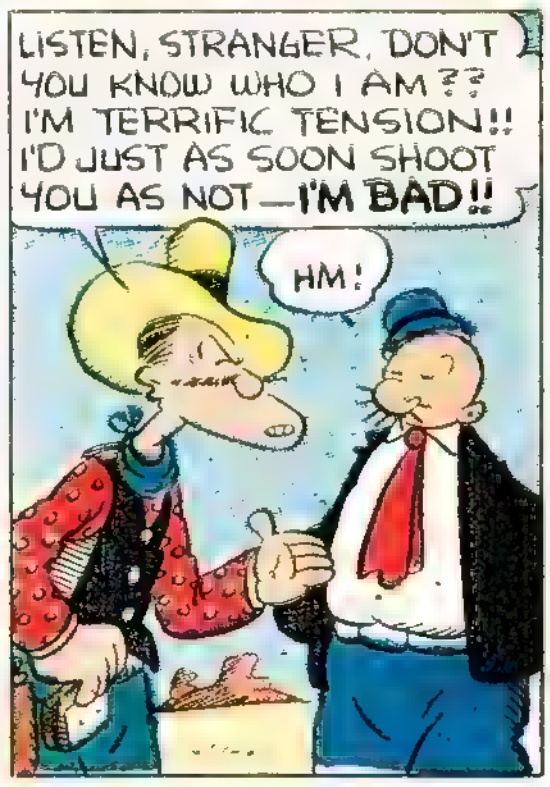
!

THIS IS GOING TO TASTE GOOD – I HAVEN'T HAD A BITE TO EAT SINCE I HELD UP THE COSO BANK YESTERDAY MORNING!

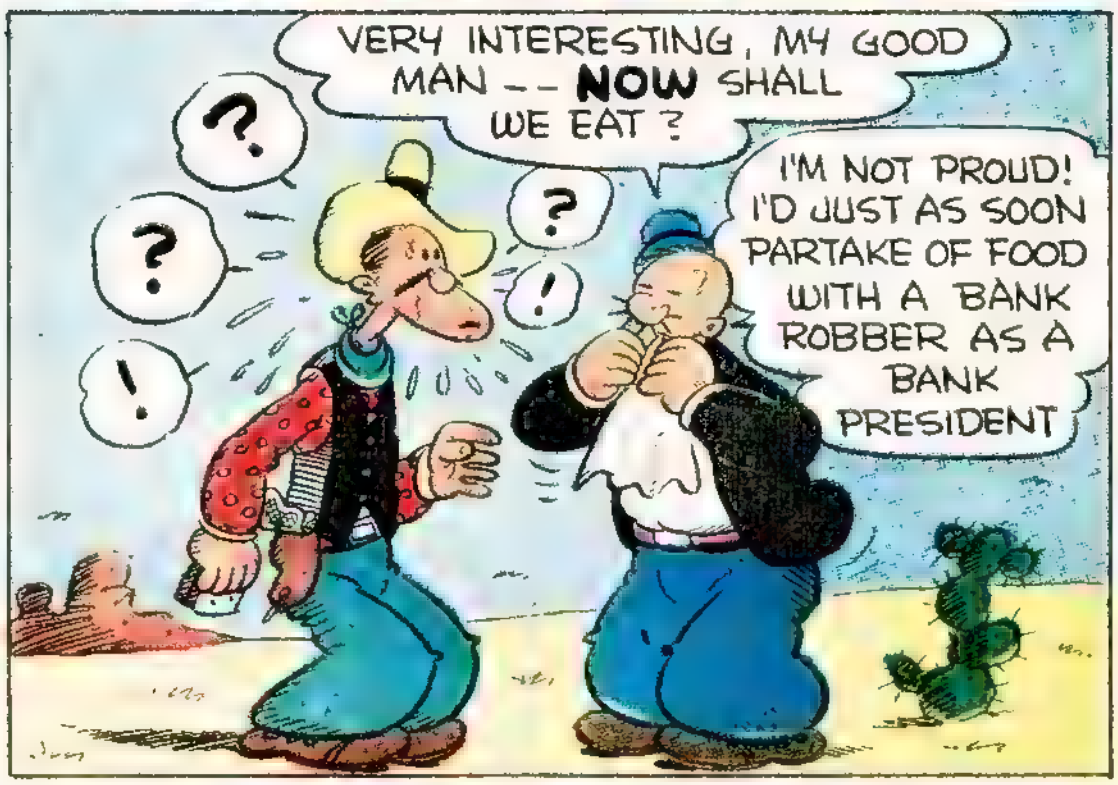

GREETINGS, OL' PAL, AM I IN TIME FOR LUNCH?
SHALL WE SIT DOWN?
A NICE DAY FOR EATING, ISN'T IT?
HM? A HAM SANDWICH- WONDERFUL!
PASS THE MUSTARD PLEASE!

YOU!! I THOUGHT I SHOOK YOU!!
WHEN DO WE EAT?

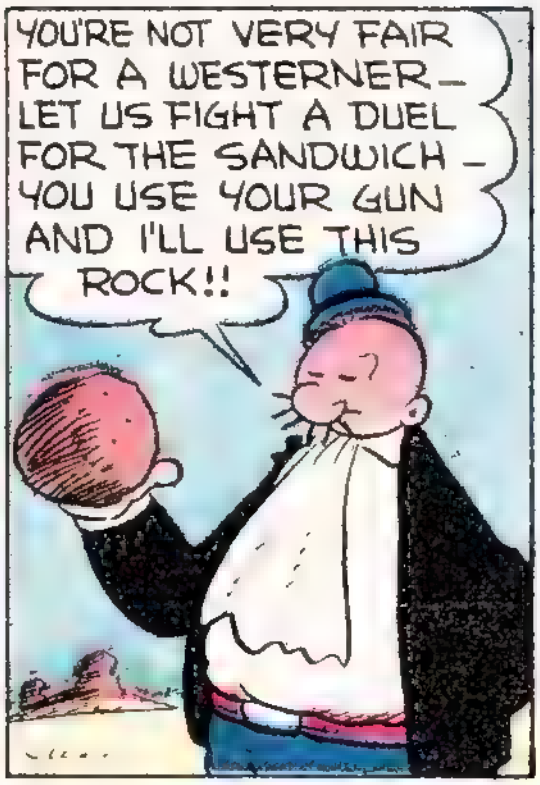

HM? NOW WHAT'LL I DO? IT DOESN'T PAY TO GET TOO ROUGH WITH A CRITTER WITH DESERT MADNESS – MAYBE I CAN SCARE HIM OFF!


LISTEN, STRANGER, DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM?? I'M TERRIFIC TENSION!! I'D JUST AS SOON SHOOT YOU AS NOT – I'M BAD!!
HM!

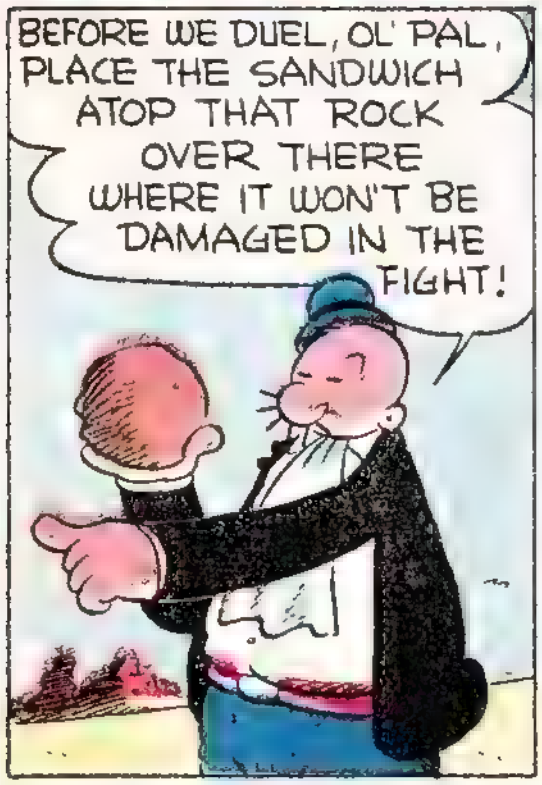
I KILLED FIVE MEN YESTERDAY ROBBIN' JUS' ONE LITTLE BANK – I'M THE MEANEST HOMBRE IN COSO COUNTY – NOW DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER RUN ALONG?
I MIGHT HURT YOU!

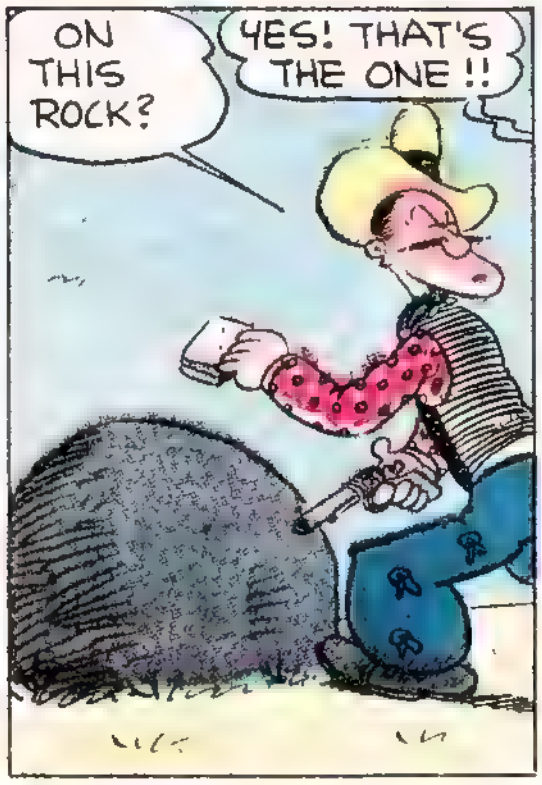

VERY INTERESTING, MY GOOD MAN -- NOW SHALL WE EAT?
I'M NOT PROUD! I'D JUST AS SOON PARTAKE OF FOOD WITH A BANK ROBBER AS A BANK PRESIDENT

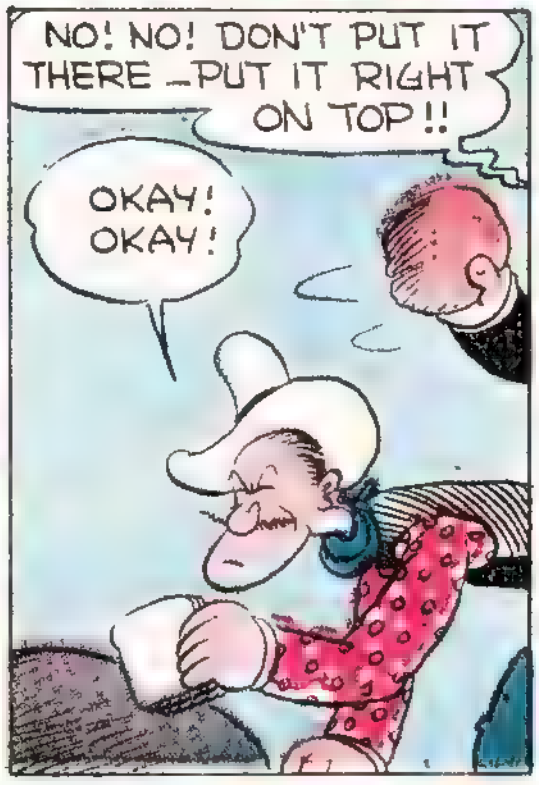
LISTEN, CHUM!! NOW GET OUT OF HERE - IT'S MY SANDWICH AND I'M GOING TO EAT IT!
TSK! TSK!

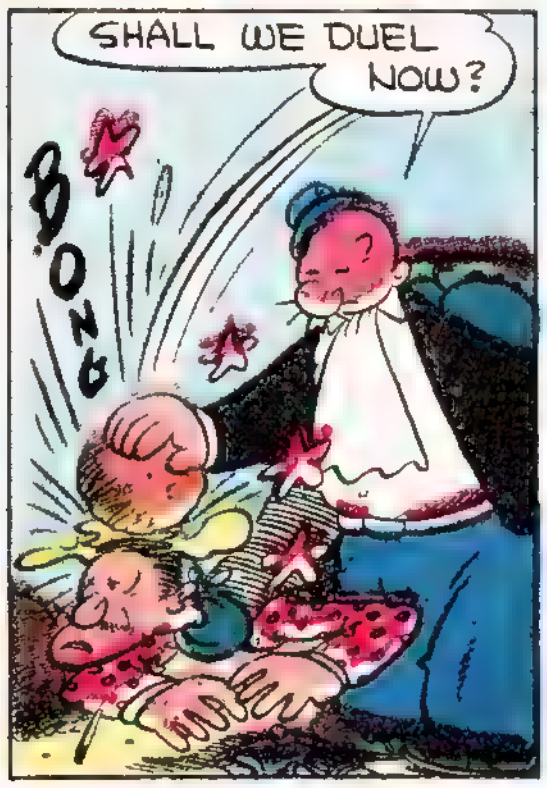

YOU'RE NOT VERY FAIR FOR A WESTERNER - LET US FIGHT A DUEL FOR THE SANDWICH - YOU USE YOUR GUN AND I'LL USE THIS ROCK!!

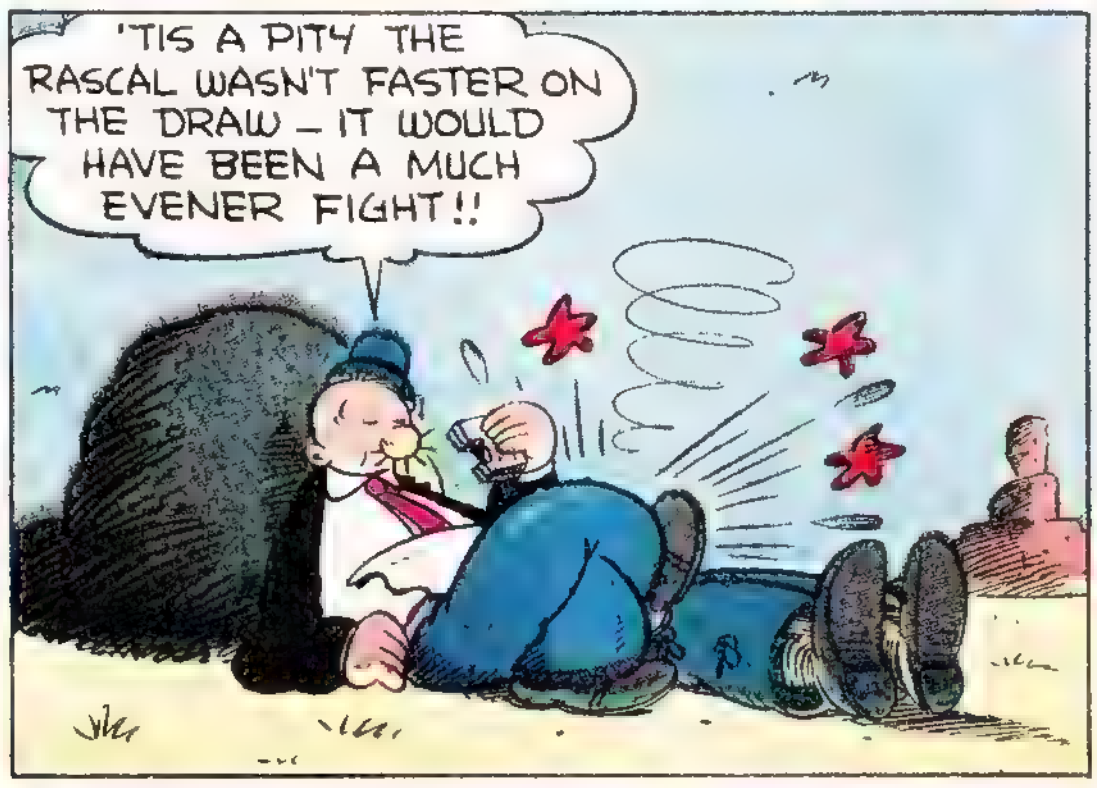
HM! HOW CAN I LOSE! MY GUN AGAINST HIS ROCK!
OKAY, STRANGER, THAT SOUNDS FAIR ENOUGH!


BEFORE WE DUEL, OL' PAL, PLACE THE SANDWICH ATOP THAT ROCK OVER THERE WHERE IT WON'T BE DAMAGED IN THE FIGHT!


ON THIS ROCK?
YES! THAT'S THE ONE!!


NO! NO! DON'T PUT IT THERE - PUT IT RIGHT ON TOP!!
OKAY! OKAY!


SHALL WE DUEL NOW?
BONG


'TIS A PITY THE RASCAL WASN'T FASTER ON THE DRAW - IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A MUCH EVENER FIGHT!!

HOWDY, STRANGER — HAVEN'T SEEN A DESPERATE LOOKIN' CHARACTER AROUND HERE, HAVE YOU ??

BEG PARDON?

BY ANY CHANCE WOULD YOU BE REFERRING TO THIS RATHER UNCOUTH PERSON I BESTED IN A DUEL?

IT'S HIM!!! IT'S TERRIFIC TENSION!!!

AT LAST I HAVE HIM!!

ALLOW ME TO SHAKE YOUR HAND, MISTER — THE COUNTY OF COSO OWES YOU A DEBT OF GRATITUDE!

SIR, YOU ARE A HERO!! SINGLEHANDED YOU HAVE CAPTURED THE MOST FEARED DESPERADO IN THE WEST!

TELL ME! DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU FEEL GOOD INSIDE TO HAVE DONE SUCH A NOBLE DEED?

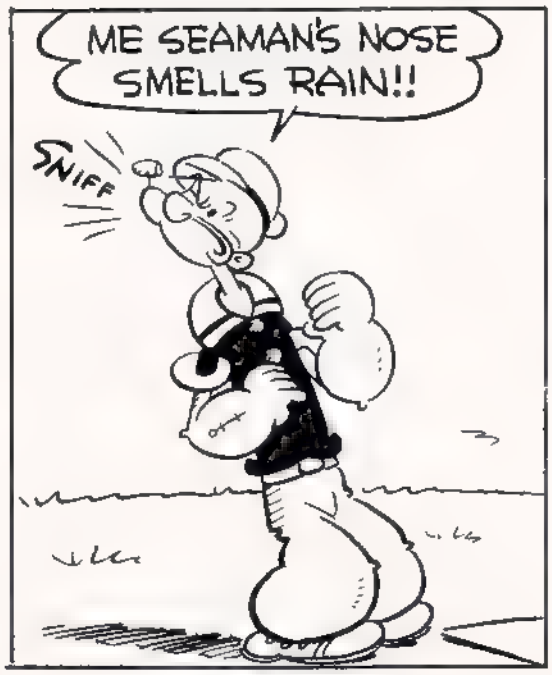
INDEED YES, KIND SIR! I MUST ADMIT I **DO** FEEL GOOD INSIDE — BUT WHETHER IT IS THE GOOD DEED OR THE HAM SANDWICH, I'M NOT QUITE SURE!!

THE END

POPEYE

ARF! ARF! I SURE DOES LIKE PICNICS, OLIVE!
IT'S WONDERFUL OUT HERE MILES FROM NOWHERE!

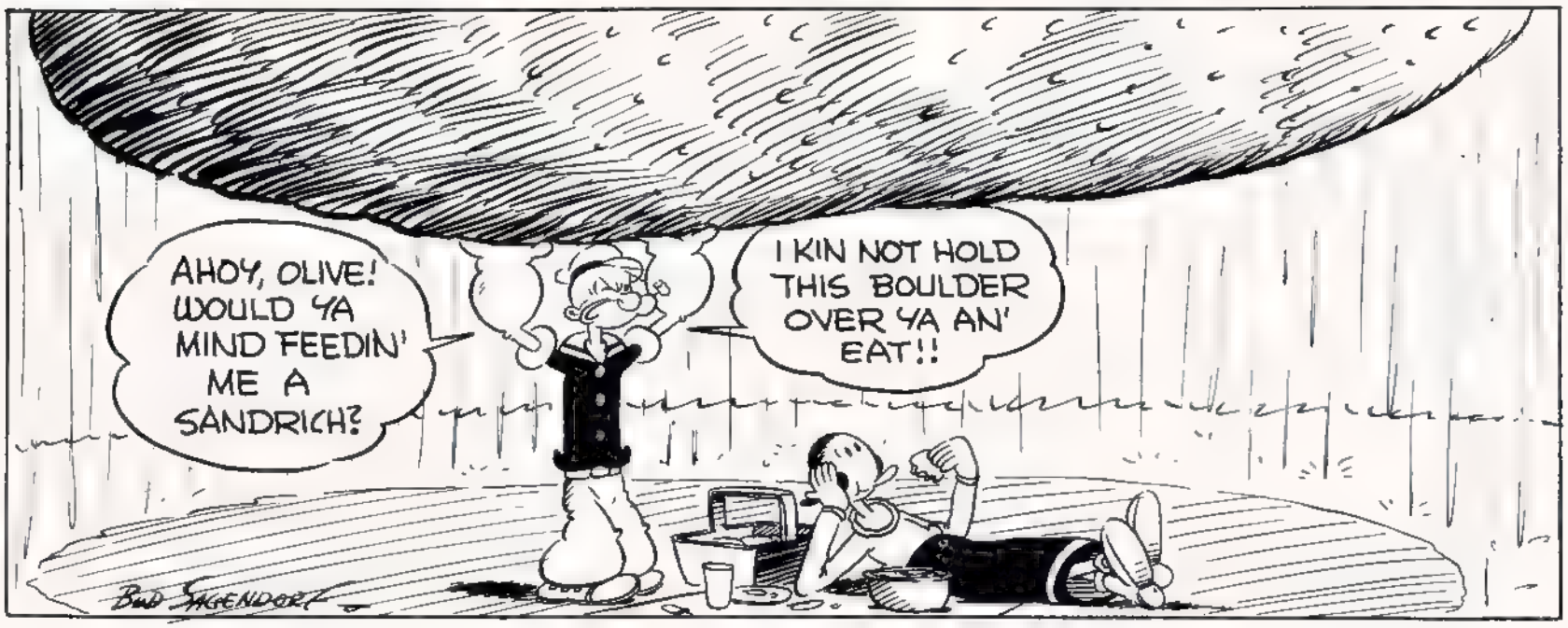
BLOW ME DOWN!?! I DOES NOT LIKE THE LOOKS OF 'AT SKY!!

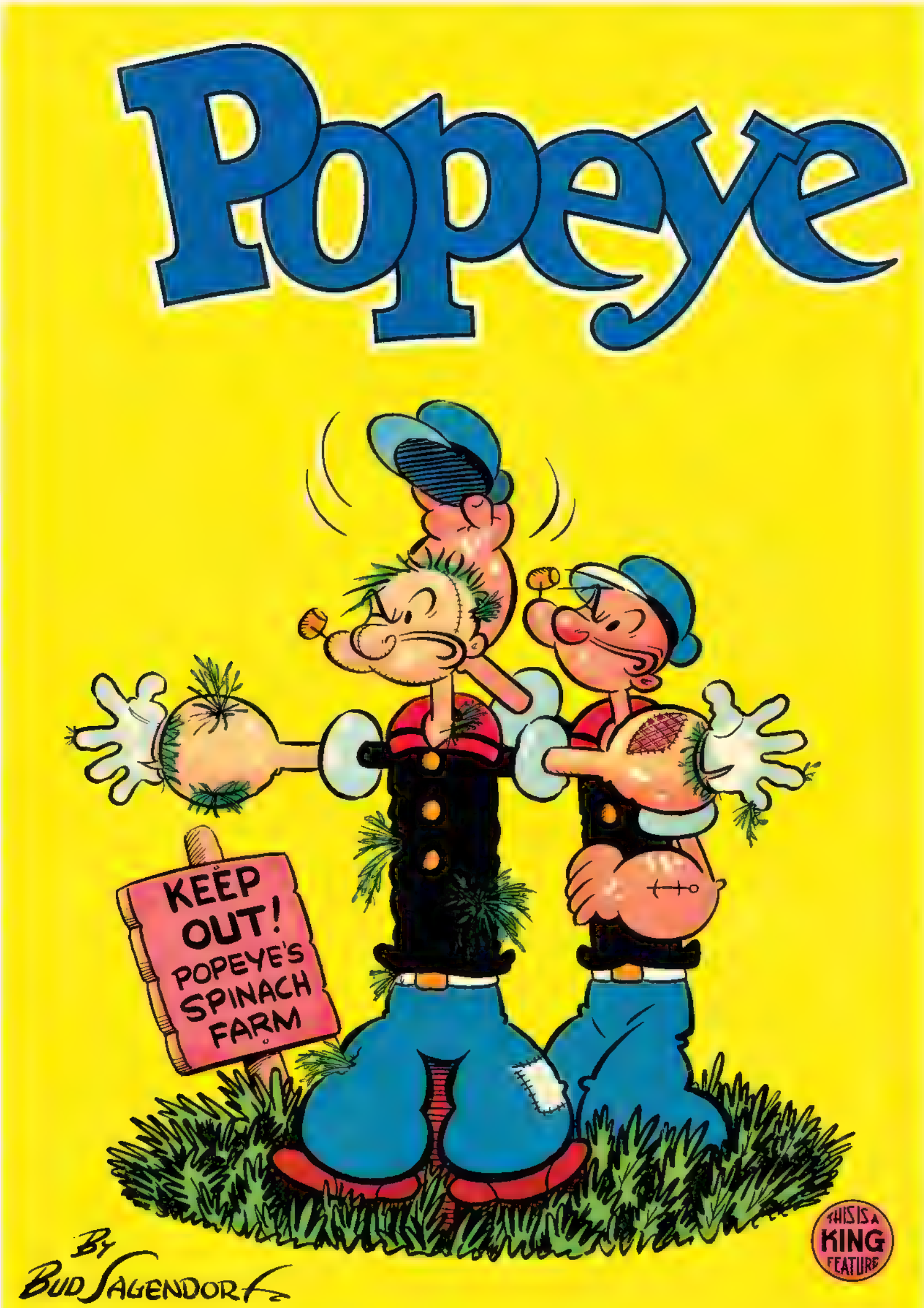

ME SEAMAN'S NOSE SMELLS RAIN!!
SNIFF

YOU'D BETTER NOT LET IT RAIN AND SPOIL MY PICNIC!
BUT, OLIVE--

I CAN'T STOP IT FROM RAININ'!
YOU HAD BETTER DO SOME-THING!

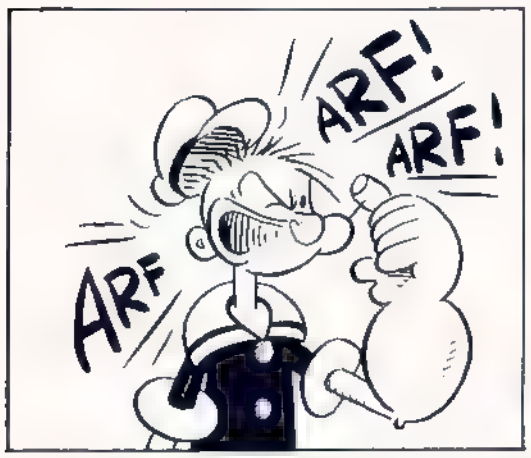
I CAME OUT HERE FOR A PICNIC AND IT'S UP TO YOU TO SEE THAT I HAVE IT!!


AHOY, OLIVE! WOULD YA MIND FEEDIN' ME A SANDRICH?
I KIN NOT HOLD THIS BOULDER OVER YA AN' EAT!!
BUD SAGENDORF



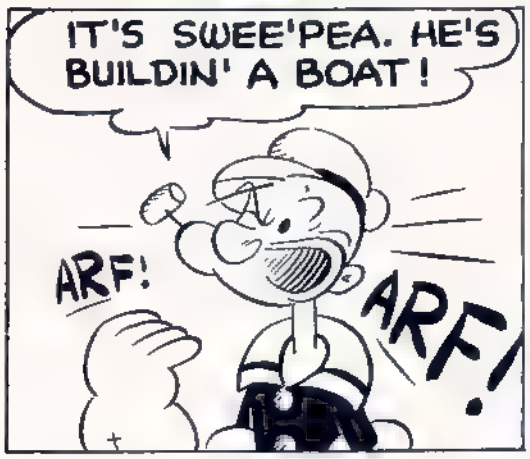
Popeye #7, June-July 1949

POPEYE


ARF!
ARF!
ARF

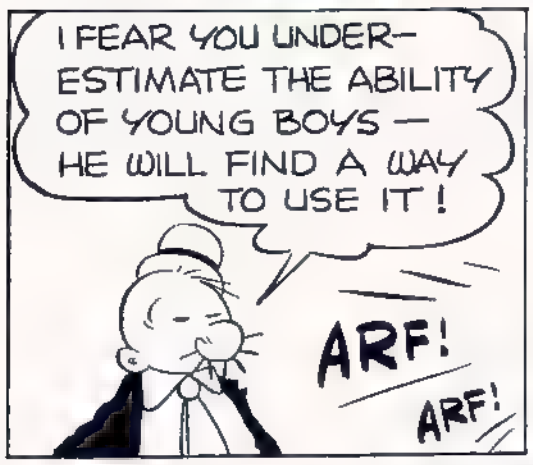
GREETINGS, OL' PAL. WHY ALL THE MIRTH?
AHOY, WIMPY!
ARF
ARF

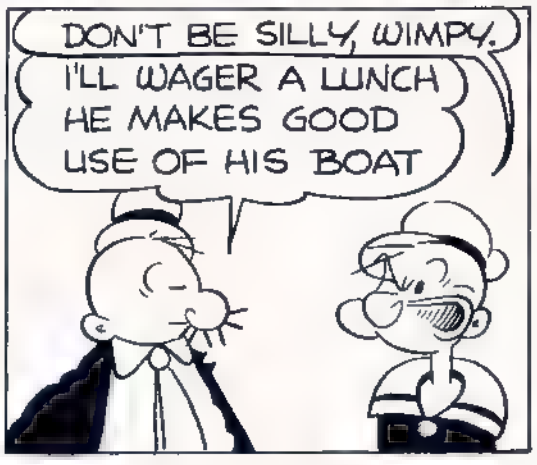
I REPEAT- WHY ARE YOU LAUGHING SO HARD?
ARF
ARF

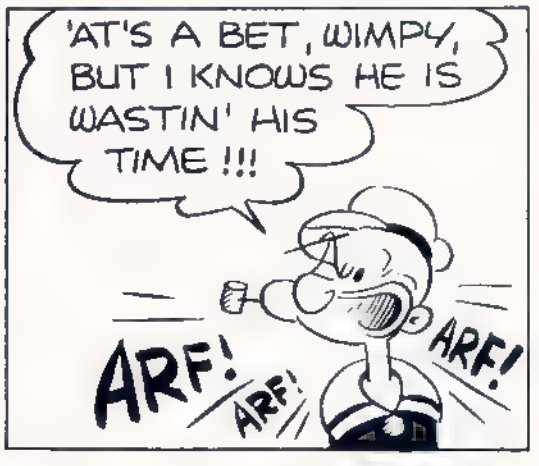

IT'S SWEE'PEA. HE'S BUILDIN' A BOAT!
ARF!
ARF!

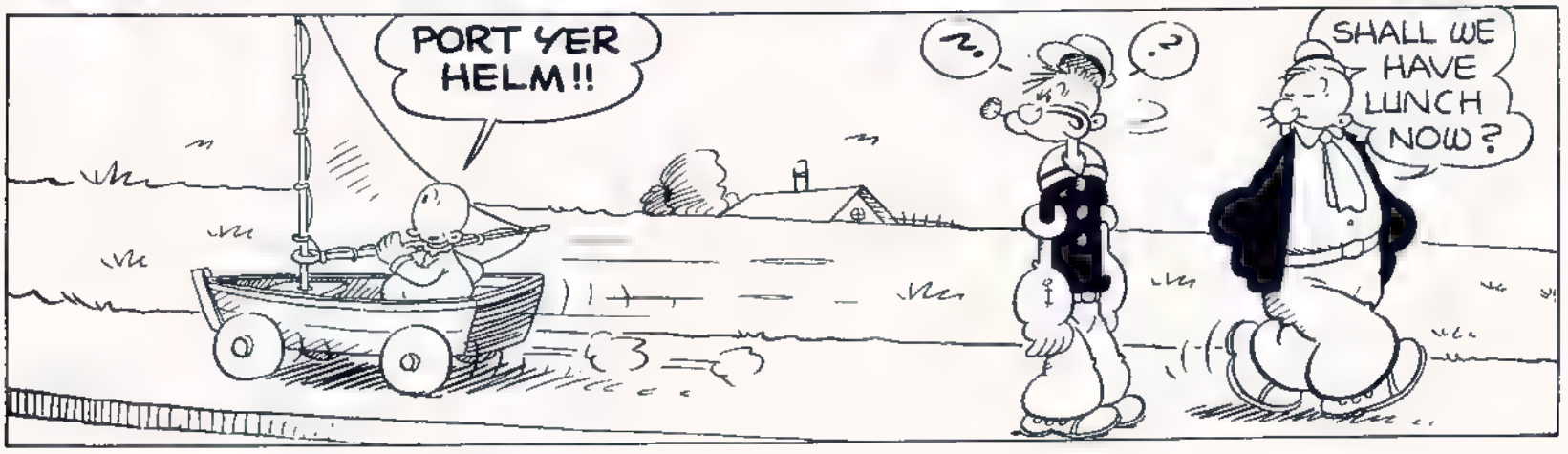
THAT'S FUNNY?
ARF! ARF! I'LL SAY IT IS!!

IN THE FIRST PLACE, THE THING WOULD NEVER FLOAT - AN' BESIDES, THEY IS NO PONDS AROUN' HERE!


I FEAR YOU UNDER-ESTIMATE THE ABILITY OF YOUNG BOYS — HE WILL FIND A WAY TO USE IT!
ARF!
ARF!


DON'T BE SILLY, WIMPY. I'LL WAGER A LUNCH HE MAKES GOOD USE OF HIS BOAT


'AT'S A BET, WIMPY, BUT I KNOWS HE IS WASTIN' HIS TIME!!!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!


PORT YER HELM!!
SHALL WE HAVE LUNCH NOW?

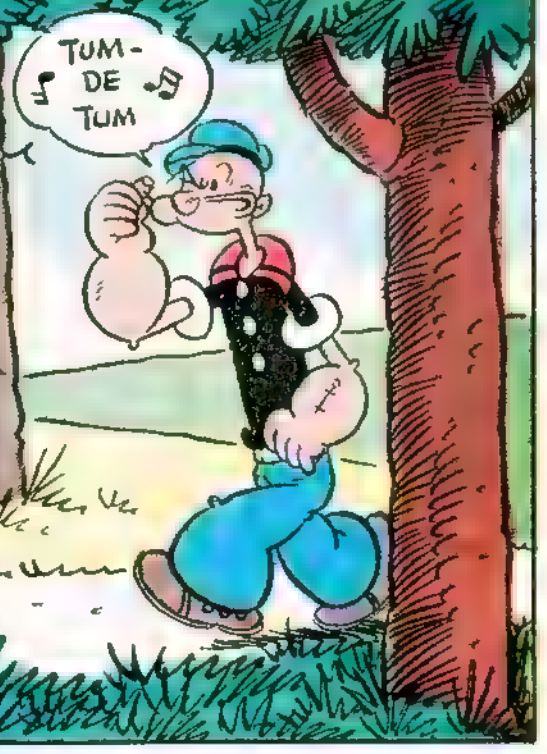
THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS

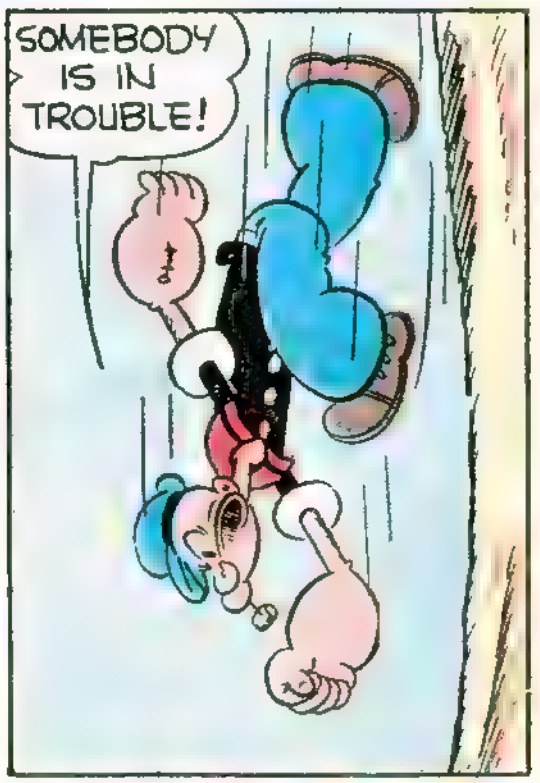
"HELP!"

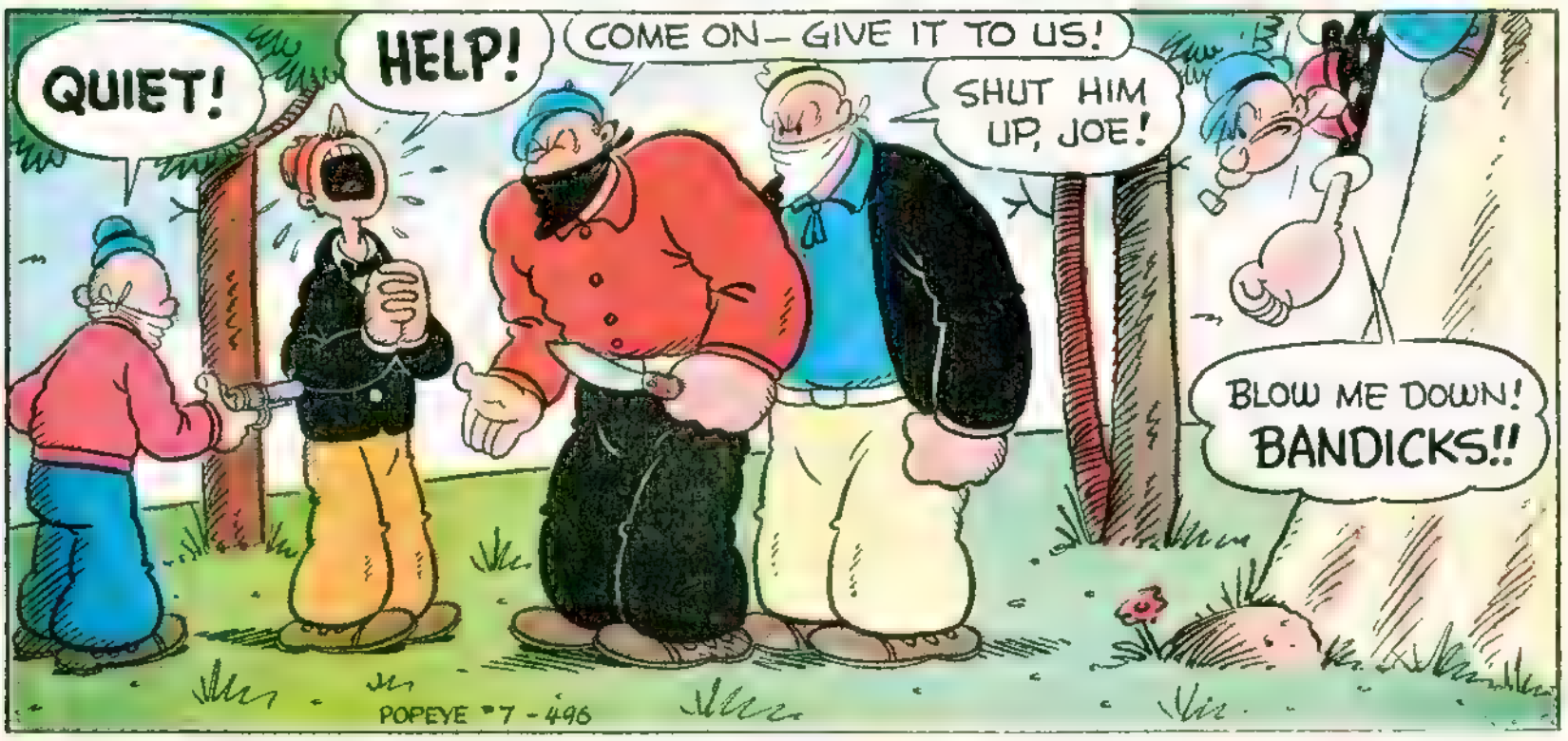
OR

"SAILOR, SAVE MY BABY!"

BY BUD SAGENDORF







PARDING ME - WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?

SCRAM!

I SAID, WHATCHADOIN'?

LOOK, CHUM, CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE BUSY? BE NICE AND RUN ALONG!

YA SHOULDN'T ORTA POINT!

SPLAT!

WHAT TH--?

SPLAT

SMACK

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BUTTIN'-IN ON THIS HOLDUP, SHORTY?

?

CRACK

IT'S POPEYE, THE SAILOR - I'M GETTIN' OUT OF HERE!!

MY GOOD MAN, YOU SAVED MY LIFE! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHECK FOR A MILLION DOLLARS FOR YOUR TIMELY HELP!

PHOOEY! I DOESN'T WANT NO MONEY! I WAS GLAD TO HELP YA!

BUT, MY GOOD MAN, YOU JUST SAVED THE LIFE OF HERBERT T. GOLDHOLD — THAT'S WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS!!

I DOES NOT TAKE MONEY FER FIGHTIN' BANDICKS — I CONSIDERS 'AT TO BE ENTERTAINMENT!

IF YOU WON'T ACCEPT MY REWARD, THEN I SHALL GIVE YOU A JOB!!

THOSE BANDITS WERE TRYING TO ROB ME OF THIS FIFTY-THOUSAND-DOLLAR RING I BOUGHT FOR MY LITTLE GIRL'S BIRTH-DAY!

I'M GIVING A PARTY FOR MY LITTLE GIRL ON MY YACHT TO-NIGHT — I WANT TO HIRE YOU TO GUARD THIS RING UNTIL I GIVE IT TO HER!

I WOULD BE GLAD TO TAKE CARE OF YER LITTLE GIRL'S BIRTH-DAY GIFT FER YOU!

HERE'S THE RING!

OKAY, MISTER GOLDHOLD, I WILL TAKE GOOD CARE OF IT!

JUST BRING THE RING TO MY LITTLE GIRL'S PARTY TONIGHT!

OKAY, MISTER GOLDHOLD, I WILL BE THERE!

ARF! ARF! – AN' THEN HE INVITED ME TO COME TO HIS LITTLE GIRL'S PARTY!

LITTLE GIRL?

YOU DID SAY **LITTLE** GIRL ?

I GOTTA BE GOIN' NOW, OLIVE!

HAVE A NICE TIME AT THE LITTLE GIRL'S PARTY!

POPEYE'S SUCH A SWEET AND GOOD MAN— HE LIKES LITTLE CHILDREN AND ENJOYS BEING WITH THEM!!

I WONDER WHAT'S IN TODAY'S PAPER?

SPORTS

?

SPORTS

MISS PAT GOLDHOLD

Birthday party tonight or Miss Goldhold on the Goldhold's yacht.

LITTLE GIRL- PHOOEY!!

BEG PARDON, MISS OYL?

YACHT HARBOR TWO MILES

THEN, BOSS, BEFORE WE GOT THE RING, THIS SAILOR BUTTS-IN AND CHASED US OFF!

HA! THERE WERE **THREE** OF YOU AND YOU LET **ONE** LITTLE SAILOR SCARE YOU OFF!

I GUESS I'VE GOT A BUNCH OF SISSIES WORKING FOR ME! - WELL, I **WANT THAT RING,** SO I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO USE "**IT**" ON THAT SAILOR!

GOSH, BOSS! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SICK "**IT**" ONTO THAT POOR SAILOR?

IT AIN'T HUMANE!

PHOOEY! WHAT DO I CARE ABOUT THAT SAILOR? HE'S GOT THE RING AND I WANT IT!!

COME ON, WE'LL GO DOWN AND GET "**IT**" STARTED AFTER THAT SAILOR!

NO! NO! I DON'T WANT TO GO NEAR "**IT**"!

COME ON!

GEE, BOSS, LET ME GO HOME - PLEASE!!

CUT IT OUT, SAM!! "**IT**" WON'T HURT YOU UNLESS I TELL "**IT**" TO!

GR-R-R

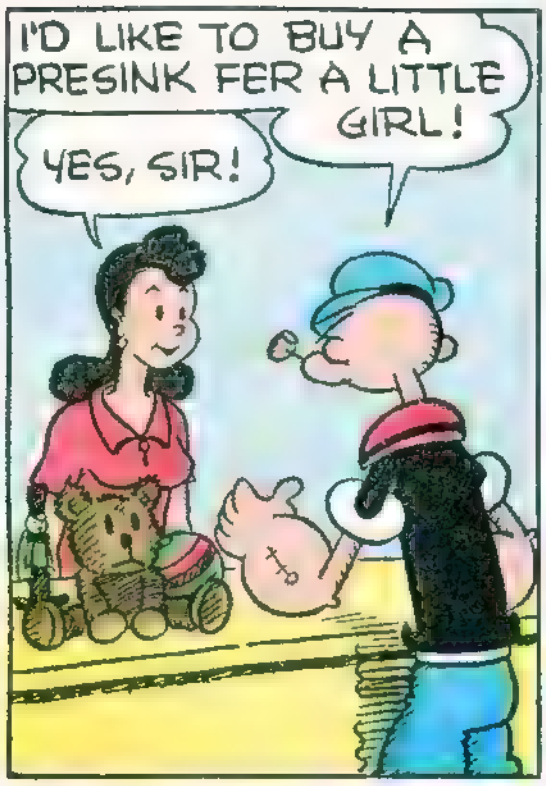
GR-R-R

DANGER

STAY OUT!

THIS IS "IT"!!

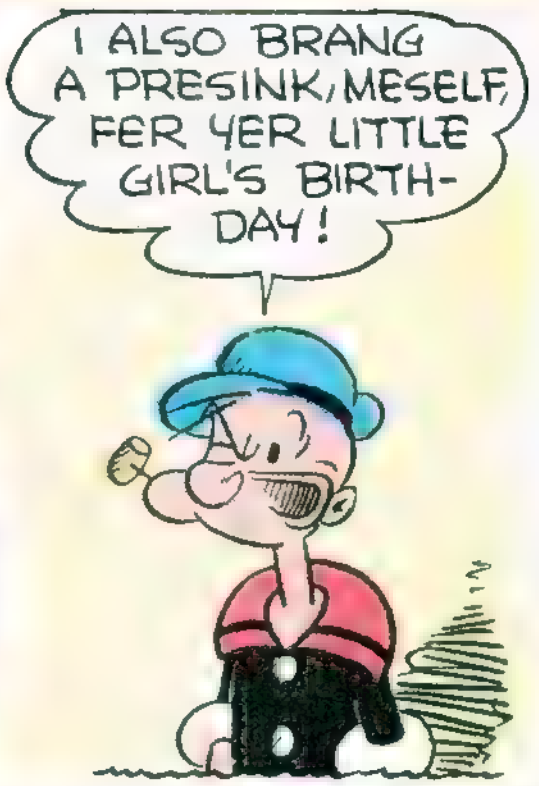
BAM!


I'D LIKE TO BUY A PRESINK FER A LITTLE GIRL!
YES, SIR!

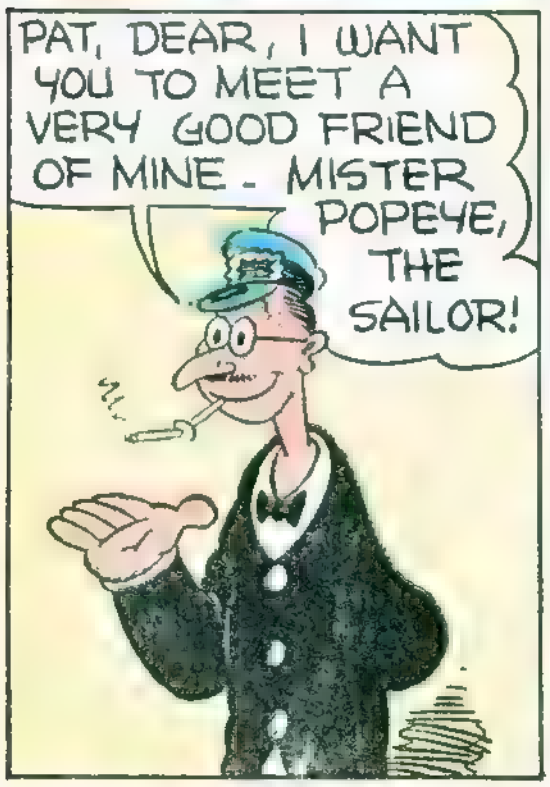
IT'S GITTIN' LATE – I'D BETTER ROW OUT TO MISTER GOLDHOLD'S YACHT!

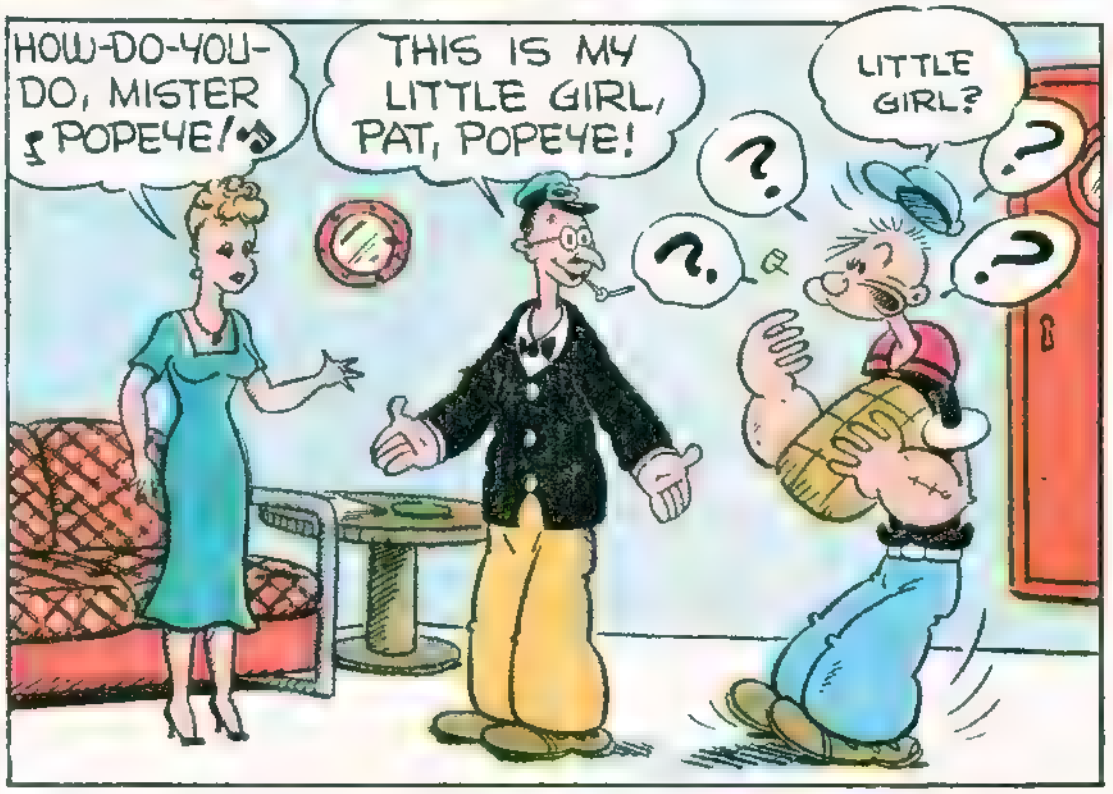
THERE'S THE YACHT OVER THERE!

WELCOME ABOARD, POPEYE!
I BRUNG THE RING, MISTER GOLDHOLD


I ALSO BRANG A PRESINK, MESELF, FER YER LITTLE GIRL'S BIRTH-DAY!

COME ON – WE'LL FIND PAT AND YOU CAN GIVE IT TO HER!


PAT, DEAR, I WANT YOU TO MEET A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF MINE – MISTER POPEYE, THE SAILOR!


HOW-DO-YOU-DO, MISTER POPEYE!
THIS IS MY LITTLE GIRL, PAT, POPEYE!
LITTLE GIRL?
?
?
?
?

POPEYE BROUGHT YOU A PRESENT FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY!!

OH, WASN'T THAT SWEET OF HIM!

I-ER-AH-GORSH! WELL-I DIDN'T-ER-THAT IS--

THANK YOU, MISTER POPEYE!

GULP!

GOOD HEAVENS!?! A TOY BEAR!?!

?

?

!

YOU THOUGHT MY LITTLE GIRL WAS A BABY!

HA!

HA!

DON'T LAUGH AT MISTER POPEYE, DADDY!

BESIDES, I THINK IT'S EXTRA SWEET OF HIM TO BRING A TOY BEAR TO A LITTLE GIRL!

SMACK

THERE "**IT**" GOES! POOR POPEYE!!

I TOLD "**IT**" TO GET ME THE RING AND "**IT**" WILL DO IT!

HEH! HEH!

CLOMP! CLOMP!

YOU KEEP THE RING, POPEYE, UNTIL I'M READY TO GIVE IT TO PAT!

OKAY!

MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME!

THANKS, MR. GOLDHOLD. I'M GOIN' OUT ON THE DECK!

I YAM GLAD OLIVE DOESN'T KNOW 'AT MISS GOLDHOLD AIN'T A LI'L BABY GIRL!

WAIT UNTIL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT SAILOR-STEALING BLONDE!

WHERE'S THE GOLDHOLD YACHT?

? ? ?

THAT'S IT OUT THERE- BUT YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO GET OUT TO HER - THERE ARE NO BOATS AROUND HERE!

HEY, LADY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

? !

I'VE GOT AN UNEXPECTED APPOINTMENT WITH MY SAILOR BOY AND I DON'T NEED A BOAT!

! ? ? ?

WHERE IS POPEYE, DADDY?
HE'S OUT ON DECK, DEAR!
OH. HERE YOU ARE, MISTER POPEYE!
AHOY, MISS PAT, I YAM GITTIN' SOME AIR!
THIS SURE IS A SWELL BOAT YER DADDY HAS!
I'LL SPEAK TO DADDY AND HAVE HIM GIVE YOU THE JOB OF BEING CAPTAIN OF HER!
I COULDN'T DO 'AT!
WHY NOT? DON'T YOU LIKE US?
OH, I LIKES YOU PEOPLE FINE. BUT ME SWEETIE WOULDN'T LET ME WORK FER A MAN WHAT HAD A GIRL FER A DAUGHTER!
YOU CAN'T MEAN SHE WOULD BE JEALOUS OF ME?
I KNOWS ME SWEETIE!
OH, BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT!
? ! ?
OLIVE!?
I CAN BELIEVE IT!!

BLOW ME DOWN, OLIVE, WHAT ARE YA DOIN' OUT HERE ?

GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE, IS **THIS** YOUR SWEETIE?

YES! **THIS IS** HIS SWEETIE!

GR-R-

AHOY, OLIVE! STOP ACTIN' LIKE THAT! CAN'T YA ACT LIKE A LADY?

YOU TOLD ME SHE WAS A LITTLE GIRL! I FOUND OUT SHE WASN'T AND I CAME OUT TO GET YOU!!

BUT I YAM DOIN' SUMPIN' FER HER PAPPY!

BLOW ME DOWN!! WHA'S THE MATTER, OLIVE?

WHA-AT'S THA--AT?

WHAT YA SO HAPPY ABOUT, BOSS?

HA! HA! IF MY WATCH IS RIGHT, **"IT"** IS JUST ABOUT TO TEAR POPEYE INTO LITTLE PIECES!! HA! HA!

"IT" WILL THEN GET THE RING FOR ME!

HA!

HA!

I STILL THINK IT WAS KINDA NASTY TO SICK "**IT**" ONTO JUST **ONE** SAILOR!

HA!

HA!

THAT'S WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, SAM - YOU'VE GOT A SOFT HEART! I DON'T CARE WHAT "**IT**" DOES TO THAT SAILOR!!

THE QUICKER "**IT**" DISPOSES OF POPEYE AND GETS THAT RING FOR ME, THE BETTER I'LL LIKE IT!!

WHA'-TH--?

?

!

?

GRRR

OLIVE, YOU AN' PAT HAD BETTER GIT INSIDE!

OKAY, POPEYE!

I WILL SEE WHAT THIS SWAB WANTS!

?

I TAKE RING NOW, PLEASE!?!

BLOW ME DOWN!! YA MUS' B'LONG TO 'AT GANG OF BANDICKS WHAT WAS TRYIN' TA ROB MR. GOLDHOLD!

TAKE RING NOW!

LISTING, YA BIG SWAB, I YAM KEEPIN' 'AT RING FER MR. GOLD-HOLD AN' NO UGLY MONSTROSIKY IS GO'NER TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME!

BOSS SAY, "GET RING"— ME DO WHAT BOSS MAN SAY!

GO ON HOME, SHORTY!

THIS IS MISS OYL, DADDY— SHE'S MR. POPEYE'S SWEETIE!

HELLO!

MY GOODNESS! WHAT'S HAPPENING OUT ON DECK? HAS THE PARTY STARTED?

CRASH

BAM!

WHAM!

SOME HORRIBLE MONSTER WAS CRAWLING UP ON YOUR YACHT— POPEYE SENT US IN HERE TO BE SAFE!

THEY MUST BE FIGHTING!

BAM

WHACK

CRACK!

OH, I WISH POPEYE WOULD COME IN HERE AND BE SAFE WITH US!!

SPLAT

BAM!

IT SEEMS HE HEARD YOUR WISH, MISS OYL!

POPEYE!?!

CRASH!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, POPEYE?

SURE, OLIVE, ARF! ARF! 'AT SWAB SURE KIN THROW A PUNCH!

LOOK OUT!! IT'S COMING IN HERE!!

NOW TAKE RING, PLEASE!!

GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE, IF IT'S THE RING IT WANTS, LET THE BEAST HAVE IT!!

MR. GOLDHOLD, YA TOLD ME TO GUARD THAT RING, AN' 'AT'S WHAT I YAM GO'NER DO!!

PLAT!

WHY, YOU BIG BULLY! HITTING MY SWEETIE FROM BEHIND---

GR-R-R

HO! HAW! HO!! SAILOR MAN'S SQUAW GIT MAD!! HAW! HAW!

AVAST, YA SWAB! LET GO ME SWEETIE!

FUNNY-LOOKIN' GAL!

I WILL SAVE YA, OLIVE!

YOU BRUTE!

OUW!

OH!! SHE HIT MY NOSE!

SNIFF!

SNIFF!

BLOW ME DOWN, OLIVE! I THINKS YA FOUND HIS WEAK SPOT!

THE BIG BULLY!

I WILL TRY IT!

SPLAT

GOSH!! LOOK AT THE BIG SISSY!

HE'S LICKED !!

OKAY, YA SWAB, ARE YA GO'NER BE A GOOD BOY?

BOOHOO! YOU HURT MY NOSE AGAIN! *SNIFF!!* I'LL BE GOOD! *SNIFF!!* BOOHOO! IT HURTS!

SNIFF

SNIFF!

OKAY, YA BIG SWAB, WHO SENT YA AFTER MR. GOLDHOLD'S RING?

THE BOSS!

SNIFF!

SNIFF!

I WANTS YA TO TAKE ME TO THE BOSS!

HOKAY!

COME ON, OLIVE, WE'LL GO HAVE A LI'L TALK WIT' THE BOSS!

OKAY, POPEYE!

BE CAREFUL, POPEYE !

YES, DON'T LET THEM KILL YOU OVER THAT RING!

DON'T WORRY- I JUS' WANTS TO HAVE A LITTLE FIST TALK WIT' HIM!

IT WILL BE FUN!

AH! HERE "**IT**" COMES! AT LAST I'LL HAVE THE RING!

TRAMP

TRAMP

HEH!

GIVE ME THE RING!!

AHOY, YA SWAB, IF YA WANTS THE RING, YA WILL HAVE TO GIT IT YER-SELF!

WHAT? QUIT TALKING LIKE A DUMB SAILOR AND DO AS I SAY!!

?

!

PEEKABOO, BOSS! I YAM GLAD TO MEET YOU!

POPEYE?

I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A FEW WORDS WIT' YA!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? DO AS I SAY! KILL HIM - BEAT HIM TO A PULP!!

ME NO FIGHT SAILOR! HIM TOO ROUGH!

HURT NOSE PLENTY!

I GUESS POPEYE'S MEETING THE BOSS!

BAM!

SPLAT!

CRASH!

BAM!

WHACK!

'AT'S 'AT, OLIVE. MR. GOLDHOLD WON'T HAVE ANY MORE TROUBLE FROM 'AT SWAB!

GEE, I'M SORRY I WAS JEALOUS OF THAT GOLD-HOLD GIRL - CAN YOU EVER FORGIVE ME?

SURE, OLIVE!

I'LL NEVER BE JEALOUS AGAIN!

GORSH!! I'VE STILL GOT THE RING!! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT OUT TO PAT AND MR. GOLD-HOLD!

? ! ! ?

NEVER MIND! I'LL TAKE IT BACK!! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SEE THAT GIRL AND MAKE ME JEALOUS AGAIN!

? ? ? ? ?

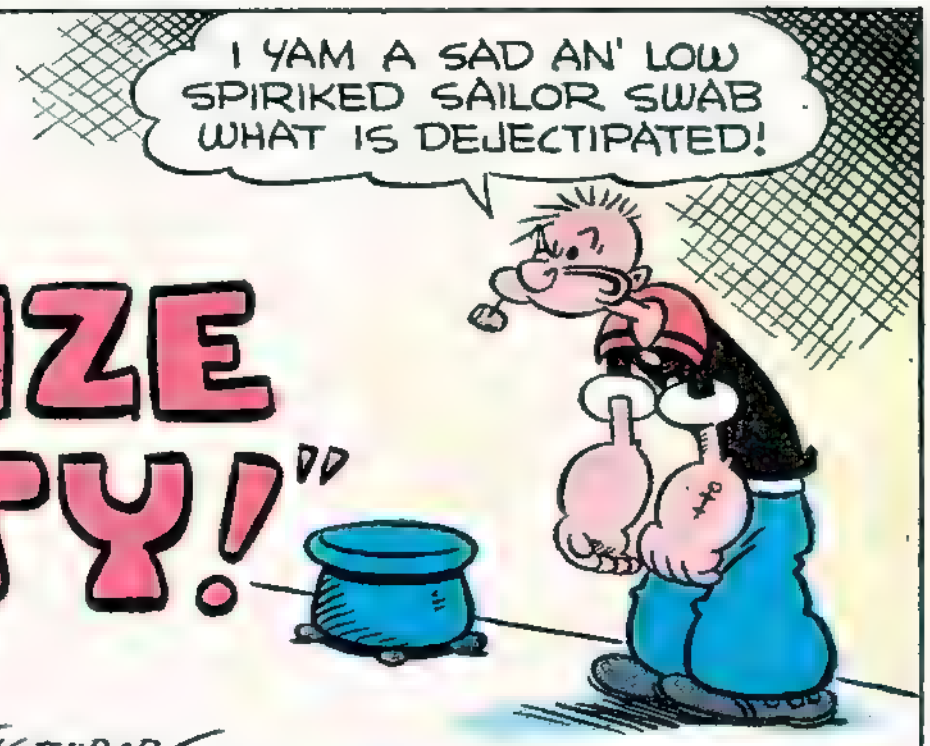
THE END

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS

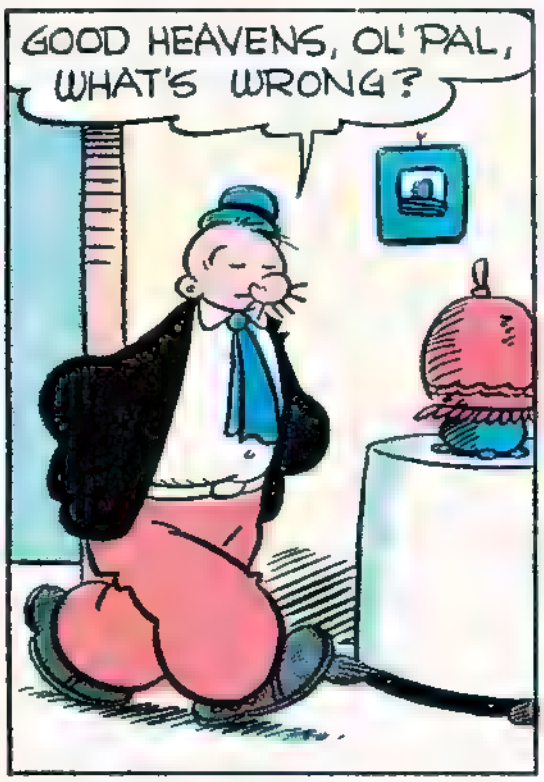
POPEYE THE SAILOR

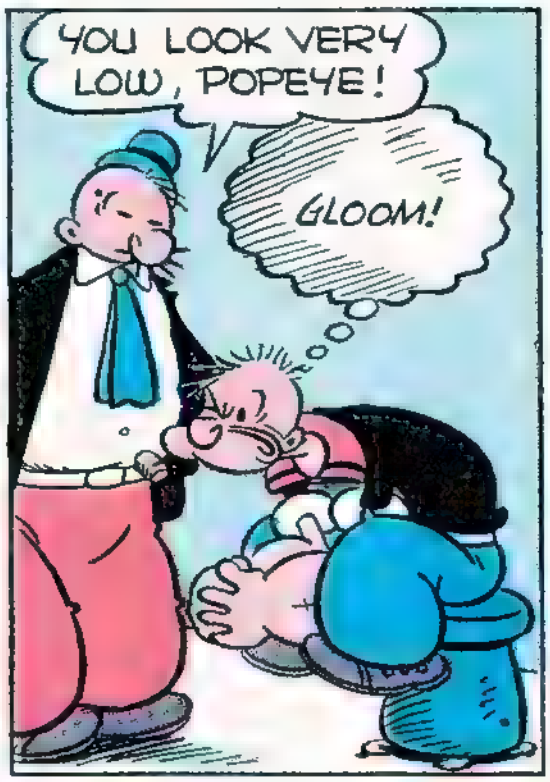
IN

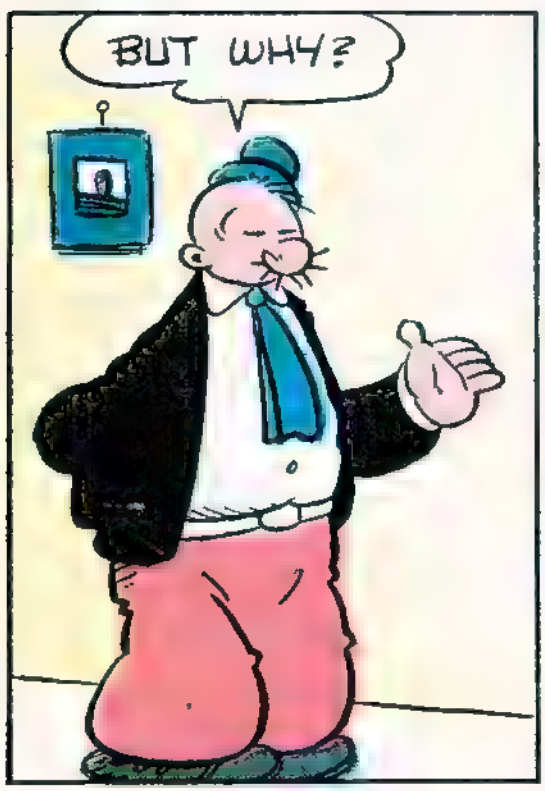
"SUSPRIZE PARTY!"

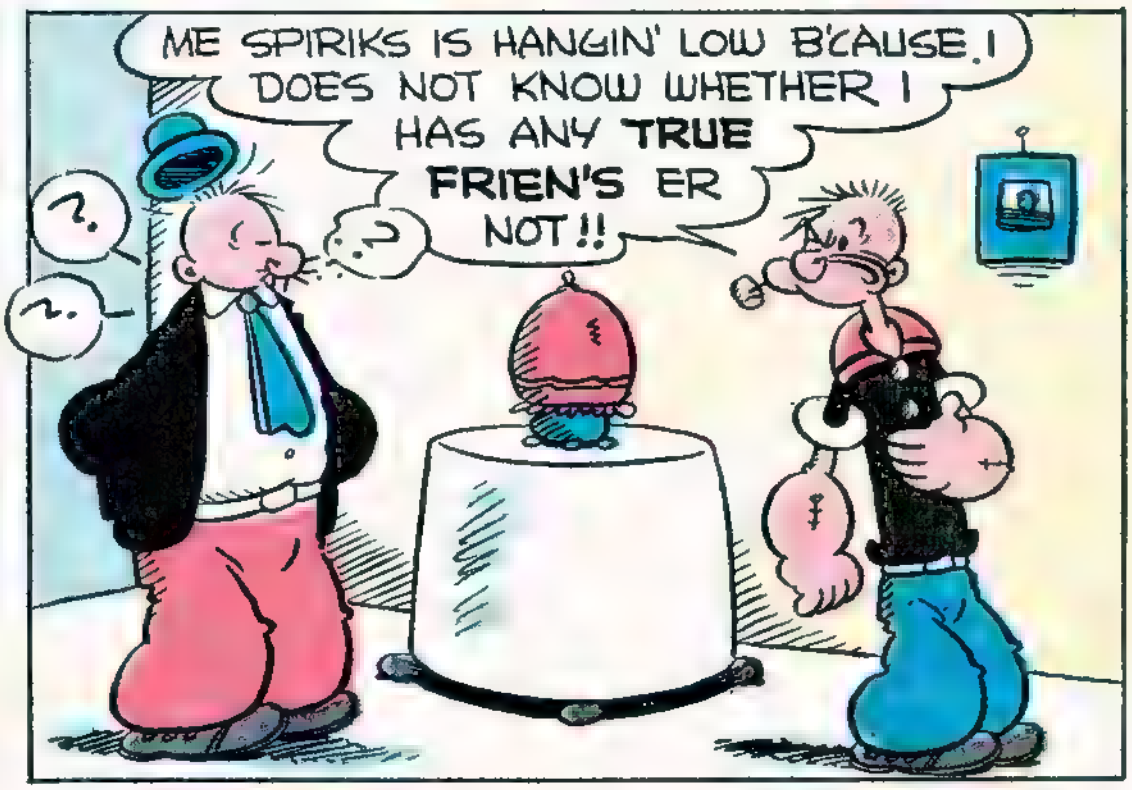


BY BUD SAGENDORF.









BUT, POPEYE, YOU HAVE LOTS OF FRIENDS!!

SURE! I KNOWS LOTSA SWABS WHAT **SEZ** THEY IS ME FRIEN'S!

BUT I HAS A HUNCH THEY IS ONLY ME FRIEN'S B'CAUSE THEY IS SCARED OF ME GOOD RIGHT FISK!!

I ASSURE YOU, OL' PAL, IT HAS NO BEARING UPON **MY** FEELINGS TWARDS YOU!

I DID NOT MEAN YOU, WIMPY – IT'S ME FRIEN'S DOWN BY THE DOCKS I YAM THINKIN' ABOUT!!

IF THEY WAS ONLY SOMEWAY I COULD BE SURE WHICH WAS ME FRIEN'S!

JUST A MOMENT– I HAVE AN IDEA!

I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

JUST WEAR THAT– THOSE WHO ARE NOT YOUR FRIENDS WILL THINK YOU ARE HELPLESS AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF YOU!!

ARF!! ARF!! WIMPY, THIS SLING IS A SWELL IDEA!

THIS IS GOIN' TO BE FUN – I'LL GO DOWN TO THE DOCKS AND TRY IT OUT!

WHAT WILL YOU DO IF SOME OF YOUR FRIENDS TURN OUT TO BE UNFRIENDLY?

ANY OF ME SWAB FRIEN'S WHAT PROVES TO BE NOT FRIENDLY I WILL CONSIDER TO BE EMINIES!!

I WANTS YOU TO KEEP TRACK OF THE SWABS WHAT TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ME!!

VERY WELL!

BLOW ME DOWN!! THERE'S ME OL' PAL, FREDDY!!

AHOY, FREDDY – HOW'S ME OL' SHIPMATE?

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE ARM?

I HURTID IT!

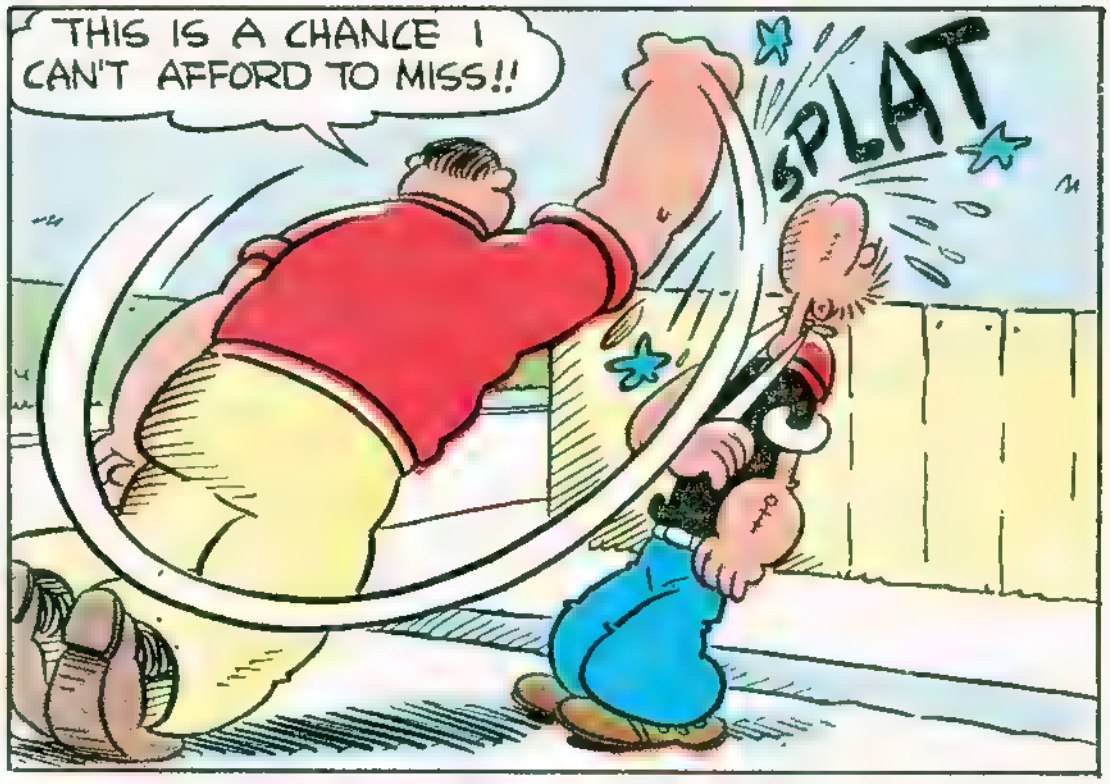
HAW! HAW!

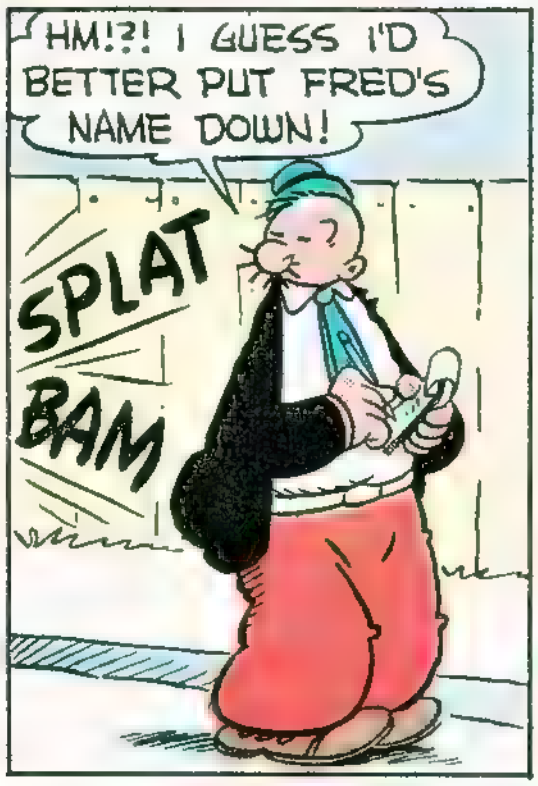
HAW! HAW!! THAT'S TOO BAD!! HAW! BUSTED YOUR ARM - HUH? HAW! HAW!

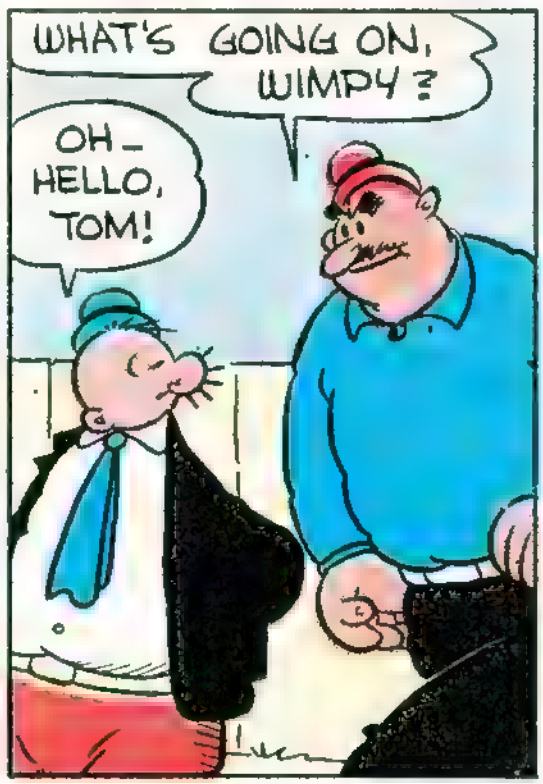
?

TSK! TSK!

WHA'S SO FUNNY ABOUT A HURTID ARM?
HA!
HA!

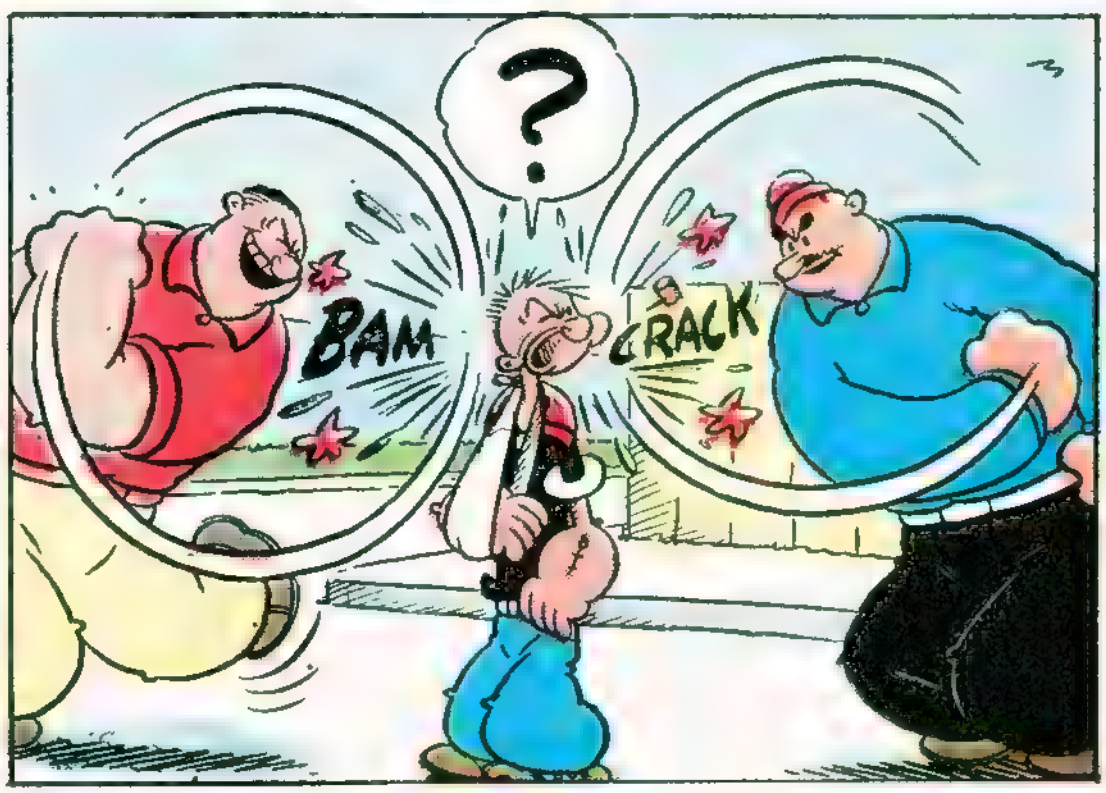

THIS IS A CHANCE I CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS!!
SPLAT


HM!?! I GUESS I'D BETTER PUT FRED'S NAME DOWN!
SPLAT
BAM


WHAT'S GOING ON, WIMPY?
OH - HELLO, TOM!

HA! HA! YOU MEAN MY OLD FRIEND POPEYE HAS A BUSTED WING?
HA!
HA!

OH BOY!! WHAT AN OPPORTUNITY!!


?
BAM
CRACK

AHOY, WIMPY. DID YOU PUT THEM SWABS' NAMES DOWN?

YES, POPEYE

GOOD HEAVENS, OL' PAL, THE WORD OF YOUR ARM MUST BE TRAVELING FAST — LOOK AT THE MOB COMING DOWN THE STREET!!

? ?

HAW!

HA!

HA!

HA!

MY GORSH!?! EVERY SWAB I HAS FOUGHT IN THE PAST TEN YEARS IS IN 'AT MOB!!

BE SURE AND GIT THE NAME OF EVERY SWAB WHAT HITS ME!!!

OKAY!

BERT - RALPH - FRANK - PETE - BOB - ARTHUR - BLACKY - WHIT - BIG JOE - LITTLE JOE - WILLIAM - ROBERT - GUS ---

SMACK

POP

BAM!

- JACK - BEN - KEN - TOM - TOM'S FATHER - FRED - JIMMY - MARTY - WALTER ---

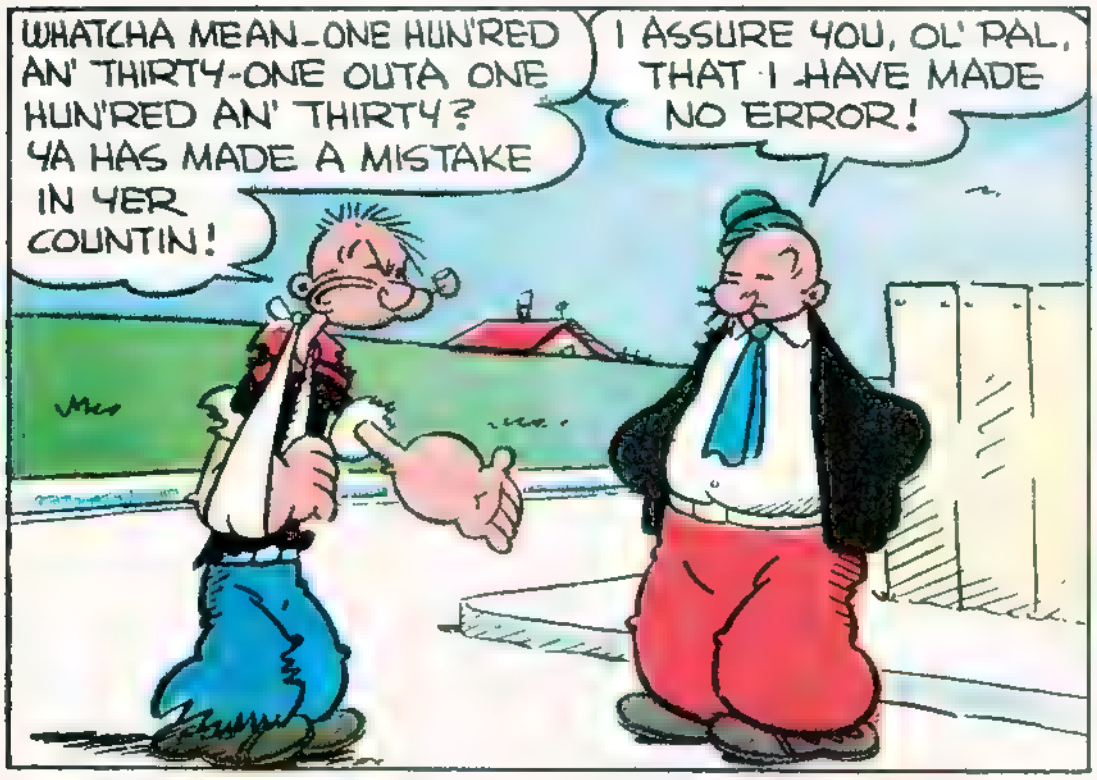
SMACK

BAM

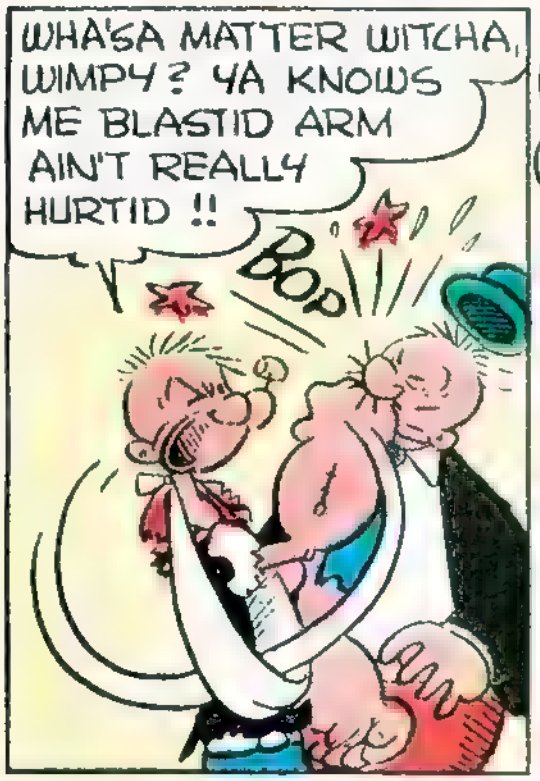
BOP

WELL - I GUESS 'AT IS ALL OF 'EM, WIMPY - HOW MANY WAS THERE?

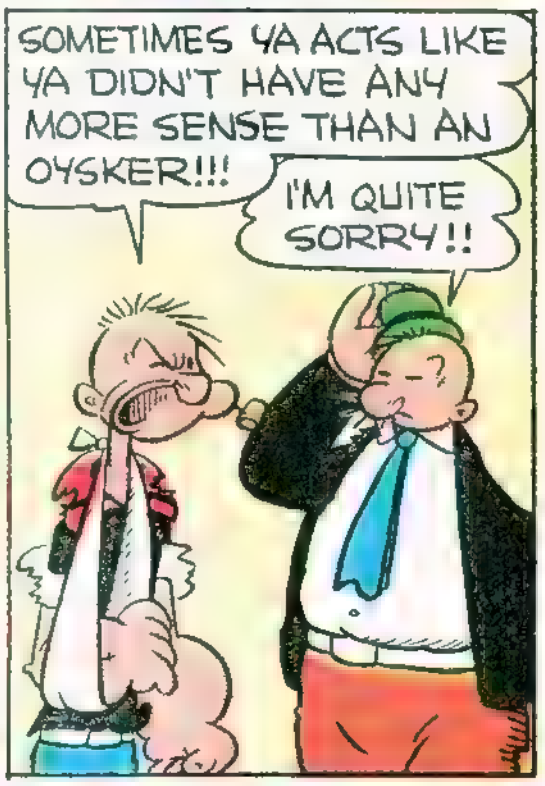
OUT OF ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY, THERE WERE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY - ONE WHO TOOK ADVANTAGE OF YOU AND HIT YOU!!!

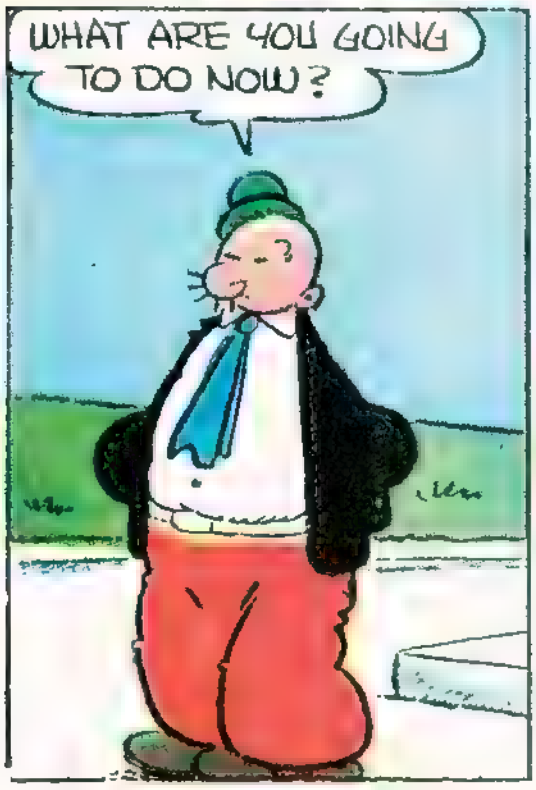

WHATCHA MEAN-ONE HUN'RED AN' THIRTY-ONE OUTA ONE HUN'RED AN' THIRTY? YA HAS MADE A MISTAKE IN YER COUNTIN!
I ASSURE YOU, OL' PAL, THAT I HAVE MADE NO ERROR!

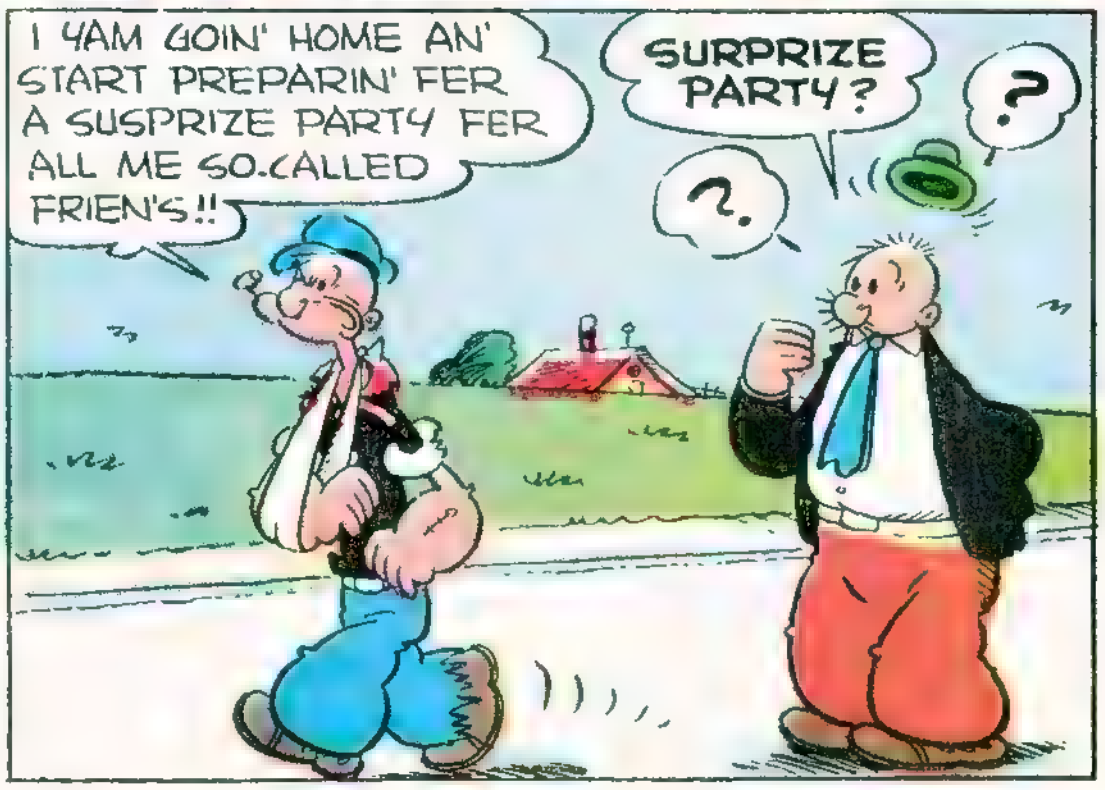
J. WELLINGTON WIMPY IS THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIRST, SIR!
?
SPLAT


WHA'SA MATTER WITCHA, WIMPY? YA KNOWS ME BLASTID ARM AIN'T REALLY HURTID !!
BOP

A MOST REGRETTABLE OCCURRENCE, OL' FRIEND. I GUESS I BECAME OVERCOME WITH THE SPIRIT OF THE THING!!!


SOMETIMES YA ACTS LIKE YA DIDN'T HAVE ANY MORE SENSE THAN AN OYSKER!!!
I'M QUITE SORRY!!
?


WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW?


I YAM GOIN' HOME AN' START PREPARIN' FER A SUSPRIZE PARTY FER ALL ME SO-CALLED FRIEN'S!!
SURPRIZE PARTY?
?
?

TWO DAYS LATER—-

I STILL DON'T GET IT, POPEYE — YOU'VE SENT OUT INVITATIONS TO EVERYONE FOR YOUR PARTY!

FRIEND AND FOE ALIKE!

DON'T WORRY, WIMPY— I **KNOWS** WHAT I AM DOIN'!!

COME ON OUTSIDE AN' I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO!

I HAS HAD TWO DOORS PUT IN THE BACK FENCE AN' I WANTS YOU TO BE DOOR-MAN!

A

POPEYE'S SURPRIZE PARTY — ENTER HERE!

WHY **TWO** DOORS?

B

ALL THE SWABS WHAT TOOKED ADVANTAGE OF ME ARE TO GO IN DOOR 'B' AN' ME TRUE FRIENS ARE TO GO IN DOOR 'A'!

MY GORSH — THEY IS STARTIN' TO COME — I HAD BETTER GIT INSIDE AN' PLAY HOST!

A

GREETINGS, MISS OYL— YOU'RE TO GO IN DOOR 'A' PLEASE!

HELLO, WIMPY!

A

POPEYE'S SURPRIZE PARTY — ENTER HERE

? ?

DOOR 'B', GENTLEMEN!

OKAY, SHORTY!

I GUESS THAT'S ALL OF THEM—I THINK I'LL JOIN THE PARTY NOW!

?

?

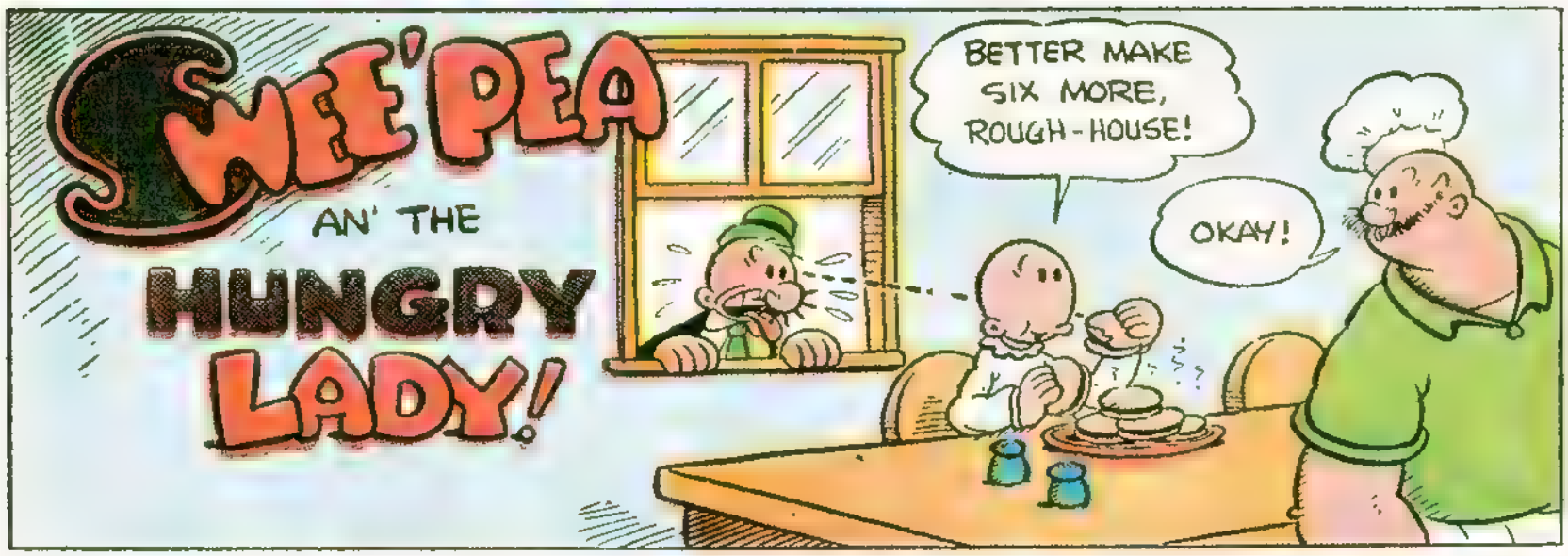
!

AHOY, WIMPY— GRAB SOME ICE CREAM— I'LL BE RIGHT WITCHA!

I SEE NOW, OL' PAL—**WHY** YOU CALL IT A **SURPRIZE** PARTY!!

SPLAT

THE END



"Ahoy, Swee'pea," called Popeye to the little fellow sitting on the floor at his feet. "I has to go over to Olive's house fer lunch. I won'ers if you would mind going down to Rough-House's cafe and eatin' yer lunch there?"

"Gorsh no!" exclaimed Swee'pea. "I likes to eat there. They is always sumpin' happening in 'at place, especially if Wimpy is around."

A few minutes later Swee'pea was on his way downtown. Popeye had called ahead and told the restaurant man he was sending his adoptid boy kid down to his place for lunch and to give him what he wanted to eat.

As Swee'pea entered the eating place, he saw that the owner was in a dark mood so he called to him, "Ahoy, Rough-House. What is the matter? Ya acts like ya was mad at the whole world."

"BAH!" Rough-House shouted. "It's not the world I yam mad at, it is that overstuffed, mooching, barrel-sided Wimpy. He's been in here all morning trying to talk me into feeding him. I finally had to pick him up and toss him through that open window in order to get rid of him."

Swee'pea laughed, "Poor Wimpy, he is always hungry but never has any money to buy food."

"Yeah!" agreed Rough-house. "And the thing that hurts the most is that before the day is over he will trick some poor sap into feeding him."

The disreputable Wimpy, who was being discussed inside the cafe, was still outside the window through which he had made his hurried exit a short time before. He was now peering through the window and hungrily watching little Swee'pea as he steadily put away one sandwich after another.

"'Tis a pity I do not dare to go back in," he muttered to himself. "I feel quite sure I could talk the lad into treating me to a sandwich or two."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Rough-House as Swee'pea ordered another hamburger. "That will make ten you've eaten. Aren't you afraid you'll burst pretty soon?"

"Oh! I wants this one to go!" explained Swee'pea. "I yam not going to eat it now. I will take it wit' me in case I gets hungry b'tween now and dinnertime."

"Bless the little fellow's foresight," Wimpy almost shouted aloud. "If he brings it outside, perhaps I will be able to get it away from him."

When the sandwich was finished, Rough-House put it in a paper bag and gave it to Swee'pea. After thanking him, Swee'pea crawled off the stool and left the restaurant.

He was no more than out of sight of the eating place when he heard someone calling him. Looking over his shoulder he saw Wimpy shouting and waving at him to stop, so he waited for the fat gentleman to catch up to him.

"Ahoy, Wimpy, what does ya want?" he asked as the puffing Wimpy arrived at his side.

"What do I want?" exclaimed Wimpy in an injured tone of voice. "I merely wanted to share this beautiful day with some fellow intellect worthy of my company."

"PHOOEY!" snarled Swee'pea. "They is no use tryin' to flatter me. I yam not

going to give you any of me sandrich, so go away and leave me alone!"

"CURSES! The young scamp has heard that I am a heel!" moaned Wimpy as he watched the angry Swee'pea crawl on down the street.

Wimpy was about to give up any hopes of removing the hamburger from its rightful owner, when he spotted a clothesline loaded with clothes. Quickly looking up and down the street to see if the coast was clear, he jumped over the fence into the yard where the clothesline was.

A few minutes later a fat little old lady came out of the yard and hurried up the street in the direction Swee'pea had taken. Darting up an alley the little lady soon by-passed the crawling boy and took up a seat on the curb where the little fellow would be bound to see her.

Nearing the figure sitting on the curb, Swee'pea was shocked to hear the sounds of heart-rendering sobs and heavy moans coming from the little old lady.

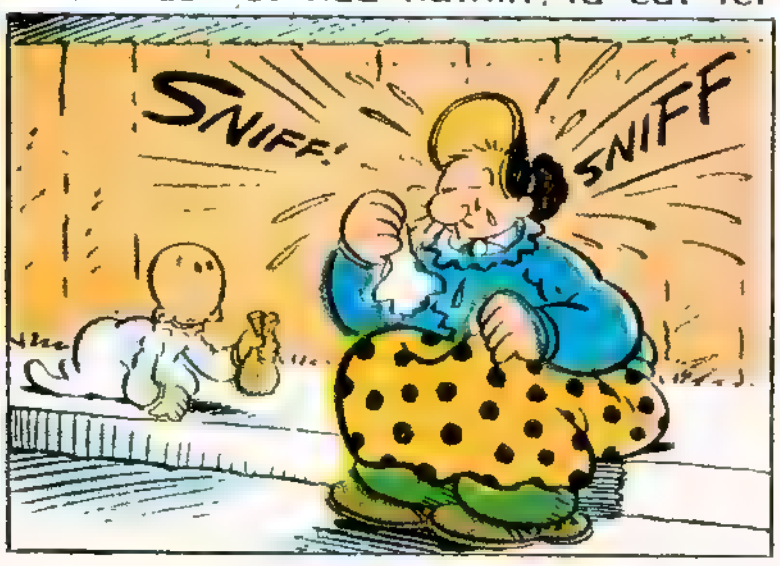
"Oh, my gorsh!" exclaimed the little fellow sympathetically. "What is the matter? Is ya lorst an' kin not find yer way home?"

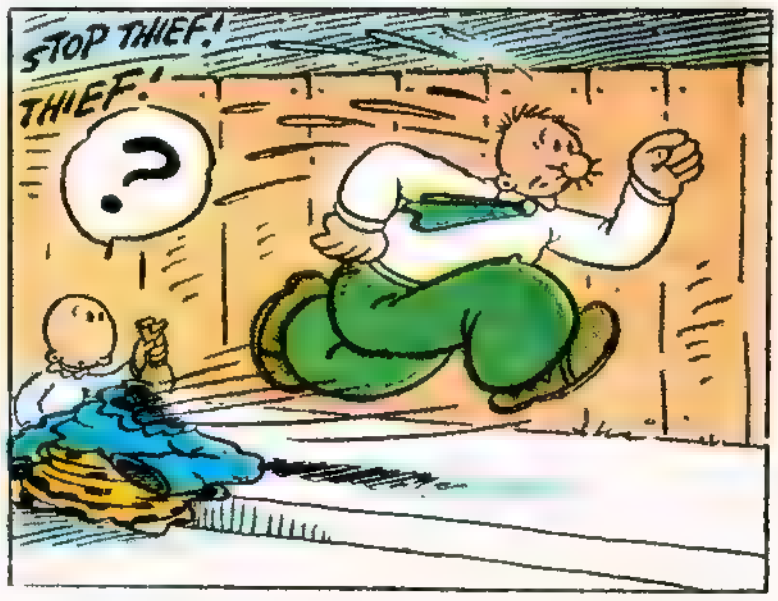
"OOOOOOOh!!! WOE IS ME!" came from the crying lady. "I am not lost. I AM HUNGRY! I have not eaten for six weeks."

"Blow me down!" shouted Swee'pea. "Ya means ya has not eaten nuthin' fer six whole weeks? 'At is arful!"

"Indeed it is, kind sir." The little lady raised a hand and flicked a tear from her eye.

"Ya looks pretty fat fer someone what has not had nuthin', ta eat fer





such a long time," cautiously remarked Swee'pea getting a better look at the crying lady.

"Do not be deceived, dear friend," sobbed the little lady, at the same time trying to pull herself in to appear smaller. "You cannot always tell what a package has inside by just looking at the outside."

Swee'pea, on the verge of tears himself, held out the bag with the hamburger in it to the little lady and said, "I has a sandrich here what I wants you to take an' eat. I kin not stan' to see a womming cry. Especially from hunger."

With a cry of joy, the lady jumped to her feet and made a grab for the bag, but before she could get it she was stopped by the sounds of shouting coming from down the street.

"STOP, THIEF! STOP THAT THIEF! HE STOLE MY CLOTHES OFF MY CLOTHESLINE!"

Swee'pea swung around and saw a woman running up the street toward them. Close behind was a policeman. Turning back to the little old lady, he saw her step out of her dress and start a mad dash up the street.

"WIMPY! IT IS YOU!" he shouted. And indeed it was Wimpy who had dressed up as a woman to try and get the hamburger away from Swee'pea.

Swee'pea watched the racing figures until they passed from sight and then he sat down on the curb and began to nibble the sandwich. As he popped the last bite into his mouth, he laughed and said aloud to himself, "ERF! ERF! 'at little ol' lady was right. Ya kin not always tell what a package has inside by jus' lookin' at the outside. ERF! ERF!"

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS

Mr. J.W. Wimpy

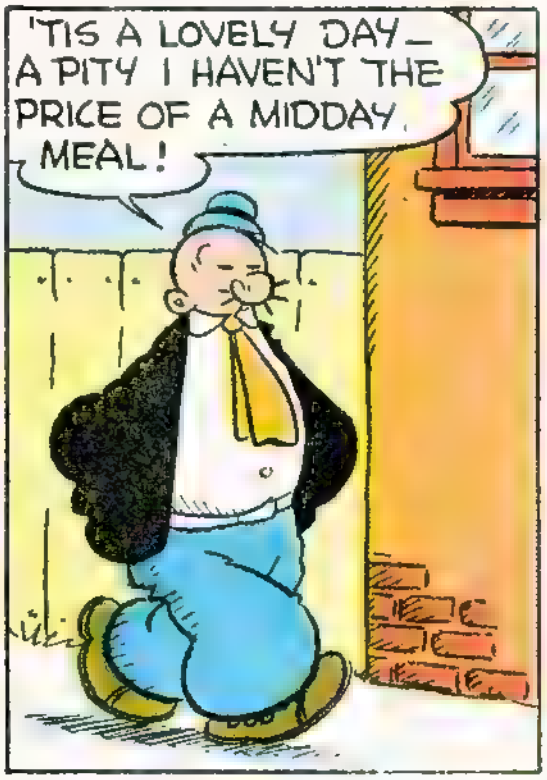
IN A TALE OF BRAINS VS. WORK
ENTITLED –

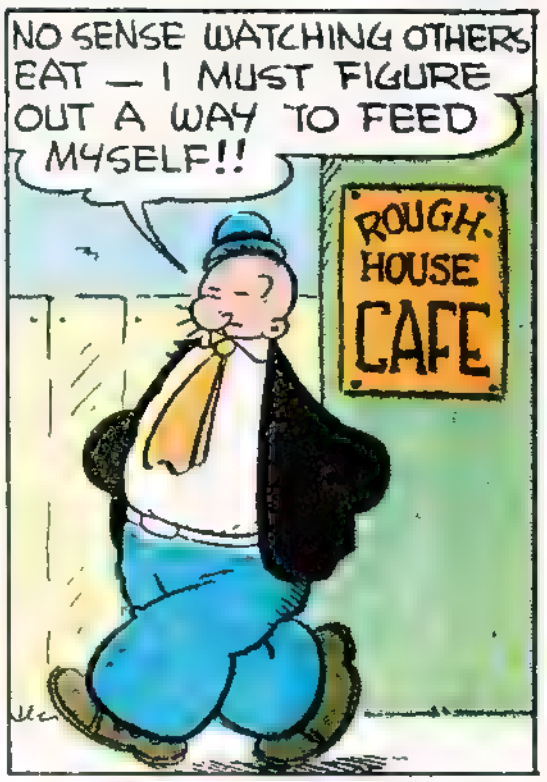
"WHO WON?"

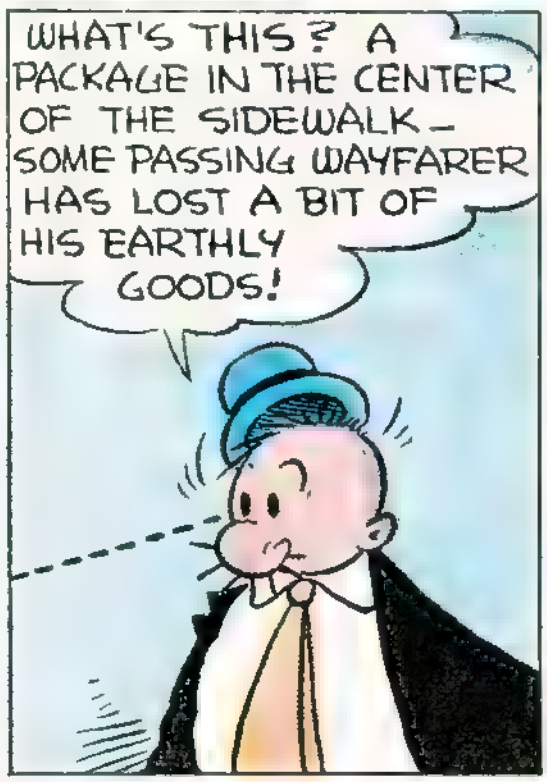
OR

"THE FLEETER OF FOOT EMERGES VICTORIOUS!"

BY BUD SAGENDORF







I SHALL RETIRE TO MY HUMBLE ABODE AND OPEN IT IN THE SECRECY OF MY LONELY ROOM!

LITTLE PACKAGE ON THE TABLE, WHAT SECRET FORTUNE DO YOU HOLD FOR J. WELLINGTON WIMPY?

IS IT A GOLD WATCH?

PERHAPS IT IS A RARE OLD MANUSCRIPT!

OR A DIAMOND BROOCH-

OR A VALUABLE ROMAN COIN-

OR IT MIGHT BE A PORTION OF THE ROYAL CROWN JEWELS OF ARABIA!

INDEED, WELLINGTON, YOU ARE A LUCKY FELLOW- IT IS NOT OFTEN THAT OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS SO LOUDLY!

I ALMOST HESITATE TO REMOVE YOUR OUTER SHELL FOR FEAR MY HEART WILL BE UNABLE TO STAND THE GOOD FORTUNE IT WILL REVEAL!

'TIS A PITY THERE ISN'T A CROWD HERE AT THIS HISTORICAL MOMENT!

WHA'-TH--?!?

CURSES!! BAH! I HAVE BEEN ROBBED!!

THE PACKAGE CONTAINS NOTHING BUT A USELESS ROLL OF **NUMBERED TICKETS** — I AM WITHOUT THE PRICE OF A MEAL AGAIN!!

GR-R-R

COME, COME, WELLINGTON, PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER. AFTER ALL, THERE MUST BE A WAY TO USE THEM!

I COULD START A MOVIE HOUSE - BUT ALAS, I AM WITHOUT THE FILM OR CAMERA!

IF I HAD SOME SOAP, I COULD OPEN A HAND LAUNDRY!

OR IF I HAD A BUS, I COULD USE THEM AS BUS TICKETS!!

A PONY RIDE WOULD BE EXCELLENT — BUT YOU HAVE TO FEED THE LITTLE BEASTS!

NO! NO! ALL OF THOSE THINGS WOULD BE WORK — I MUST FIND A WAY TO RAISE MONEY FOR A MEAL WITHOUT HAVING TO LABOR FOR IT!!

EUREKA!! THAT'S IT!! WELLINGTON, YOU SHALL DINE TODAY !!!

THIS IS THE KIND OF DEAL I LIKE - SIMPLE AND FOOLPROOF!!

I TRUST MR. ROUGH-HOUSE HAS PLENTY OF CUSTOMERS

ROUGH HOUSE CAFE TABLES

AHEM! AHEM!

GENTLEMEN, MAY I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION FOR A MOMENT?

FSN 101

WIMPY!!

GR-R-R--

GET DOWN OFF THAT TABLE AND GET OUT OF MY PLACE OF BUSINESS!

SIR! I AM NOT HERE FOR MOOCHING PURPOSES— I AM HERE TO OFFER YOU AND YOUR CUSTOMERS A GOLDEN OPPORTUNITY!

HUH?

GENTLEMEN, I HAVE HERE TWO MARVELS OF OUR AGE- TWO OF THE GREATEST, LITTLE, ALL STEEL PANTS HANGERS EVER INVENTED!

?

WHAT ARE YOU DOING, WIMPY, SELLING THEM?

INDEED NOT, SIR!

I'LL TAKE 'EM!

IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR!! I ONLY HAVE THIS ONE PAIR OF STEEL PANTS HANGERS— I KNOW YOU WOULD ALL LIKE A CHANCE TO OWN THEM!

SO I HAVE DECIDED TO GIVE EACH OF YOU AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY TO DO SO!

HOW YA GOING TO DO THAT, WIMPY?

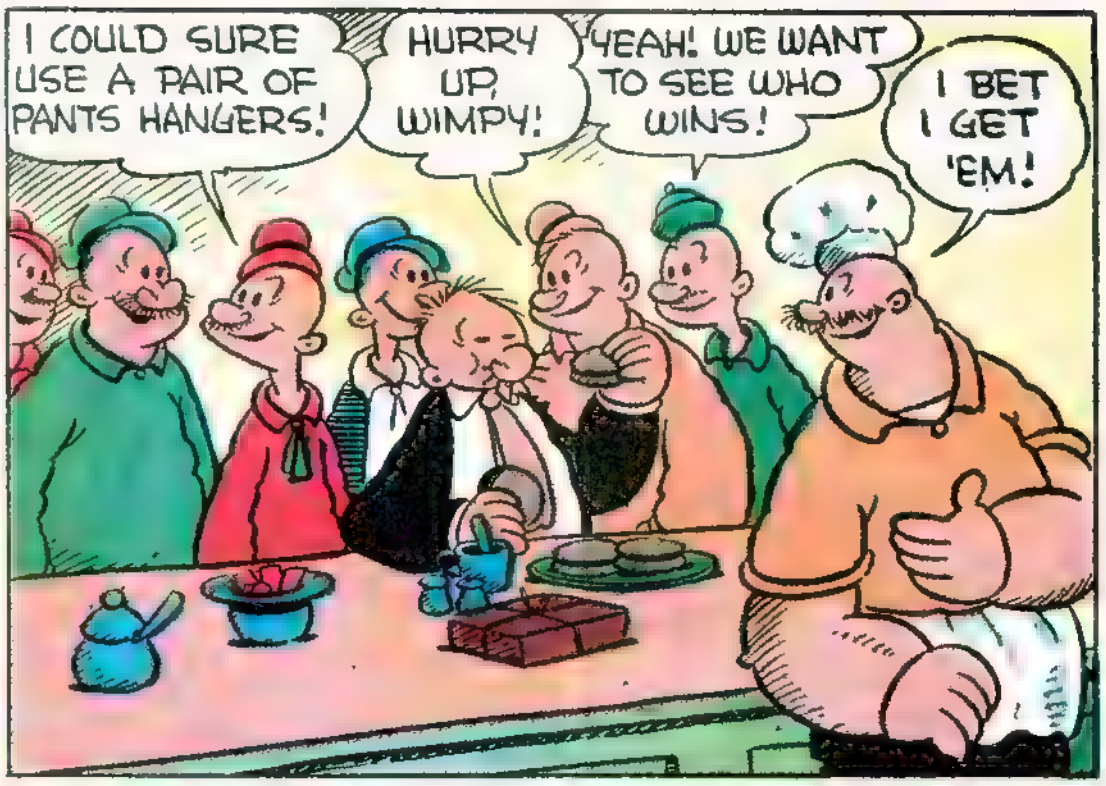
WE SHALL HAVE A DRAWING! I JUST HAPPEN TO HAVE SOME TICKETS HERE— **STEP RIGHT UP AND BUY A CHANCE ON A PAIR OF STEEL PANTS HANGERS!**

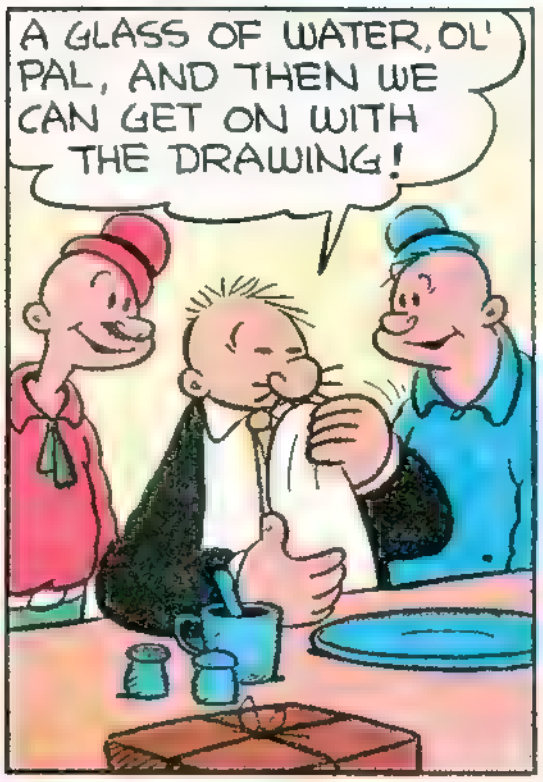
FIVE CENTS A TICKET!

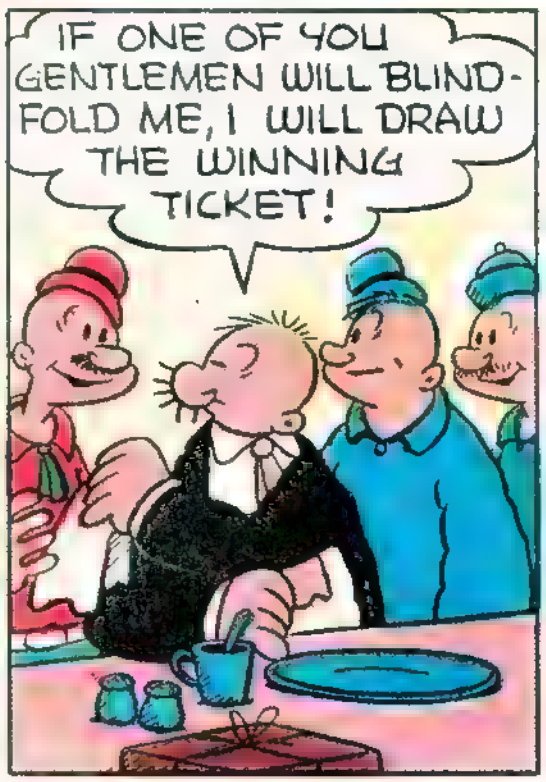
WILL YOU TWENTY GENTLEMEN PLEASE WRITE YOUR NAMES ON YOUR TICKETS AND DROP THEM IN MY HAT!

MR. ROUGH-HOUSE, I'LL HAVE TWENTY NICKELS' WORTH OF HAM-BURGERS!

BUT WHEN ARE YOU HAVING THE DRAWING, WIMPY ?
AS SOON AS I HAVE EATEN, MY GOOD MAN!

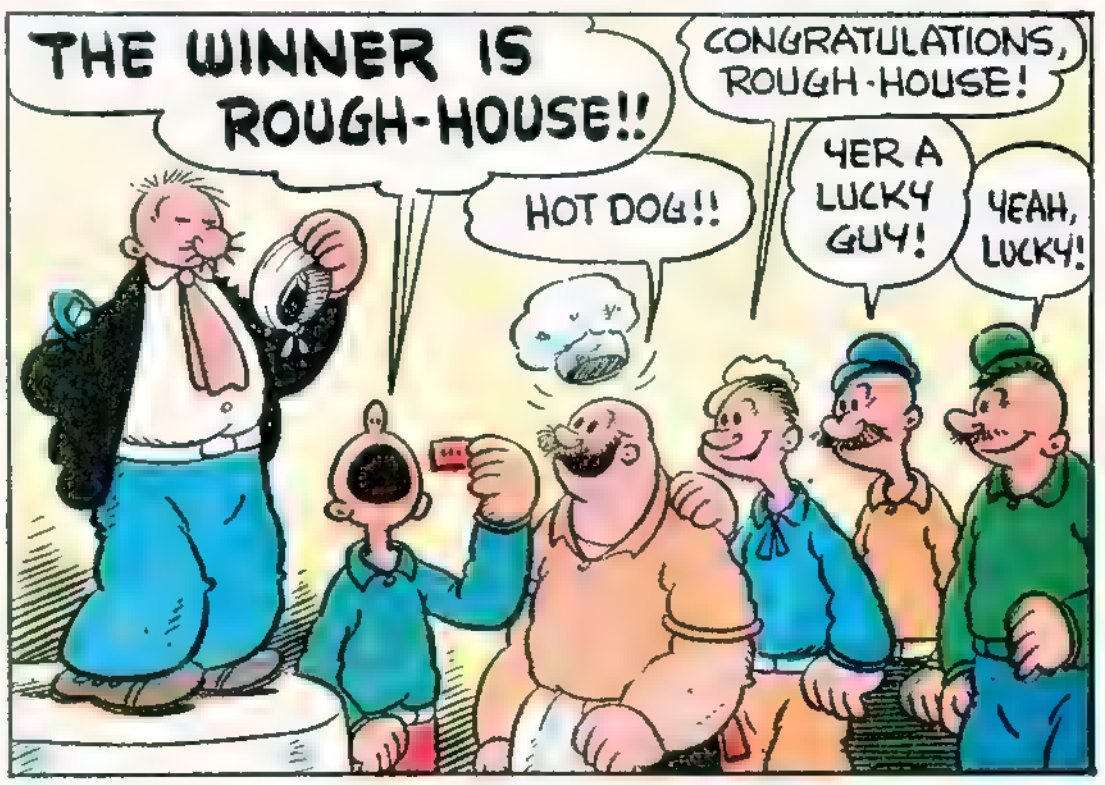

I COULD SURE USE A PAIR OF PANTS HANGERS!
HURRY UP, WIMPY!
YEAH! WE WANT TO SEE WHO WINS!
I BET I GET 'EM!

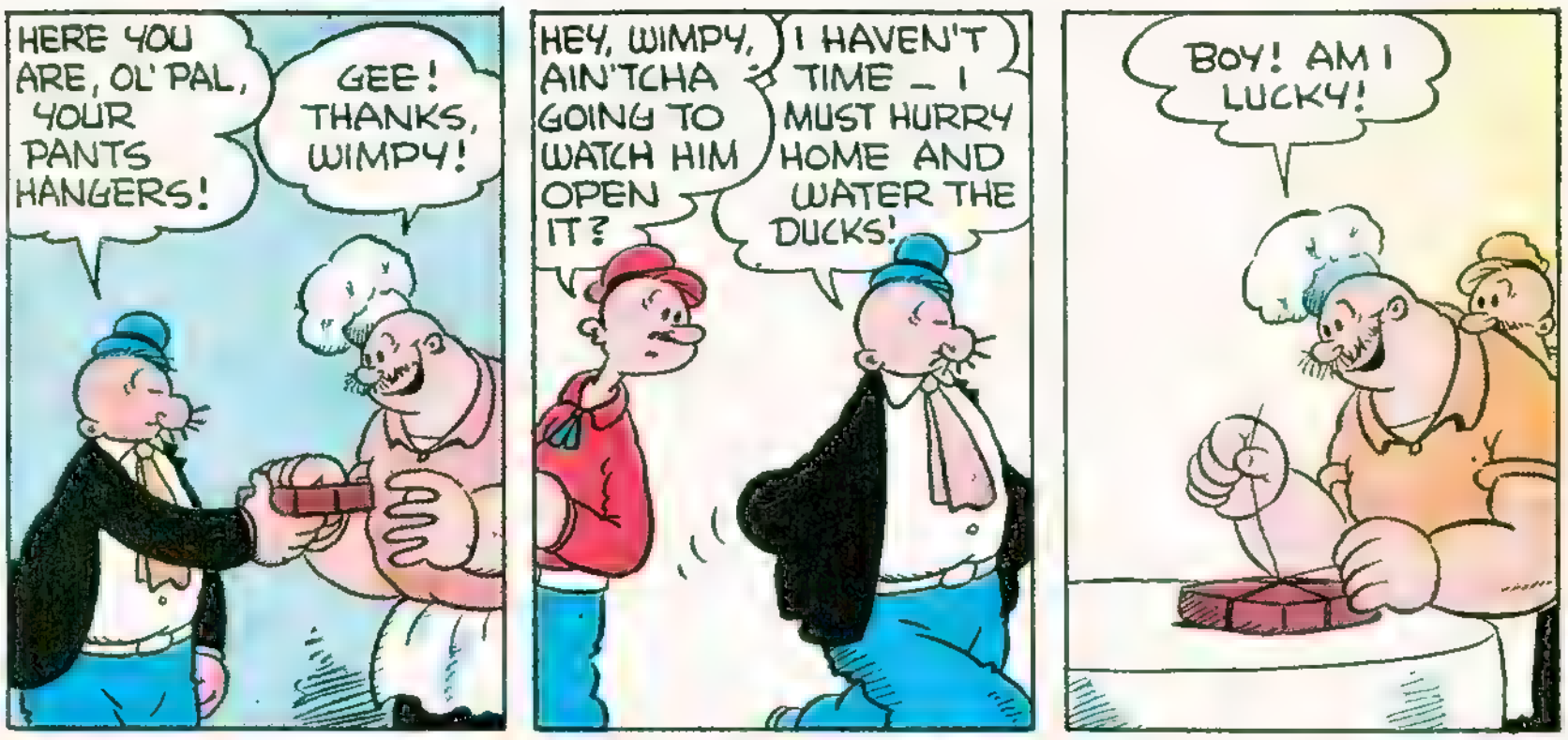

A GLASS OF WATER, OL' PAL, AND THEN WE CAN GET ON WITH THE DRAWING!


IF ONE OF YOU GENTLEMEN WILL BLIND-FOLD ME, I WILL DRAW THE WINNING TICKET!

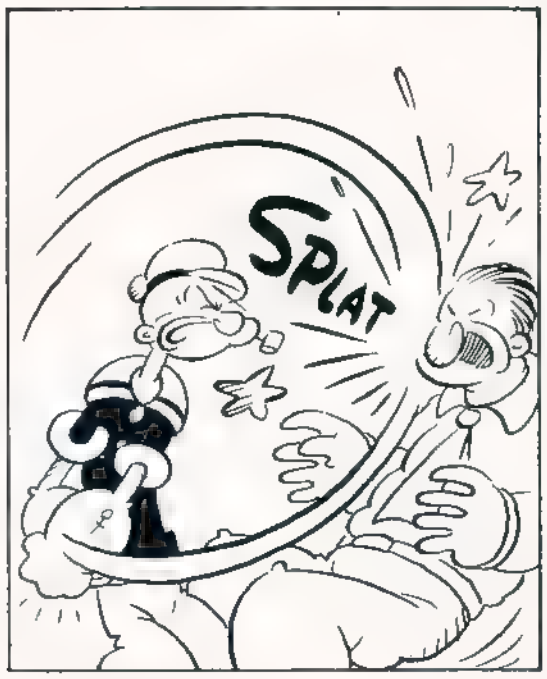
I SHALL NOW DRAW THE TICKET!

WILL SOMEONE PLEASE READ THE WINNER'S NAME!

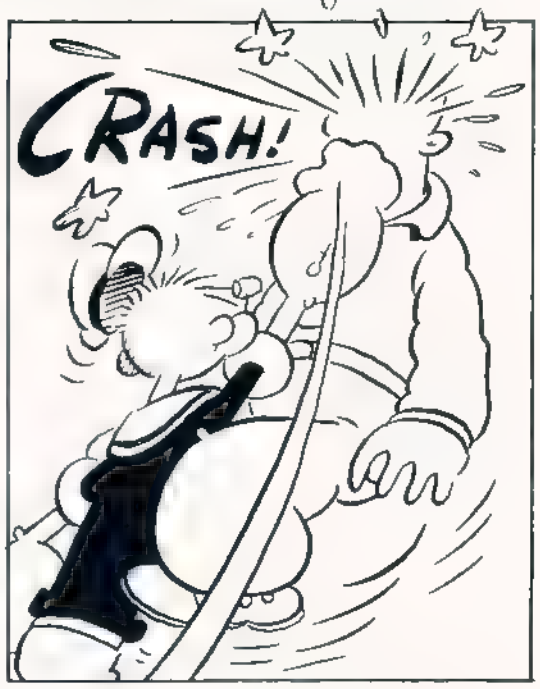

THE WINNER IS ROUGH-HOUSE!!
CONGRATULATIONS, ROUGH-HOUSE!
HOT DOG!!
YER A LUCKY GUY!
YEAH, LUCKY!

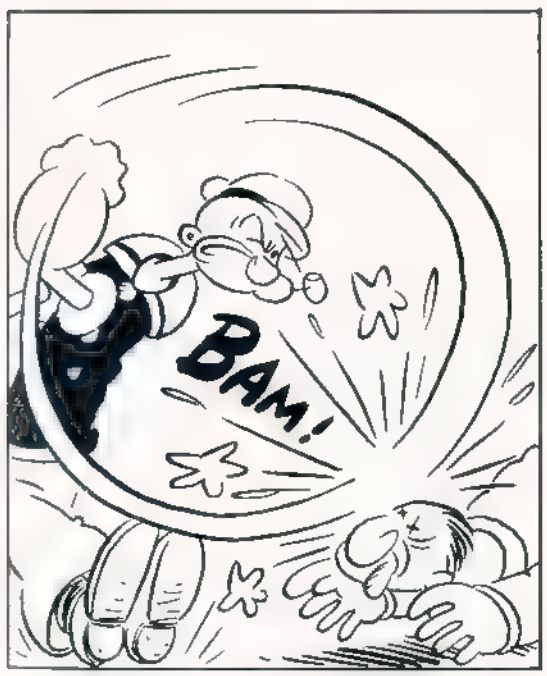

HERE YOU ARE, OL' PAL, YOUR PANTS HANGERS!
GEE! THANKS, WIMPY!
HEY, WIMPY, AIN'TCHA GOING TO WATCH HIM OPEN IT?
I HAVEN'T TIME – I MUST HURRY HOME AND WATER THE DUCKS!
BOY! AM I LUCKY!
NOW TO TAKE A LOOK AT MY PRIZE!!
WHA' THE--?
!
?
WHERE'S WIMPY?
HE JUST LEFT!
YOU THIEF!! SELLING CHANCES ON TWO COMMON IRON NAILS AND CALLING THEM STEEL PANTS HANGERS!!
'TIS A PITY EVERY TIME I EAT I HAVE TO BURN UP SO MUCH ENERGY!
BUD SAGENDORF

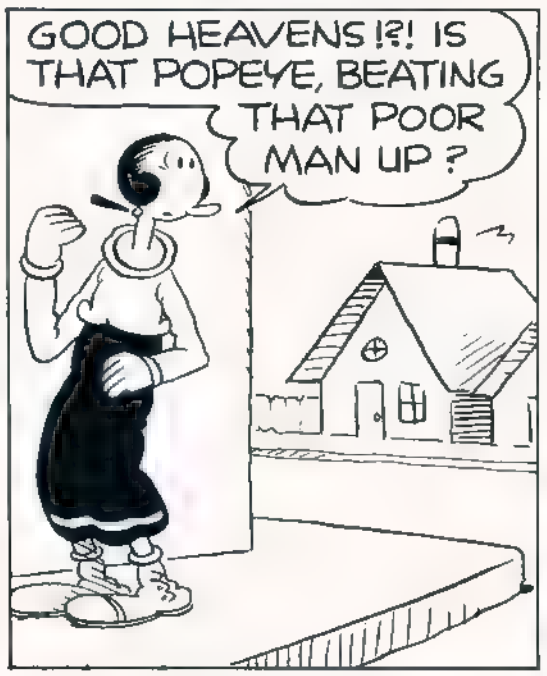
POPEYE

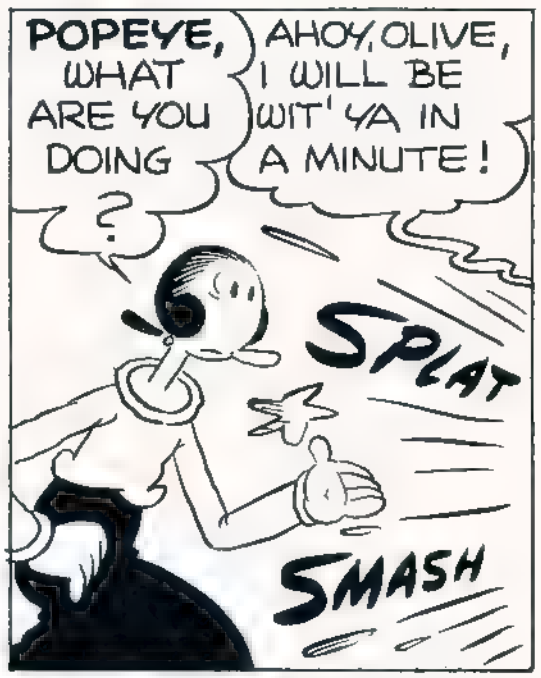

SPLAT

POP


CRASH!

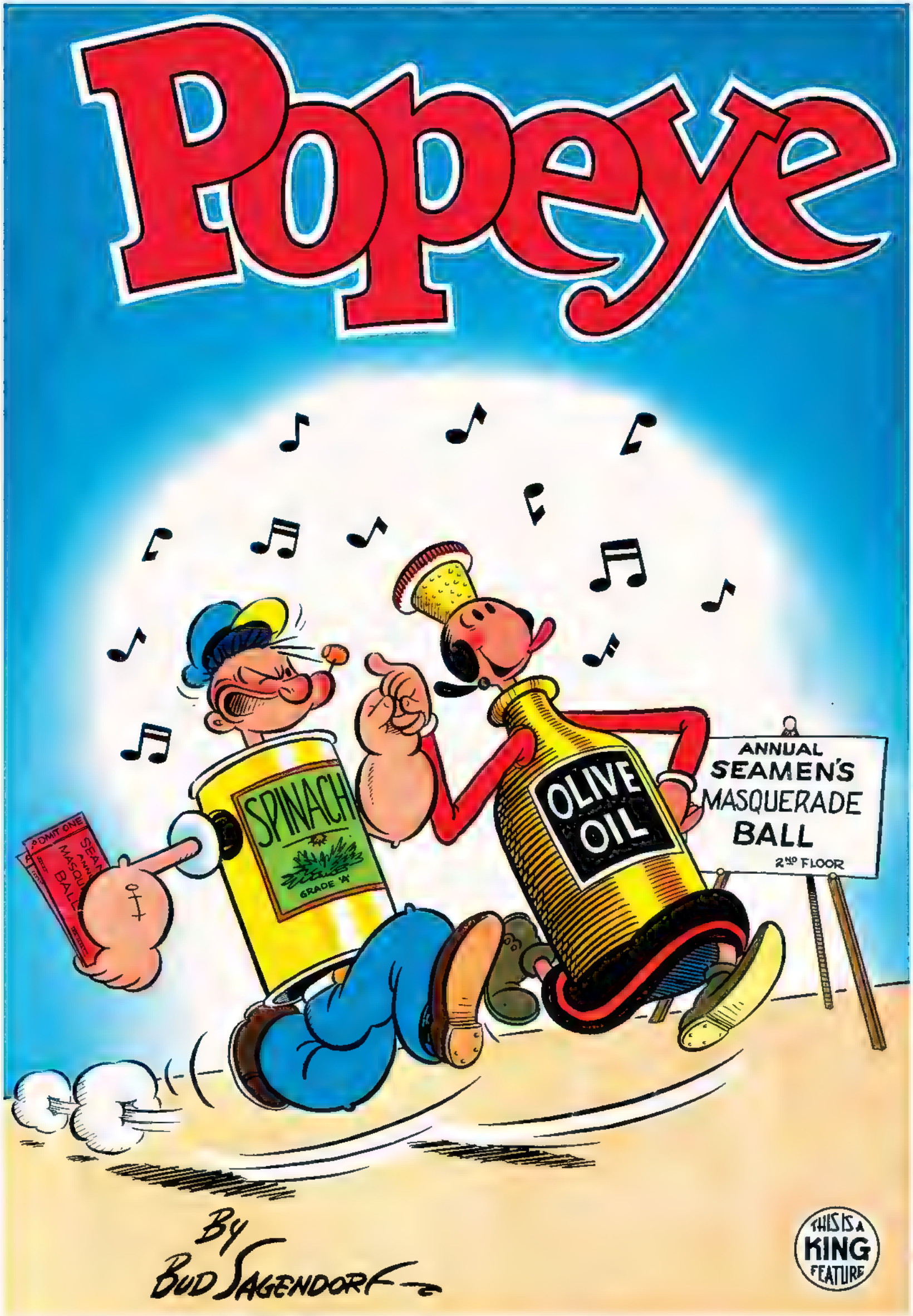

BAM!


GOOD HEAVENS!?! IS THAT POPEYE, BEATING THAT POOR MAN UP?


POPEYE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
AHOY, OLIVE, I WILL BE WIT' YA IN A MINUTE!
SPLAT
SMASH

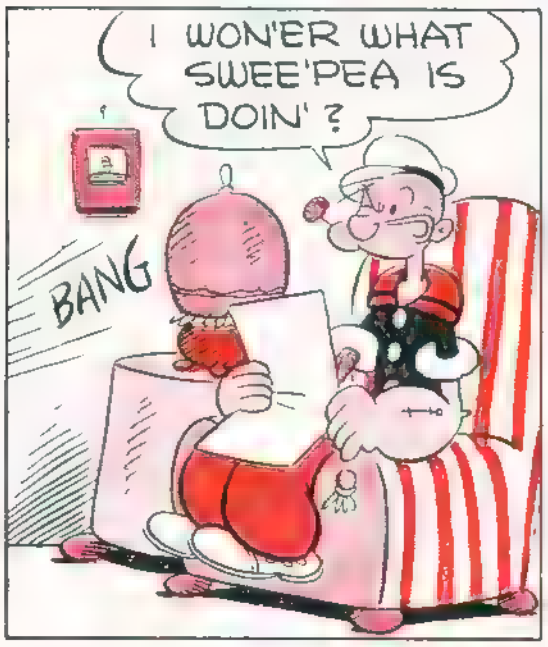
WHO IS HE— A DESPERATE CRIMINAL?
WHO-HIM? NAW, HE'S AN' OL' PAL OF MINE!!

? ? ? ?
WE WAS HAVIN' A LITTLE DISCUSSION ON MANNERS!
NOW, DOES YA AGREE, BILL, 'AT YA SHOULDN'T USE FORCE TO SETTLE ARGUMENTS?
YER ABSOLUTELY RIGHT, POPEYE!
BUD SAGENDORF



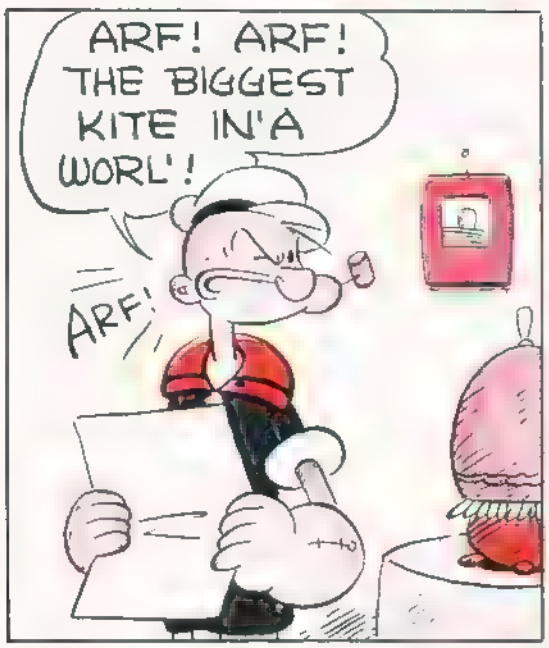
Popeye #8, August-September 1949

POPEYE


I WON'ER WHAT SWEE'PEA IS DOIN'?
BANG

AHOY, WHAT ARE YOU KIDS BUILDING?

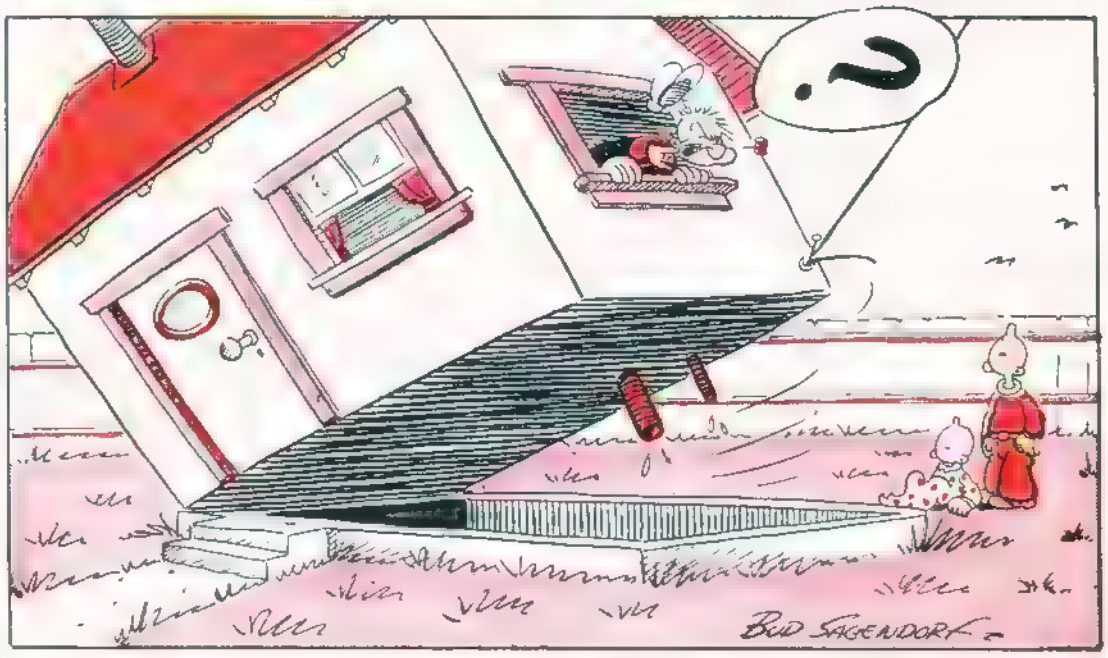
WE IS BUILDIN' THE LARGEST KITE IN TH' WORLD!


ARF! ARF! THE BIGGEST KITE IN'A WORL'!
ARF!

POPEYE, WE IS HAVIN' TROUBLE WIT' OUR KITE!

WHA'S THE MATTER?
OUR KITE IS SO BIG WE CAN'T HOLD IT- IT LIFTS US ORF THE GROUND!

WHY DON'TCHA TIE IT TO THE HOUSE?
'AT'S A GOOD IDEA, POPEYE!
ARF!
ARF!


BUD SAGENDORF

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS

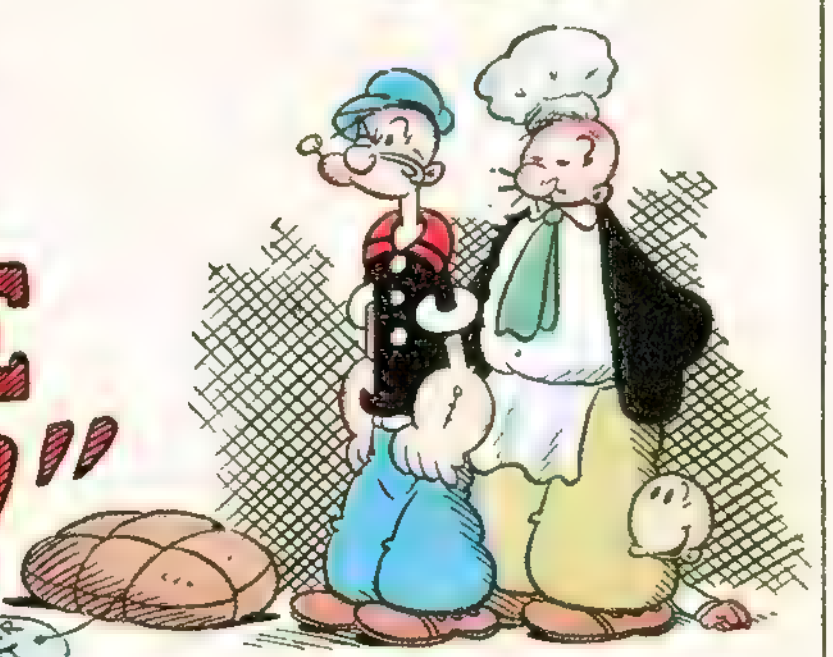
POPEYE THE SAILOR

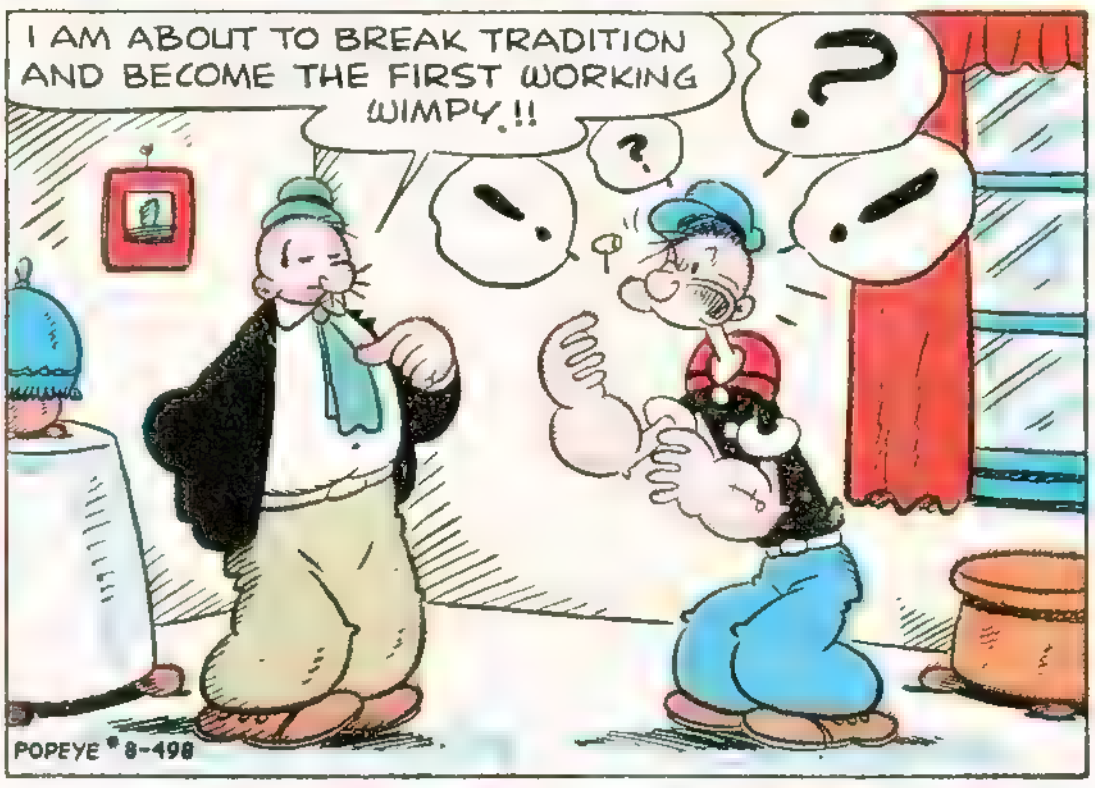
IN A BUSINESS STORY
ENTITLED –

"ON THE HOUSE!"

By Bud Sagendorf

THE CAST!!





POPEYE ® 8-498

ARF! ARF! YOU IN BUSINESS !! WHAT A LAUGH !!

ARF!

ARF

SIR! YOU HURT ME DEEPLY !! I AM MERELY TRYING TO MAKE SOMETHING OF MYSELF !!

?

BLOW ME DOWN !?! I B'LIEVES YA IS SERIOUS! WHAT KIND OF BUSINESS IS YA GOIN' INTA ?

A HAMBURGER STAND, OL' FRIEND!

I NEED THE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR MEAT !! I HAVE ALREADY BOUGHT MYSELF A STAND !!

YOU PUT UP A HUNDRED DOLLARS AND I SHALL GIVE YOU FIFTY PERCENT OF THE PROFITS !!

HM?

?

?

HM?

HM!

?

?

HM!

?

IT'S A DEAL, WIMPY — I WILL BE YER PARTNER UNDER ONE CONDITION !

CONDITION ?

WHERE IS **OUR** PLACE OF BUSINESS, WIMPY, ?

WHAT A CONDITION !! MAKING ME TAKE SWEE'PEA AS ACTING PARTNER IN MY HAMBURGER STAND !!

MEAT

IF I WERE OF A SUSPICIOUS NATURE, I WOULD THINK HE DIDN'T TRUST ME!

THERE IT IS, SWEE'PEA, J. WELLINGTON WIMPY'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE WORLD OF BUSINESS!

HAMBURGERS

NOT A VERY BIG CONTRIBUTION, IS IT?

WHEN DOES WE OPING FER BUSINESS, PARTNER?

JUST A MOMENT, SWEE'PEA!

THERE! WE ARE NOW OPEN — LET THE RUSH BEGIN!!

HAW! HAW! 'AT HAT LOOKS SWELL ON YA...

HEY WHAT ARE YA DOIN' NOW, WIMPY?

I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO TEST OUR WARES MYSELF BEFORE WE SOLD TO THE PUBLIC!

JUST ONE SMALL HAMBURGER-

GIMME 'AT FRYIN' PAN- WHAT DOES YA THINK POPEYE SENT ME FER!

BAH!

CURSES!!

I YAM TO SEE 'AT YA DOESN'T EAT UP THE PROFITS!!

I HAD BETTER REPORT TO POPEYE ON THE WAY WIMPY IS RUININ' THEIR BUSINESS!

HE WILL HAVE TO DO SUMPIN' ABOUT IT!

WHAT!?! YA MEANS THE SWAB IS EATIN' ALL OF THE HAMBURGER MEAT HIMSELF?

YES! YES! I TRIED TO STOP HIM, BUT HE THREW ME OUT!

HAS HE HAD ANY CUSTOMERS?

YEAH! BUT HE INSULTS THEM SO THEY WON'T EAT HIS HAMBURGERS!

HM? I GUESS I'LL HAVE TO TEACH HIM A LESSING— HE JUS' WENT INTA BUSINESS WIT' ME TO GET A FREE MEAL!

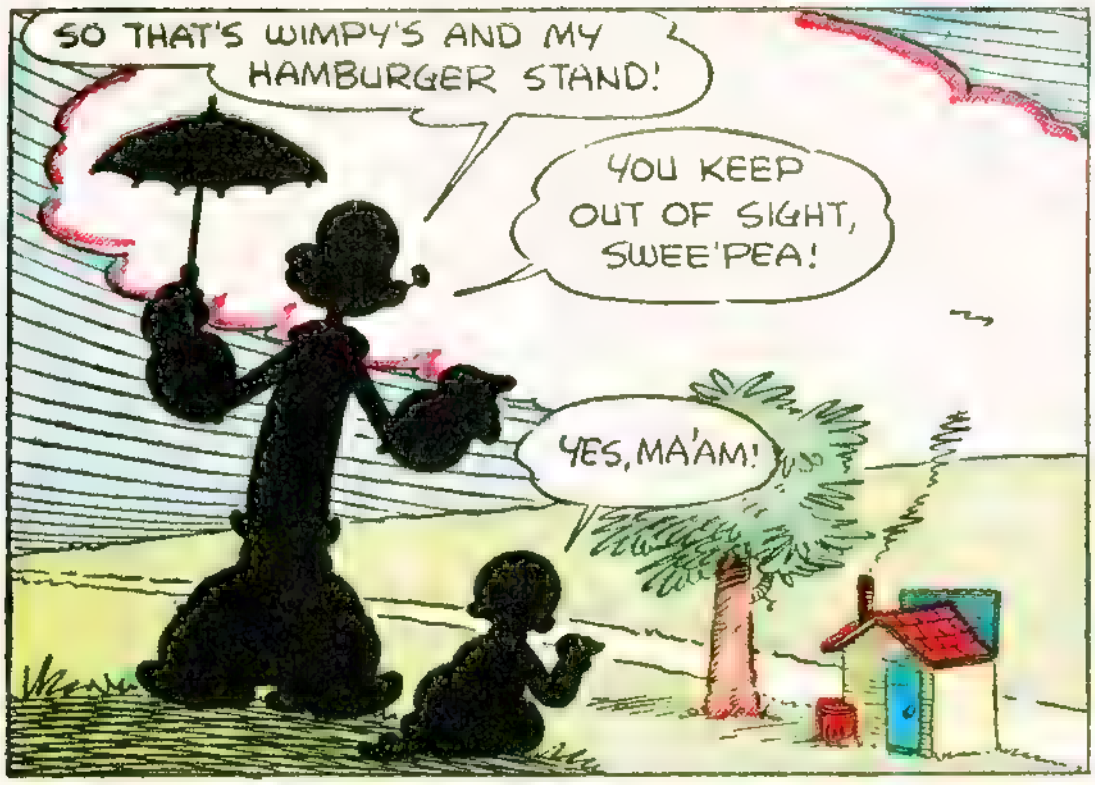
I WILL HAVE TO BE SMOOTH! I'LL HAVE TO CATCH HIM IN THE ACT!

HOW YA GOIN' TO DO THAT?

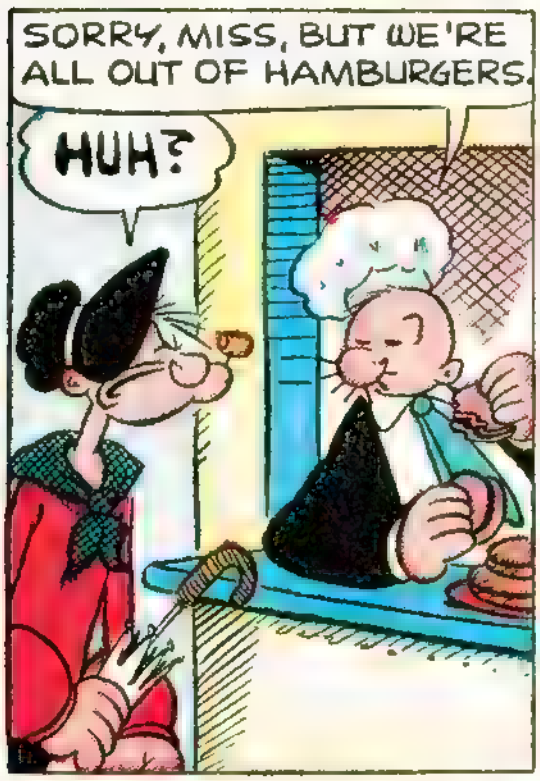
JUS' A MINUTE - I THINKS I KNOWS HOW TO FIX WIMPY!

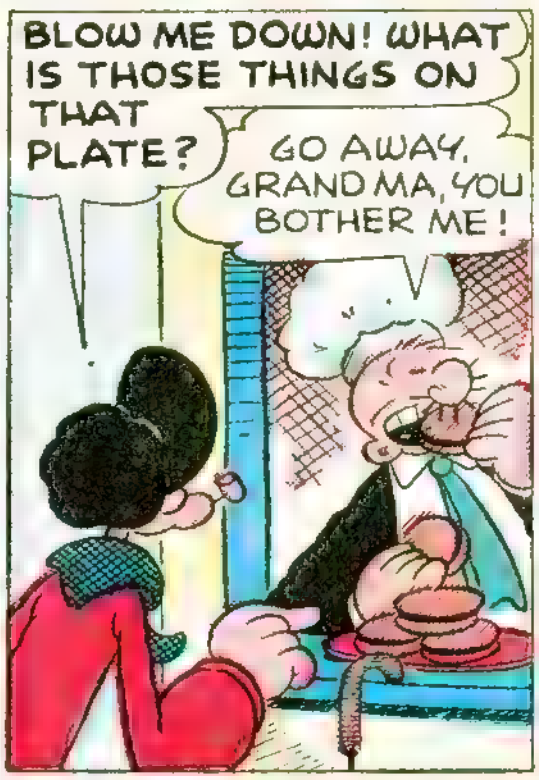
IF THE SWAB WON'T SELL A HAMBURGER TO A LITTLE OL' LADY, I WILL HAVE PROOF HE IS NOT TRYIN' HIS BEST TO MAKE A GO OF OUR BUSINESS!

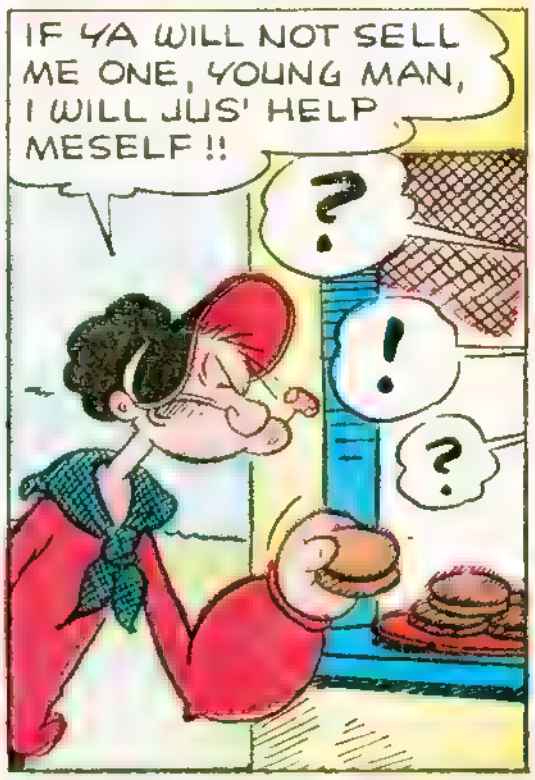
ERF! ERF! YES, GRANDMA!

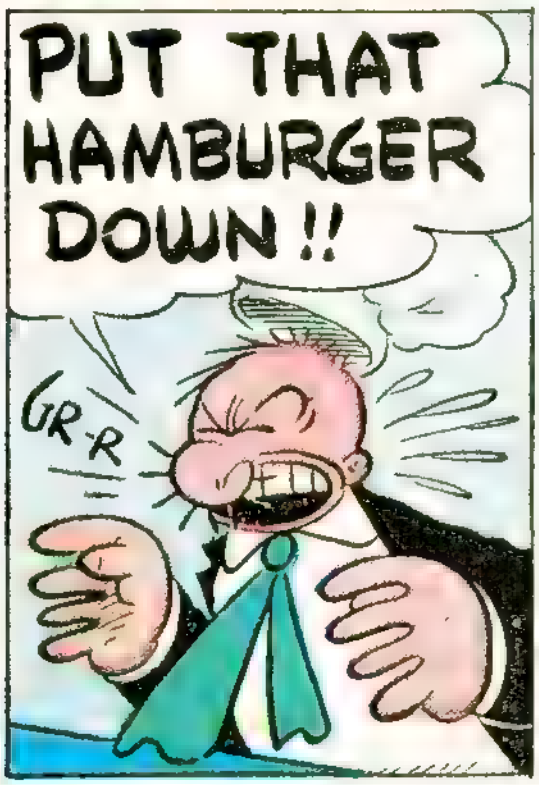

SO THAT'S WIMPY'S AND MY HAMBURGER STAND!
YOU KEEP OUT OF SIGHT, SWEE'PEA!
YES, MA'AM!

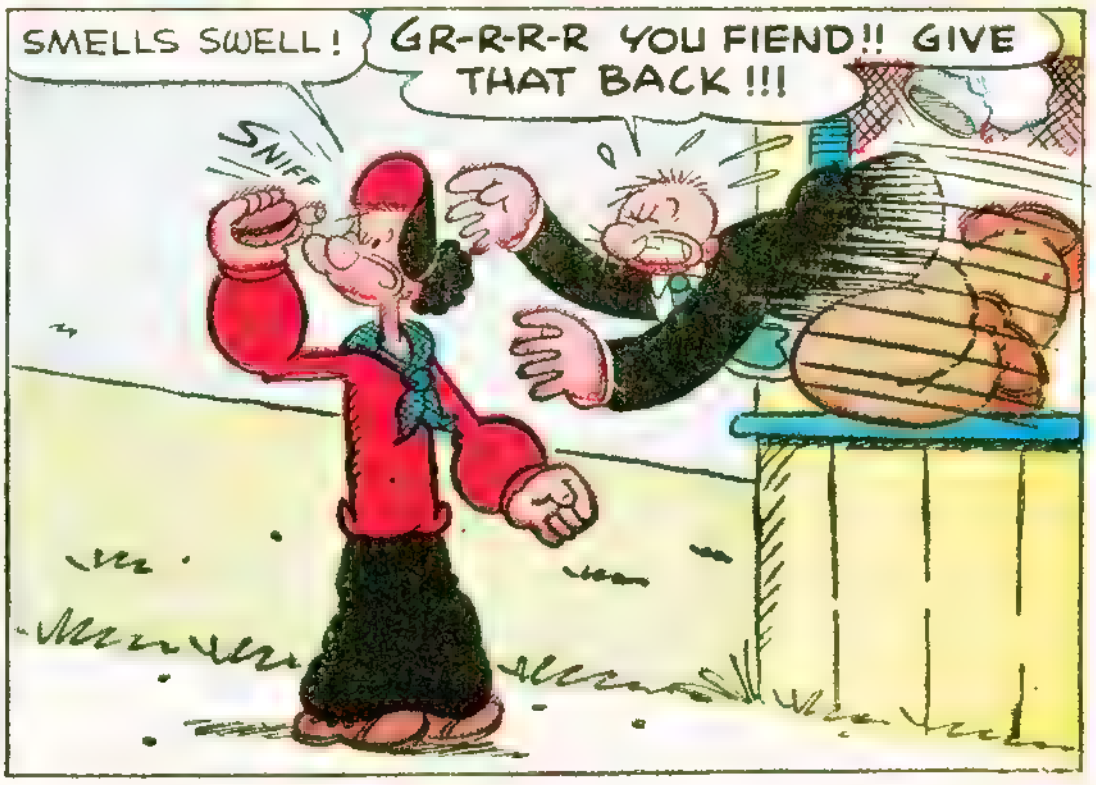
TUM! ♫ TUM DE DUM ♫ AHOY, YOUNG MAN, FIX ME A HAMBURGER!


SORRY, MISS, BUT WE'RE ALL OUT OF HAMBURGERS.
HUH?


BLOW ME DOWN! WHAT IS THOSE THINGS ON THAT PLATE?
GO AWAY, GRAND MA, YOU BOTHER ME!


IF YA WILL NOT SELL ME ONE, YOUNG MAN, I WILL JUS' HELP MESELF !!
?
!
?


PUT THAT HAMBURGER DOWN !!
GR-R


SMELLS SWELL!
GR-R-R-R YOU FIEND!! GIVE THAT BACK !!!
SNIFF

TAKE THAT, YOU THIEVING WOMAN!!

SPLAT

DOESN'T YA KNOW YA SHOULDN'T ORTA HIT A LADY?

BAM!

ERF! ERF! POPEYE, I GUESS YA SURE TAUGHT HIM A LESSING!

YEAH! BUT THEY IS EIGHTY POUNDS OF MEAT LEFT AN' I KIN NOT STAY AROUND HERE TILL I SELLS IT ALL!

ARF! ARF! I KNOWS HOW TO GIT RID OF IT! ROUND UP ALL THE LI'L KIDS YA KIN FIND!

COME ON, GANG—THEY'RE ON THE HOUSE!

FREE!! HAMBURGERS TO ANY PEOPLE UNDER TEN YEARS OF AGE—

HAMBURGERS

WHAT HARD FISTS YOU HAVE, GRANDMOTHER!

TWEET TWEET

BUD SAGENDORF

THIMBLE THEATRE PRESENTS

A TWO-GUN STORY OF THE WOOLY WEST ENTITLED—

"I AM THE MAYOR!"

NOW SHOWING

OR "HE WOULDN'T BE, IF HE COULD HELP IT!"

OR "MAYOR IS NO JOB FOR A GENTLEMAN!"

MAYOR'S OFFICE ONE MILE!

FOR SALE ONE MAYOR'S JOB

OR "MAYORS COME AND MAYORS GO!"

*FAST—

STARRING SWEE'PEA, THE ZOOP AND THE MAYOR!

BY BUD SAGENDORF

GORSH! A TELEGRAM STUCK ON OUR FRONT DOOR!

IT'S FOR POPEYE, BUT HE'S OUT OF TOWN FER A FEW DAYS— I'D BETTER OPING IT AND SEE WHAT IT SEZ!

YIPPEE!

?

!

MR. POPEYE— I NEED THE USE OF YOUR STRONG ARM - PLEASE COME AT ONCE—

MAYOR B.B. BURRO
BOGHILL.
ARIZONA

I WILL HAVE TO DO SUMPIN'!

COME ON, ZOOPY, WE HASTA GO HELP THE MAYOR OF BOGHILL!!

IF POPEYE WAS HERE, HE'D HELP HIM- SO WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE POPEYE'S PLACE!

IN THE DESERT TOWN OF BOGHILL, MAYOR B.B. BURRO WAITS FOR THE COMING OF POPEYE!

OH! LISTEN TO THEM – EVERY DAY THE CITIZENS GO AROUND SHOOTING THEIR GUNS!!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

ANOTHER TEN DAYS AND I'LL BE MAYOR OF A BUNCH OF LEAD-HOLED BUILDINGS!

THE NOISE IS GOING TO DRIVE ME CRAZY! IF ONLY I COULD GET BRANCO TO STOP SELLING BULLETS, IT WOULD BE NICE AND QUIET AGAIN!!

BANG!

BANG

BANG

I WANT TO SEE THE MAYOR!!

I'M THE MAYOR!

BANG

BANG!

LOOK, MAYOR, THIS NOISE HAS GOT TO STOP! MY CHICKENS WON'T LAY, MY COWS WON'T GIVE MILK, AND I HAVEN'T EATEN FOR WEEKS, BECAUSE I CAN'T HEAR THE DINNER BELL!

IT'S UP TO YOU TO **STOP** THOSE GUNS!

WHAT CAN I DO? HALF THE CITIZENS LIKE TO MAKE NOISE AND THE REST LIKE PEACE AND QUIET – THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST SHOOTING A GUN, IF YOU DON'T HIT ANYONE!

BANG!

WHY DON'T YOU **STOP** THE SELLING OF BULLETS? THEN THERE'D BE NO MORE NOISE!

BANG!

BULL BRANCO OWNS THE HARDWARE STORE AND HE'S SUCH A **BIG** MAN I'D HATE TO MAKE HIM MAD!

OKAY! OKAY! BUT STOP THE NOISE OR WE'LL HAVE A **NEW** MAYOR!

BANG BANG BANG BANG

OH, I WISH POPEYE WOULD HURRY!

QUIET!!

GEE, ZOOPY, WE SHOULD BE GITTIN' TO BOGHILL PRETTY SOON!

I WONDER WHAT KINDA TROUBLE MR. BURRO IS HAVIN'?

I HOPE WE KIN HELP HIM AS MUCH AS POPEYE WOULD!

HEY, BULL, I GOTTA TALK TO YOU!

DEPOSIT EMPTY SHELLS HERE

THE MAYOR'S PASSIN' A LAW AGAINST SELLIN' BULLETS IN OUR TOWN!

HE'S BRINGIN' IN A SAILOR TO ENFORCE IT!

BAH! NO SAILOR IS GOING TO STOP BULL BRANCO FROM SELLIN' BULLETS!

WITHOUT BULLETS WE CAN'T MAKE ANY NOISE!

LOUD BULLETS SOLD HERE

WHO'S THE SAILOR HE'S BRINGING IN? HE MUST BE TOUGH!
SOME GUY BY THE NAME OF POPEYE!

HM! I'VE HEARD ABOUT HIM! HE **IS** TOUGH!! I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM MYSELF - BUT HE MUST BE A GOOD FRIEND OF THE MAYOR'S TO COME WAY OUT HERE!!

OH, THE MAYOR DON'T KNOW HIM, HE JUST SENT FOR HIM!
WHAT! YOU MEAN HE'S NEVER SEEN POPEYE?
THAT'S RIGHT!

HM! THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA! I BET NO ONE IN TOWN KNOWS WHAT POPEYE LOOKS LIKE!
WE GOT NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT!!

IF YOU CAN GROW A MUSTACHE, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE MAYOR'S NEW LAW!
I CAN GROW A MUSTACHE!

OH! I WISH POPEYE WOULD HURRY UP AND GET HERE! MY EARS ARE ABOUT TO BURST!
BANG!
BANG!
BANG!

ARF! ARF! BLOW ME DOWN, MR. MAYOR, I YAM POPEYE, THE SAILOR MAN!!
AT LAST HE IS HERE!

HERE I YAM, MAYOR!
BANG
BANG
POPEYE!! WELCOME TO BOGHILL!! I HOPE YOU **HATE** NOISE!!

HA! HA! I SENT ERNEST OVER TO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE TO PASS HIM-SELF OFF AS POPEYE!

HA! HA

I'LL GO OVER NOW AND FIX IT, SO I'LL BE ABLE TO SELL ALL THE BULLETS I WANT!

-SO YOU SEE, POPEYE, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PASS A LAW PROHIBITING THE SALE OF BULLETS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS ENFORCE IT!

THEN IT'LL BE QUIET IN BOGHILL!

ARF! ARF! IT WILL BE A PLEASURE TO STOP THE SELLING OF BULLETS!

FINE! FINE!

YOU DON'T LOOK VERY TOUGH, BUT I'VE HEARD YOU'RE THE GREATEST FIGHTER IN THE WORLD— SO I'M SURE YOU'LL DO A GOOD JOB!

WAIT A MINUTE, MAYOR! I GOT A PROPOSITION FOR YOU!

BULL BRANCO!

?

I MAKE MY LIVING SELLING BULLETS IN THIS TOWN — NOW I DON'T WANT TO BE UNFAIR, SO I'LL MAKE A DEAL WITH YOU!

? ?

YOU GOT A SAILOR HERE WHO THINKS HE'S A FIGHTER — I'LL FIGHT HIM A FREE-FOR-ALL, EVERYTHING-GOES FIGHT!

IF HE WINS, I'LL LEAVE TOWN — IF I WIN, I GET TO SELL ALL THE BULLETS I WANT!

HA! HA!

WELL, MAYOR, WHAT ABOUT IT? IS IT A DEAL?

AFTER ALL - I'VE GOT THE RIGHT TO FIGHT FOR MY INTER-ESTS!

HA! HA! IT'S A DEAL, BRANCO!! WE'LL HOLD THE FIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF MAIN STREET!

HA! HA! HA!

MEANWHILE, OUT IN THE DESERT!

GORSH, ZOOPY, I THINKS WE IS LORST!

WE'D BETTER SPEND THE NIGHT HERE!

WE BEEN LOOKIN' FER OVER A WEEK FER BOGHILL!

THERE'S A SIGN DOWN THERE - LE'S SEE WHAT IT SEZ?

? ? ?

GORSH! THEY MUST HAVE GOT HOLD OF POPEYE!

BIG BATTLE
Next WEEK
POPEYE the SAILOR
vs.
BULL BRANCO
to SETTLE THE QUESTION -
"SHALL IT BE LEGAL TO SELL BULLETS IN BOGHILL?"

I WON'ER HOW THEY FOUN' POPEYE?

WE IS GITTIN' CLOSE!

BOGHILL ONE MILE

WELL, ZOOPY, HERE WE IS IN BOGHILL - I WON'ER WHERE THE MAYOR'S OFFICE IS?

JOE

I'LL TIE YOU HERE, ZOOPY, AN' GO FIND THE MAYOR!

THE MAYOR'S OFFICE? OH, YEAH - IT'S RIGHT OVER THERE!

HOTEL

AHOY, MR. MAYOR, I WANTS TO SEE POPEYE!!

HUH?

?

?

HE SAID HE WAS GOING OUT TO DO SOME TRAINING FOR THE FIGHT!

I'LL WAIT FER HIM!

IN THE REAR OF BRANCO'S HARDWARE STORE -

REMEMBER - YOU'RE POPEYE, SO WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT LOOK GOOD! YOU'LL HAVE TO LET ME HIT YOU **TWICE** BEFORE YOU GO DOWN!!

I'LL MAKE IT LOOK GOOD!

WE'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL, SO THE MAYOR WON'T SEE US TOGETHER AND GET WISE!

SAY, BULL, I JUST HAPPENED TO THINK! WHAT IF THE REAL POPEYE SHOULD SHOW UP ?

?

THERE'S NOT A CHANCE OF IT! BUT IF HE SHOULD, I'LL HAVE A FEW OF THE BOYS KEEP HIM OUT OF SIGHT TILL AFTER THE FIGHT!

OKAY, BULL – BLOW ME DOWN! I SEZ I'D BETTER SAIL OVER AN' SEE TH' MAYOR!

ARF!

ARF!

DO YA THINK POPEYE'LL BE HERE SOON, MR. MAYOR ?

HE SHOULD BE BACK ANY MOMENT, SWEE'PEA!

HERE HE COMES DOWN THE STREET!

I'LL GO OUT AN' SUSPRIZE HIM!

AHOY, LI'L BOY!! BLOW ME DOWN!! MAKE WAY FOR POPEYE, THE SAILOR MAN!!

ARF!

ARF!

HAS YA EATEN YER SPINACH TODAY?

! ? ? ! ?

BLOW ME DOWN!!
AHOY, MR. MAYOR!
GREETINGS, POPEYE, I HOPE YOU'RE READY FOR THE FIGHT!
ARF!
ARF!
HAVE YOU HAD YOUR SPINACH?
?
?
?

AHOY, MAYOR— 'AT SWAB ISN'T POPEYE! HE'S AN' IMPOSTOR!
?

ARF! ARF! THE YOUNG MAN JESTS!!
SCRAM, KID, YA BOTHERS ME!!
ARF!
ARF!
PHOOEY!

I'M TELLIN' YA HE IS NOT POPEYE AN' I SHOULD KNOW!
HM!
?
?
?

IF YA DOUBTS ME IDENTITY, MAYOR, ASK THE LI'L KID TO PROVE 'AT I AIN'T POPEYE!
ARF!
ARF!
ARF!

SPLAT
'AT'S EASY TO DO!

DOES THAT LOOK LIKE POPEYE?
OH! THIS IS TERRIBLE!!
I'M RUINED!
OH! SNIFF!
TWEET
TWEET

OH! WHY DID I EVER BECOME MAYOR? NOW BRANCO WILL GO ON SELLING BULLETS AND BOGHILL WILL CONTINUE TO BE FILLED WITH NOISE!

AW! I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT IT!!

DON'T WORRY!! PHOOEY!! IT'S ONLY TWO DAYS BEFORE THE FIGHT AND I HAVEN'T A FIGHTER!!

I'LL SEND ME ZOOP AFTER POPEYE! ZOOPY WILL SEE THAT HE GETS HERE!

HERE, ZOOPY, FIND POPEYE AND GIVE HIM THIS NOTE!

Z-Z-ZOOP!

OKAY, GIT GOIN'!

ME ZOOP IS THE FASTEST THING IN TH' WORLD. HE'LL GIT POPEYE IN TIME!

NOW WHAT DO WE DO?

DON'T WORRY, ERNEST, IF THE REAL POPEYE WAS GOING TO COME, HE'D BE HERE BY NOW!

WE'LL WIN THE FIGHT BY DE-FAULT!

BULLETS FOR SALE!

THE DAY OF THE BIG FIGHT!

THE WHOLE TOWN OF BOGHILL WAITS ANXIOUSLY FOR THE CONTEST TO BEGIN!

WARNING! BIG FIGHT TODAY! STAY UNDER COVER! THE CITY OF BOGHILL WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR DAMAGES TO BYSTANDERS. THE MAYOR

THEY'RE GOING TO USE THE WHOLE MAIN STREET FOR AN ARENA!

I'D BETTER FIND A SAFE PLACE FOR MY HORSE!

PHOOEY!

GR-R-R

I SAID BRANCO IS A CINCH TO WIN!

YEAH!

IN TEN MINUTES I HAVE TO GO OUT AND ANNOUNCE THE START OF THE FIGHT AND POPEYE HASN'T SHOWN UP!

I'M SURE MY ZOOP WILL FIND POPEYE — PERHAPS YOU CAN FIND A SUBSTITUTE UNTIL POPEYE GETS HERE!

?

HM! A SUBSTITUTE — WHY NOT? NOBODY KNOWS WHAT POPEYE LOOKS LIKE — I WONDER WHO I COULD GET TO POSE AS POPEYE UNTIL POPEYE GETS HERE?

HM?

HM!

HM!

?

HELLO, POPEYE!

?

--AND HERE WE HAVE SWEE-ER- I MEAN POPEYE, THE SAILOR, FIGHTING FOR QUIET IN BOGHILL!

DO YOU THINK IT IS POPEYE ?

HE KNOCKED ME OUT, DIDN'T HE!

BOB

IF THE AUDIENCE WILL CLEAR THE STREET, THE FIGHT WILL GET UNDER WAY!

YOU WILL BOTH RETIRE TO OPPOSITE ENDS OF THE STREET — WHEN YOU HEAR THE GUN, COME OUT FIGHTING — YOU MAY FIGHT WITH ANYTHING BUT FIREARMS!!

HOTEL

BANG!

NOW WHERE DID HE GO? I'VE WALKED THE FULL LENGTH OF THE STREET!

?

HE MUST BE SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE!!

CRACK

THERE YOU ARE!!

? ! ?

CRASH

WHILE SWEE'PEA BATTLES BULL BRANCO, THE ZOOP IS SEARCHING FOR POPEYE!

IF IT'S POPEYE YER WANTIN', YA'LL FIND HIM ON HIS SHIP OUT THERE SOME PLACE!

BAIT

IT'S SWELL TO BE SAILIN' FER HOME— I'LL BE GLAD TO SEE SWEE'PEA AN' ALL ME FRIEN'S!

BLOW ME DOWN— WHA'S 'AT? OH— MY GORSH, IT IS SWEE'PEA'S ZOOP!

?

MY GORSH!?! A LETTER FER ME!

?

!?!?

PUT IT IN HIGH, ZOOPY!

BOGHILL, HERE WE COMES!!

NOW I'VE GOT YA!!

GR-R-R

SWISH!

?

CRASH!

AHOY, BRANCO, YA MISSED ME!!

?

?

ERF!

ERF!

HERE I IS, BRANCO!

I'M COMIN'!

COME ON. LE'S FIGHT!

GR-R-R

GR-R-R-

OOF

ALLEY-OOP!

VERY GRACEFUL, MISTER BRANCO!

BONG!

SO 'AT'S BOGHILL?

MAKE A LANDIN', ZOOPY. I WANTS TO SEE THE MAYOR!

YOU STAY HERE_I'LL GO HUNT UP SWEE'PEA AN' THE MAYOR!

WHA-TH--?

SPLAT!

BAM!

SMACK!

WOW!! SOMEBODY'S HAVIN' A SWELL FIGHT!

HERE COMES ONE OF 'EM THIS WAY!

BOY! ARE YOU TAKIN' A BEATING!! HOW MANY OF THEM ARE THERE?

SPLAT

SAVE ME! SAVE ME! DON'T LET HIM HIT ME AGAIN!

?

COME ON OUT, YA SWAB!! I'LL TEACH YA TO PICK ON SOMEBODY 'AT'S NOT AS STRONG AS YERSELF!

KEEP THAT MONSTER AWAY FROM ME!

SWEE'PEA!?

? ?

AHOY, POPEYE!

YA MEANS YA USED ME NAME AN' FOUGHT 'AT BIG SWAB?

SOME-BODY HAD TO FIGHT HIM!

OH, WONDERFUL, WONDERFUL DAY! BOGHILL SHALL BE FREE FROM THE BOOMING OF FIRE-ARMS!

AT LAST THE CITIZENS WILL BE ABLE TO SLEEP!

NOW THAT EVERYTHIN' IS OKAY, SWEE'PEA AN' I WILL START FER HOME!

I HAVE TO GO SEE BRANCO, NOW.

OKAY, BULL, REMEMBER OUR DEAL - IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO LEAVE TOWN!

I'VE CHANGED MY MIND!

HAVIN' TROUBLE, MISTER MAYOR?

BRANCO REFUSES TO LEAVE TOWN! HE PROMISED TO DO SO IF HE LOST THE FIGHT!

DON'T WORRY, MISTER MAYOR, POPEYE AND I WILL SEE THAT HE LEAVES!

DON'T LET THAT LITTLE BRUTE GET TOO CLOSE TO ME!!

YER SAFE AS LONG AS YA KEEPS MOVIN', BRANCO!

GR-R-R!

BOGHILL 100 MILES

BOB SAGENDORF

THE END

"Ho-humm.. Blow me down but I yam sleepy," yawned Pappy as he struggled to keep awake long enough to finish the game of checkers he was playing with little Swee'pea.

"ERF! ERF!" laughed his small opponent, "ya kin go to bed as soon as I makes me next move. When I gits through wit' this one, the game will be over and you will have lorst to me again."

Swee'pea knew what he was talking about, for with swift motions he cleared the board of the three remaining men of Pappy's.

"BAH! I give up!" Pappy said in disgust as he shoved back his chair and stood up. "I has been playin' checkers wit' ya since ya was a munt' old and I has never beat ya. I yam goin' to bed right now."

Swee'pea watched his adopted father's Pappy leave the cabin and then busied himself straightening things up. They were aboard Popeye's ship the "Olive Oyl" on their way to the South Pacific. Popeye was a crank about having an orderly ship so the little fellow made sure that the checkerboard and checkers were put away in their proper place before he went on deck to say good night to Popeye.

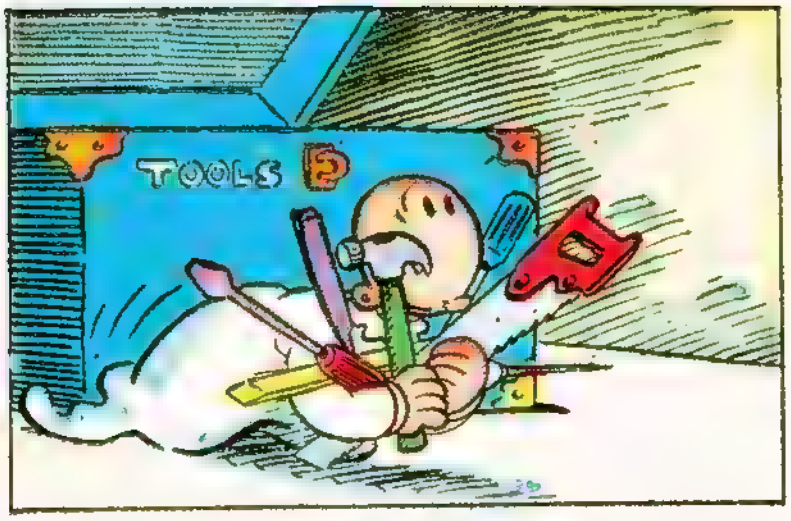
After saying good night to Popeye, who was at the ship's wheel, Swee'pea made his way to the cabin he shared with Pappy. When he entered the small room he saw and heard that the old gent was already asleep in his hammock. The vibrations of Pappy's snores were shaking the pictures on the walls, and Swee'pea shuddered at the horrible noises he was making.

"My gorsh!" he muttered. "Ya would think the room was full of lionings and tigers from the sounds Pappy is makin'. It is a good thing I yam a sound sleeper or I would never be able to sleep through that."

It took the little fellow only a few moments to strip off his clothes, pull a clean nightgown over his head and toss himself into his own hammock which hung across the room from Pappy's.

Swee'pea waited patiently for a lull in Pappy's snoring so he could go to sleep. Once he was asleep he knew the noise wouldn't bother him. After about ten minutes the snoring stopped for just a second as Pappy paused to get up a new head of steam. This second was all that Swee'pea needed and he went to sleep to dream of far off places, and the things he would do when he reached them.

All was peaceful aboard the "Olive Oyl." Popeye at the wheel was singing an old sea ditty accompanied by the mournful groans of Pappy's snoring. In his dreams Swee'pea was in the middle of a fight with twenty-six elephants. Suddenly the ship was jarred from stem



to stern. At first Popeye thought they had hit a reef, but when the shock was followed by yelps of pain and angry words, he realized that it had only been Pappy falling out of his hammock, as he had done on several different occasions in the past.

With the jarring thud of Pappy's body hitting the deck, Swee'pea awoke with a start. He could sleep through the old man's snoring but this was too much.

"Jumpin' dogfish!" he shouted. "Are ya going to start that again? Why don't ya tie yerself in?"

Pappy was so mad he didn't even answer him, but pulled himself back into his hammock and, muttering to himself, went back to sleep.

"Doggone it!" Swee'pea growled. "Now I'll never git any sleep. When Pappy has a night of falling out of his hammock, he is apt to keep it up till daybreak."

The little fellow had no more than settled back when there was another resounding thud as Pappy hit the deck again.

"Blow me down!" Swee'pea thought. "I will not stand fer this. I yam sleepy and I intends to git some sleep."

He jumped out of his hammock and made his way to the carpenter's chest. While he was gone, he heard Pappy fall three more times.

"Ha! I'll fix him," he laughed as he crawled back to their cabin with his arms full of tools and boxes of nails. "When I get through wit' him, he will not fall no more."

It only took a moment for the little fellow to carry out his plan to keep the old gent in his hammock. When he was through he gently shook Pappy to awaken him.

"Ahoy, Pappy! Take a look under yer hammock," he said, as Pappy opened his one good eye. "I has fixed it so ya won't fall out of yer hammock no more."

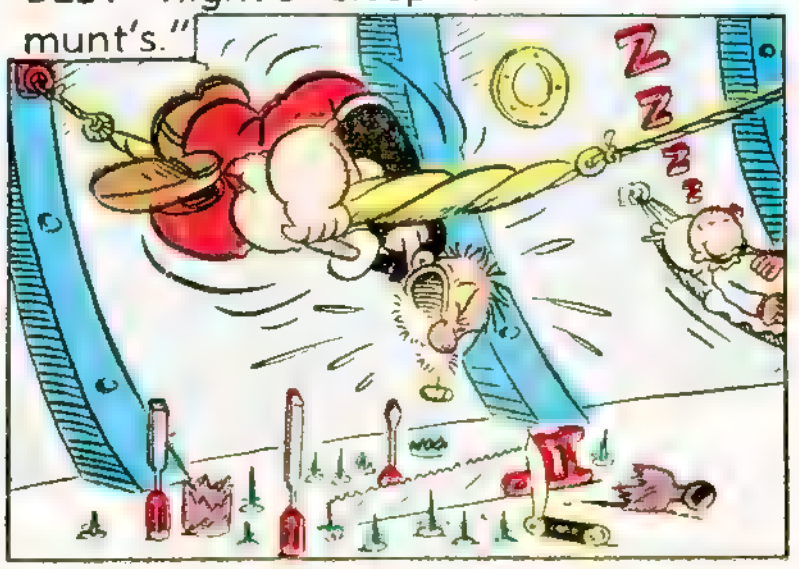
Pappy looked over the edge and let out a yell. There on the deck directly under his hammock, Swee'pea had spread the tools and nails about. For good measure he had broken a couple of bottles and added their pieces to the carpet of sharp points.

"If ya falls out of yer hammock again, ya will find yer landing very uncomfortable. I would advise ya to be careful."

With a smile Swee'pea crawled into his hammock and went to sleep.

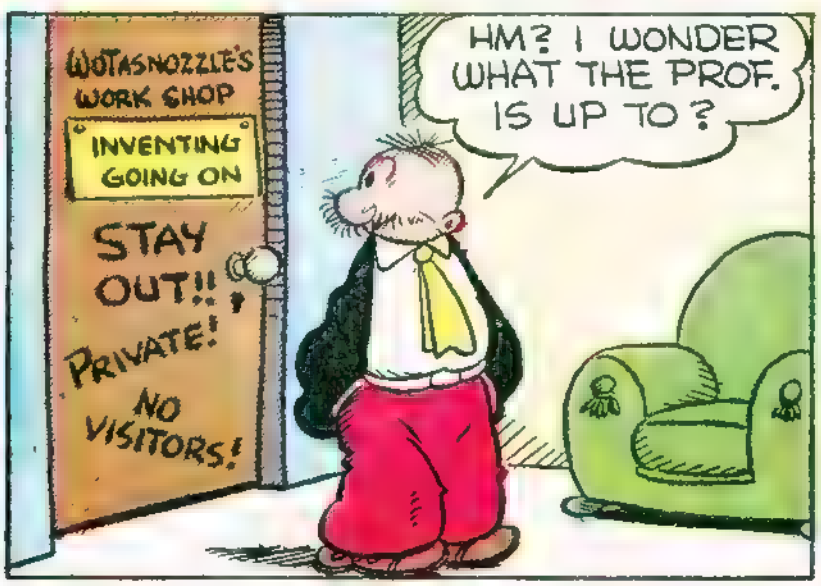
The next morning at breakfast Popeye said to Pappy, "My gorsh, Pappy. Ya looks like ya did not sleep a wink las' night. Ya looks arful."

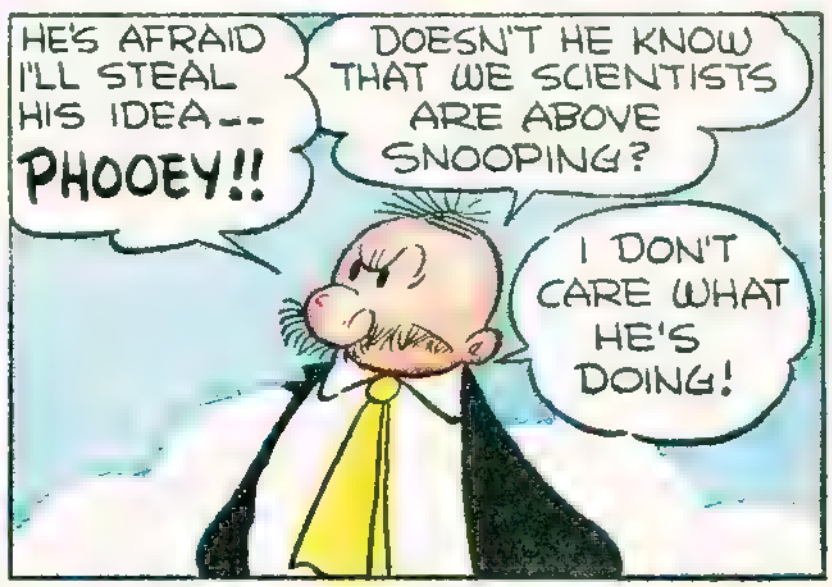
"ERF! ERF!" laughed Swee'pea as Pappy darted a nasty look at him. "I'll say he didn't sleep. He was afraid to go to sleep fer fear he would fall out of his hammock. But, ME, I had the BEST night's sleep I has had fer munt's."

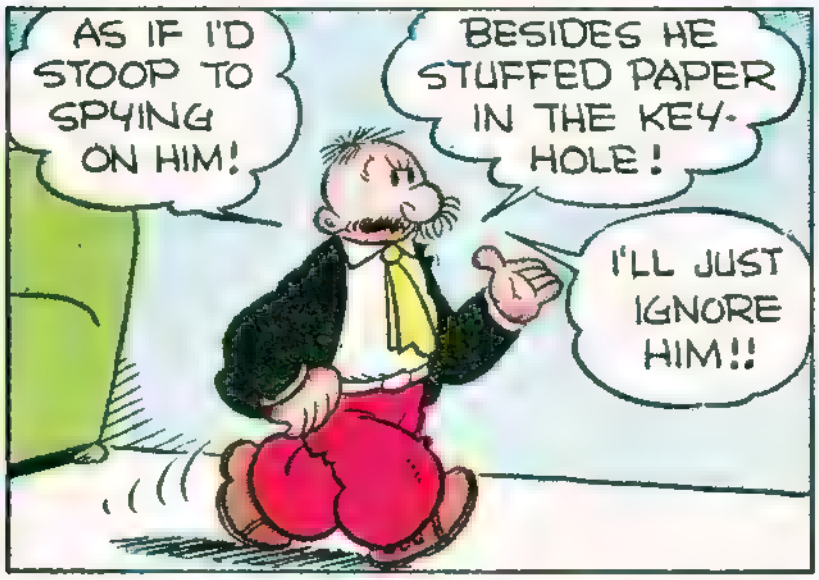


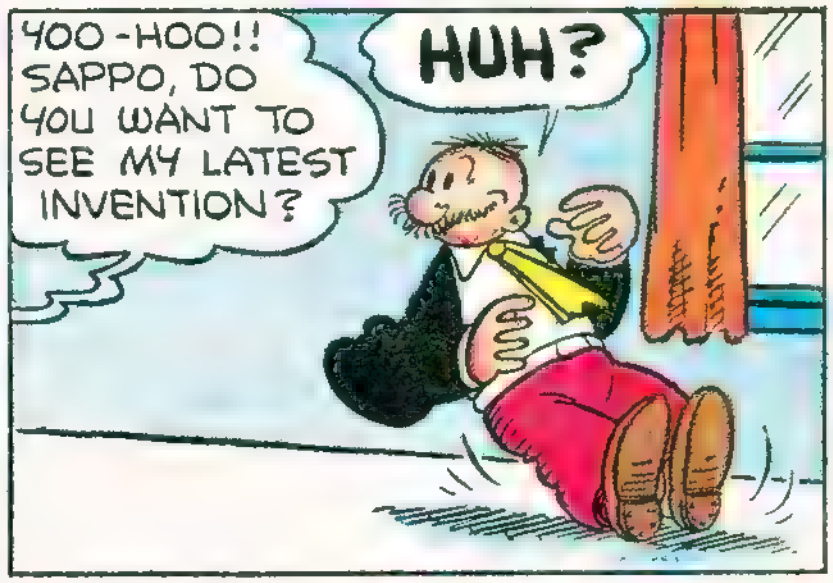
SAPPO AND WOTASNOZZLE

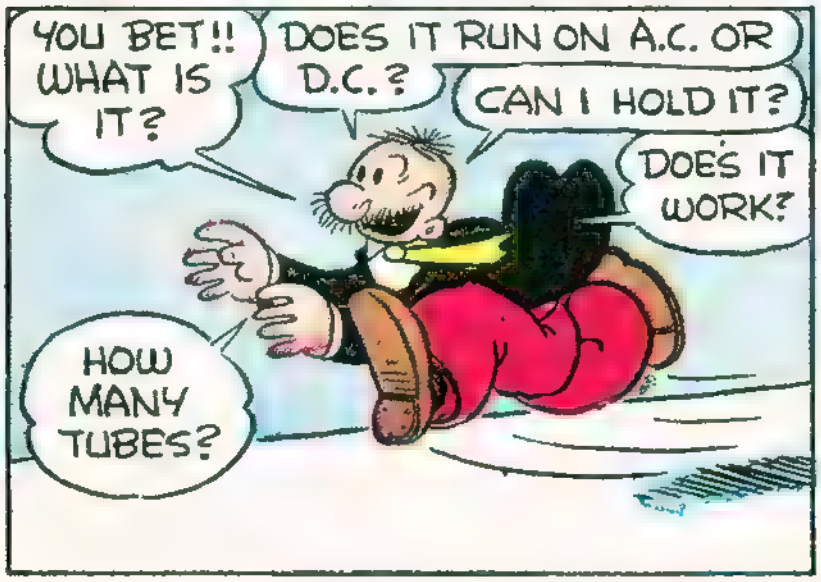
BY BUD SAGENDORF

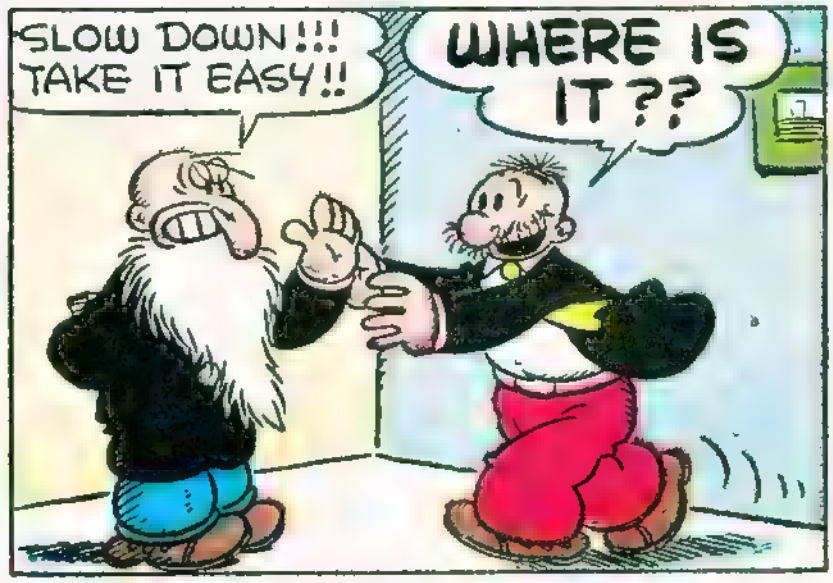


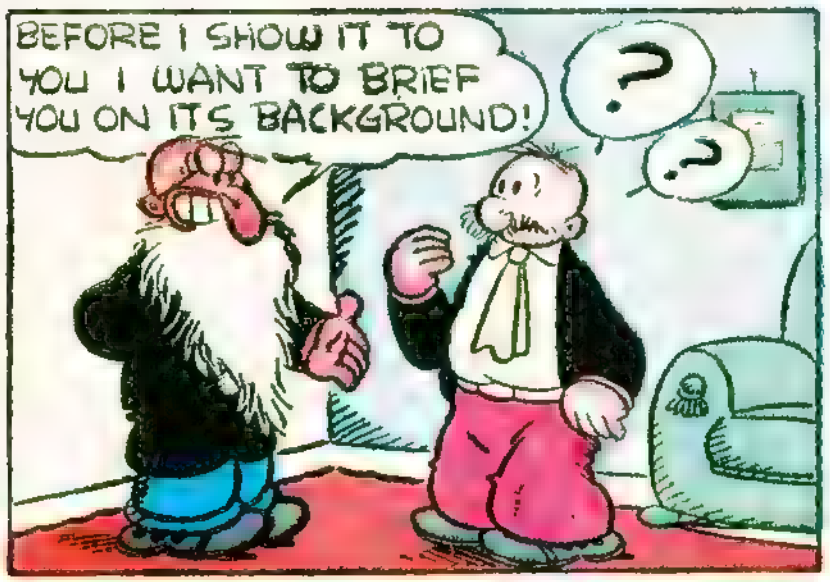


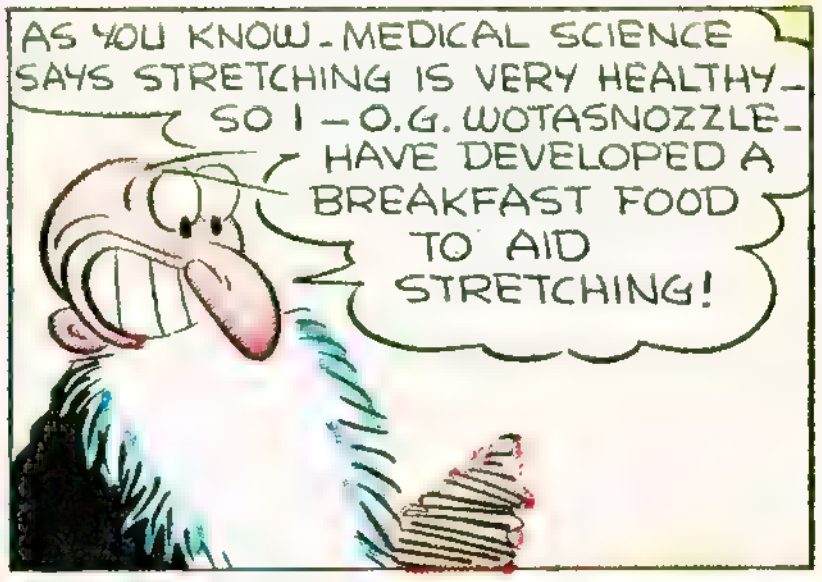









BEFORE I SHOW IT TO YOU I WANT TO BRIEF YOU ON ITS BACKGROUND!
?
?

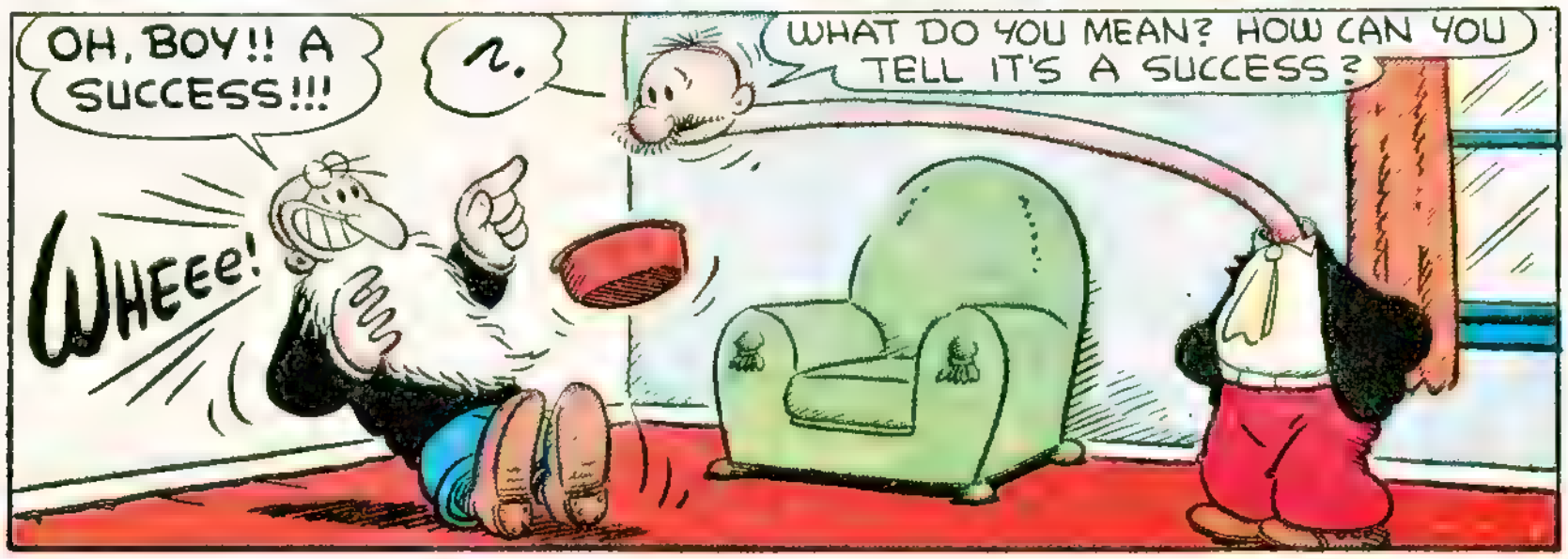

AS YOU KNOW - MEDICAL SCIENCE SAYS STRETCHING IS VERY HEALTHY - SO I - O.G. WOTASNOZZLE - HAVE DEVELOPED A BREAKFAST FOOD TO AID STRETCHING!

AND HERE IT IS! WOTASNOZZLE'S "STRETCHIES"!
?

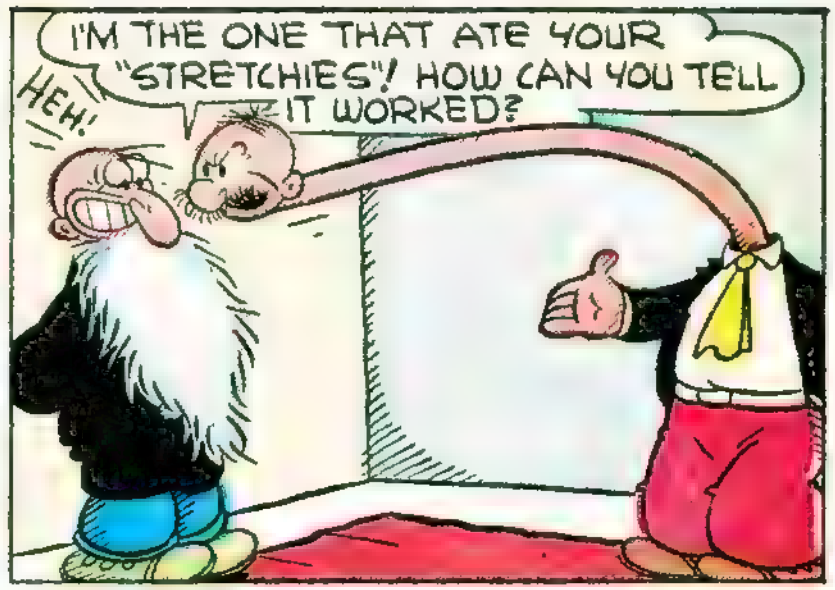
JUST POUR IT IN A BOWL AND ADD MILK!
?
?
?

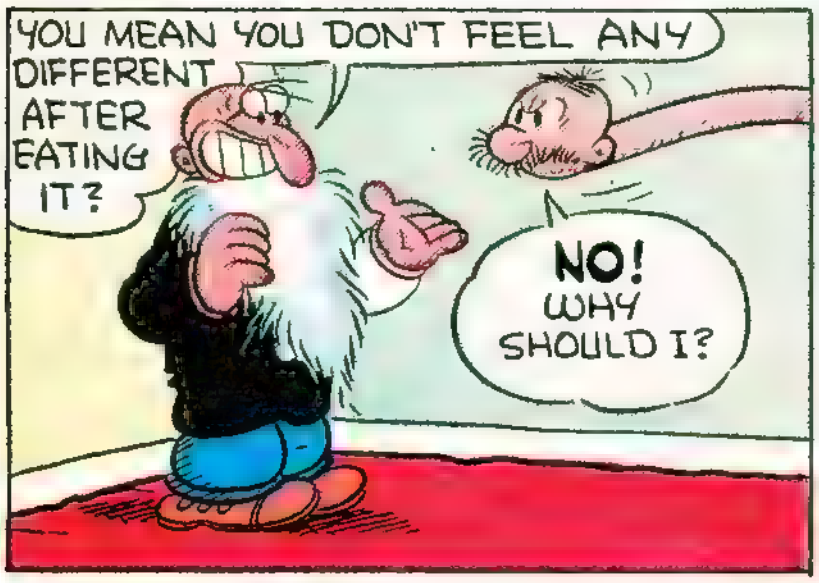
THERE YOU ARE, SAPPO — TRY IT!!
HM? TASTES OKAY — NOT BAD AT ALL!!

NOW TRY STRETCHING!
STRETCH YOUR NECK FIRST!
OKAY!

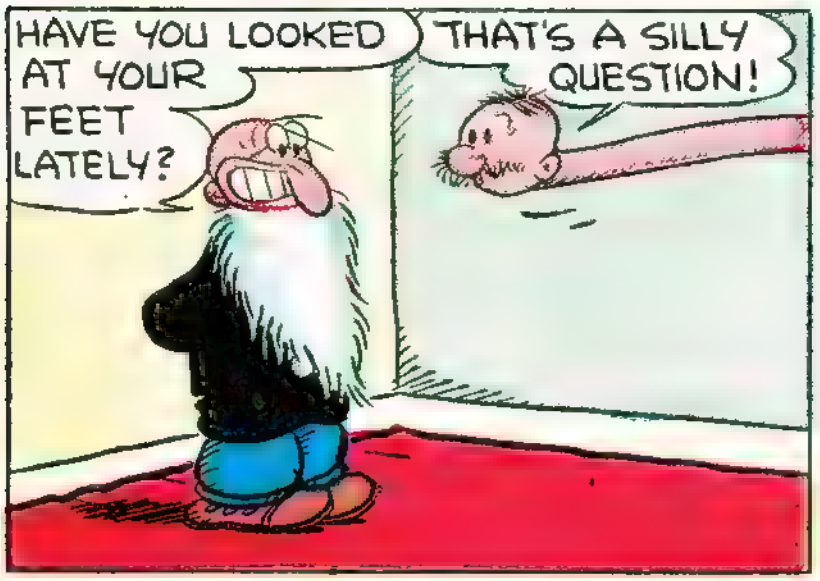

OH, BOY!! A SUCCESS!!!
WHEEE!
?.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? HOW CAN YOU TELL IT'S A SUCCESS?

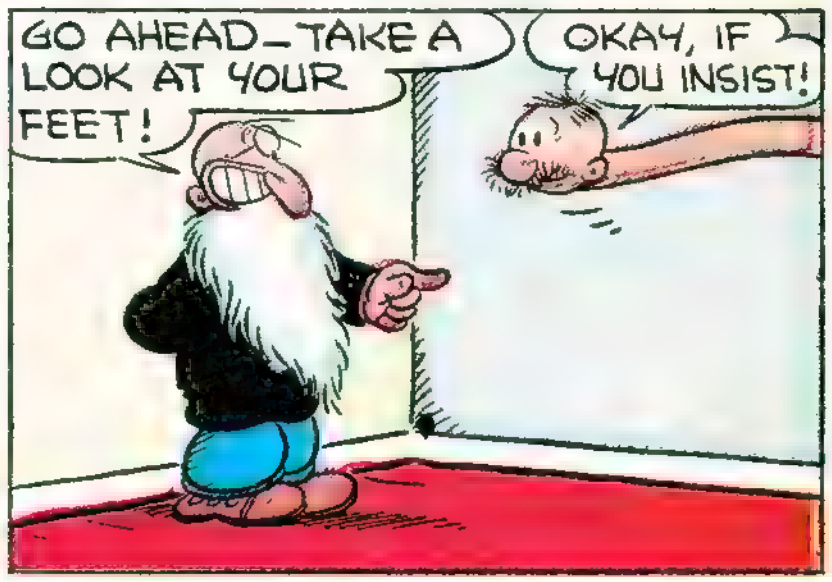
I'VE NEVER HAD AN INVENTION THAT WORKED BETTER!
BAH!!

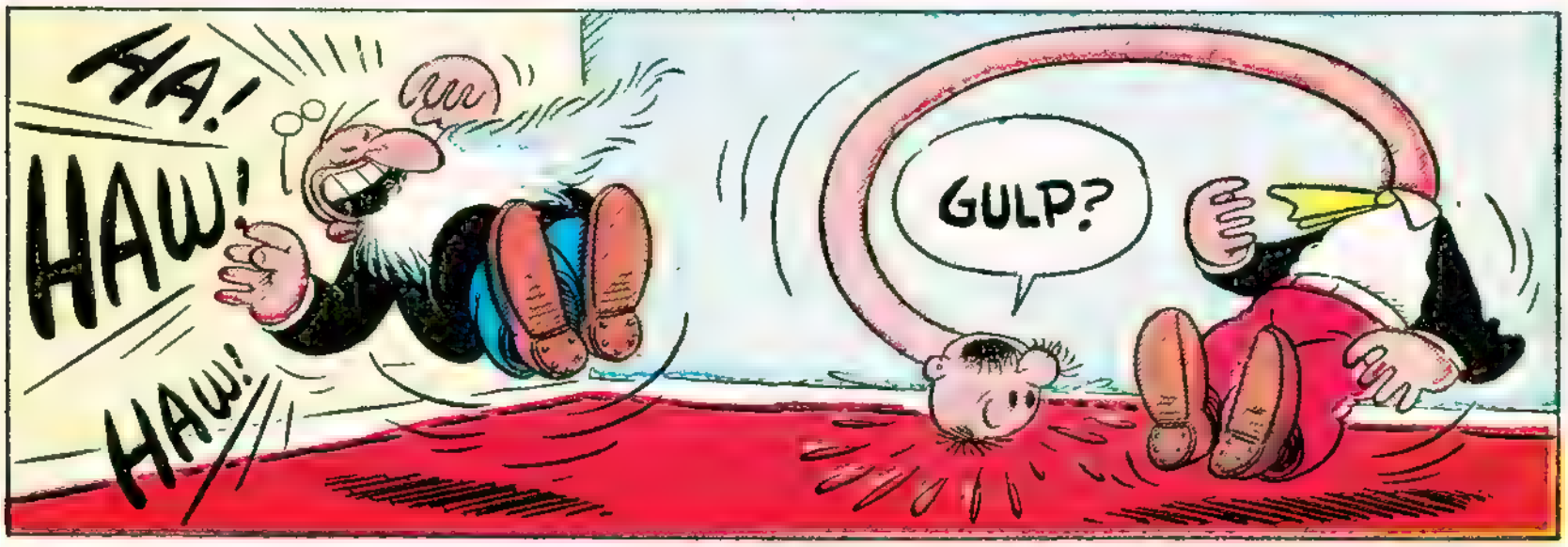

I'M THE ONE THAT ATE YOUR "STRETCHIES"! HOW CAN YOU TELL IT WORKED?
HEH!


YOU MEAN YOU DON'T FEEL ANY DIFFERENT AFTER EATING IT?
NO! WHY SHOULD I?

SAPPO, DO YOU MIND IF I ASK YOU A QUESTION?
HUH?
OF COURSE NOT!


HAVE YOU LOOKED AT YOUR FEET LATELY?
THAT'S A SILLY QUESTION!


GO AHEAD—TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR FEET!
OKAY, IF YOU INSIST!


HA!
HAW!
HAW!
GULP?

THIS IS A GREAT MOMENT -JUST LOOK HOW MY "STRETCHIES" STRETCHED YOUR NECK!

GR-R-R! LOOK AT ME! I'M ALL NECK!!

OKAY - OKAY!! YOUR INVENTION WORKS!! NOW TELL ME HOW TO UNSTRETCH!

HM? YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T PULL YOUR HEAD BACK?

I WAS AFRAID OF THAT - WHY DO ALL OF MY INVENTIONS HAVE TO HAVE BUGS IN THEM?

?

DO YOU MEAN YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO SHRINK MY NECK?

OH, DON'T GET EXCITED!!

GR-R-

I'LL GO INTO MY LAB AND FIGURE OUT A SOLUTION!

THIS IS A FINE KETTLE OF FISH! AND ME WITH AN APPOINTMENT DOWNTOWN!

DRAT!

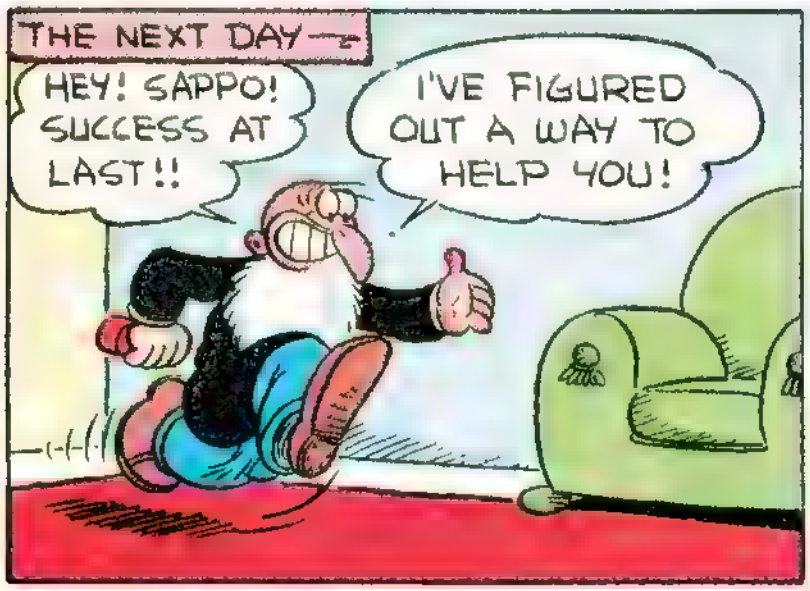
HOW CAN I DRIVE A CAR?

IT'S LUCKY WE HAD A STRONG CAN OPENER IN THE HOUSE!

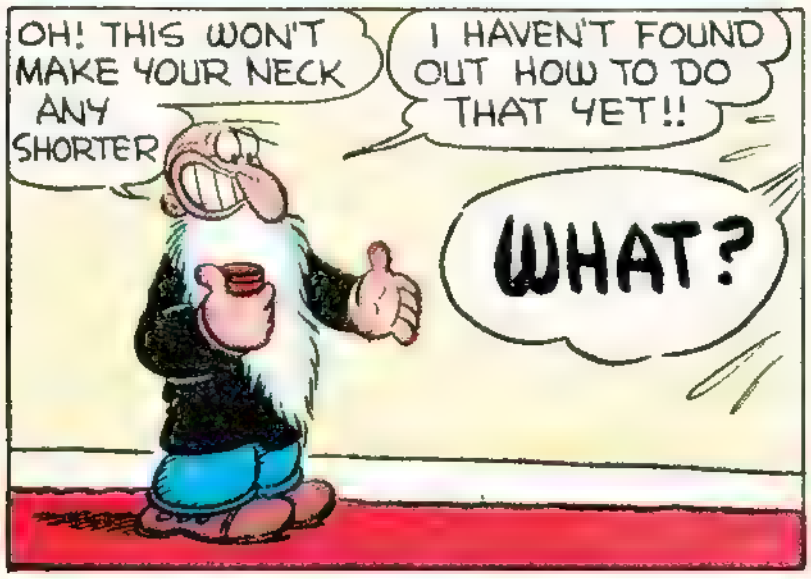
?

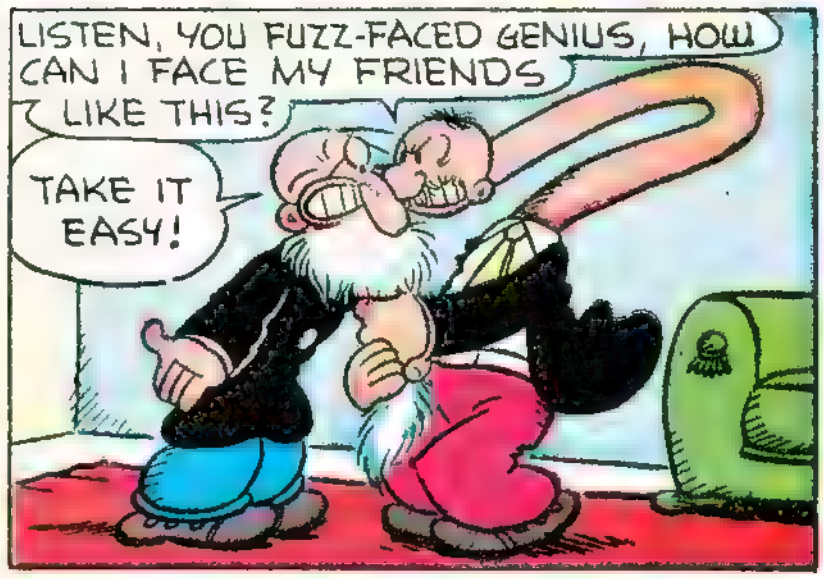
!

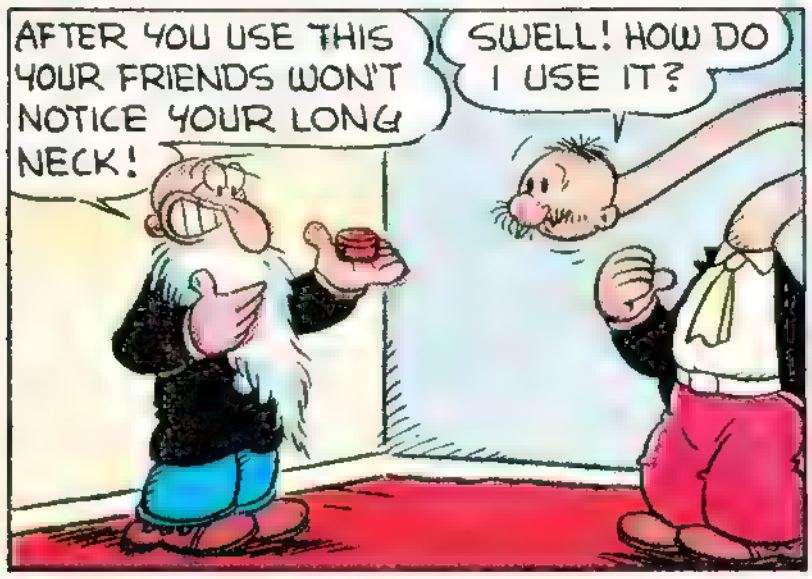
?


THE NEXT DAY—
HEY! SAPPO! SUCCESS AT LAST!!
I'VE FIGURED OUT A WAY TO HELP YOU!

IT'S ABOUT TIME — I'M TIRED OF HAVING MY NECK STRETCHED OUT LIKE THIS!!


OH! THIS WON'T MAKE YOUR NECK ANY SHORTER
I HAVEN'T FOUND OUT HOW TO DO THAT YET!!
WHAT?

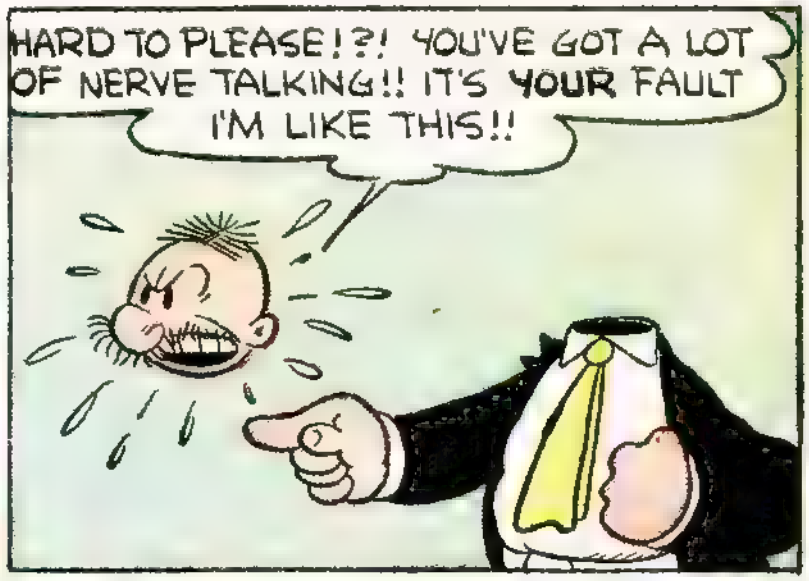

LISTEN, YOU FUZZ-FACED GENIUS, HOW CAN I FACE MY FRIENDS LIKE THIS?
TAKE IT EASY!

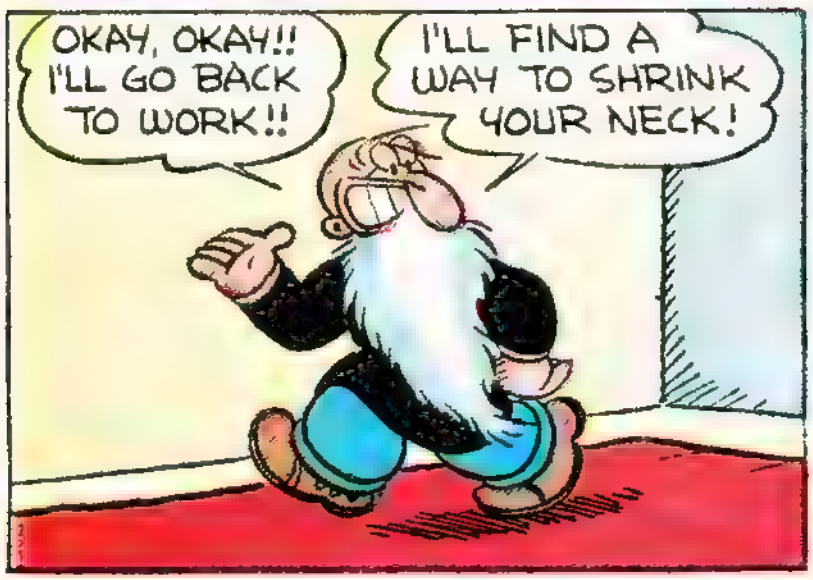

AFTER YOU USE THIS YOUR FRIENDS WON'T NOTICE YOUR LONG NECK!
SWELL! HOW DO I USE IT?

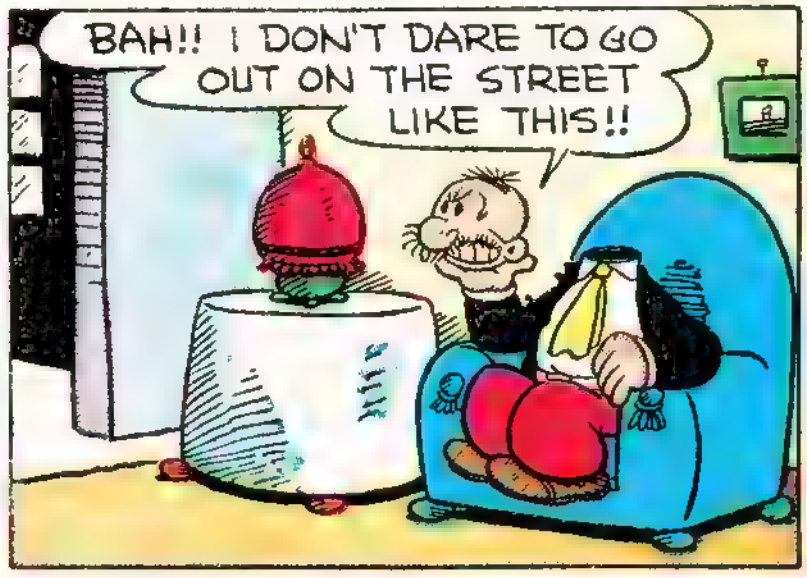
JUST RUB THE CREAM ON YOUR NECK!!
IT'LL START WORKING IN A MINUTE!

FINE! FINE!! WOTASNOZZLE'S INVISIBLE CREAM DID IT!
?
?
YOUR FRIENDS WON'T NOTICE YOUR NECK - IT'S INVISIBLE NOW!!

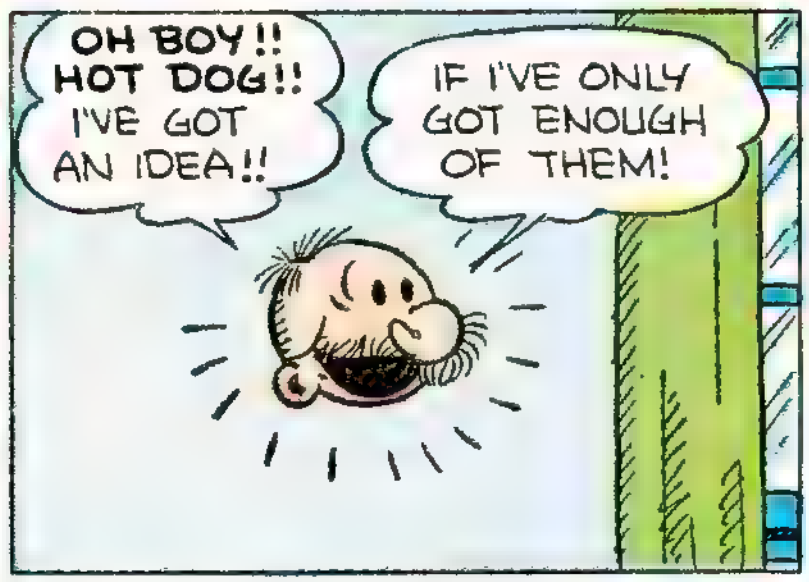
YOU OVER-CREATIVE MONSTER, THIS IS NO HELP_I LOOK LIKE I'VE LOST MY HEAD!
YOU'RE VERY HARD TO PLEASE!


HARD TO PLEASE!?! YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF NERVE TALKING!! IT'S YOUR FAULT I'M LIKE THIS!!

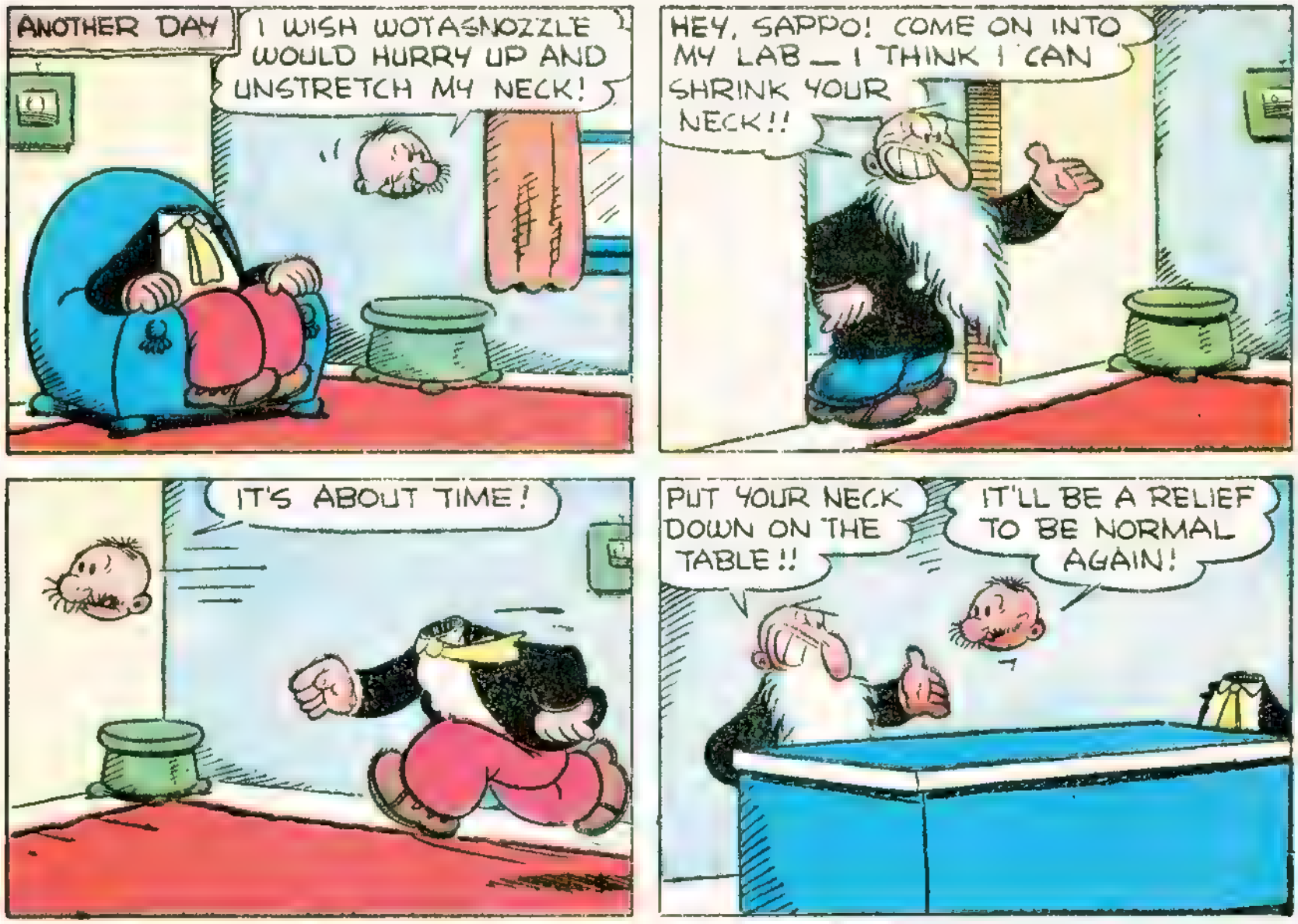

OKAY, OKAY!! I'LL GO BACK TO WORK!!
I'LL FIND A WAY TO SHRINK YOUR NECK!


BAH!! I DON'T DARE TO GO OUT ON THE STREET LIKE THIS!!

THERE MUST BE SOME WAY! HM! MAYBE A HIGH COLLAR. -NO- I HAVEN'T ANY HIGH ENOUGH!


OH BOY!! HOT DOG!! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!!
IF I'VE ONLY GOT ENOUGH OF THEM!

THIS MAY NOT BE THE FASHION, BUT AT LEAST PEOPLE WILL KNOW I HAVE A NECK!!


ANOTHER DAY
I WISH WOTASNOZZLE WOULD HURRY UP AND UNSTRETCH MY NECK!
HEY, SAPPO! COME ON INTO MY LAB — I THINK I CAN SHRINK YOUR NECK!!
IT'S ABOUT TIME!
PUT YOUR NECK DOWN ON THE TABLE!!
IT'LL BE A RELIEF TO BE NORMAL AGAIN!
I'M SURE THAT BLACK LIGHT WILL DO THE TRICK!
IT SHOULD SHRINK IT AND MAKE IT VISIBLE AGAIN!!
HOLD STILL!
CLICK!
AH!
SUCCESS!!
?
BOING
SWISH

WELL, HOW DOES IT FEEL ?

WONDERFUL! IT'LL BE NICE NOT TO HAVE PEOPLE STARE AT ME!

I'LL BURN UP THE FORMULA FOR "STRETCHIES"— THE WORLD WILL BE BETTER WITHOUT IT!

BOY!! YOU SAID IT!

THAT STUFF WAS DYNAMITE!! I HOPE YOU NEVER MAKE ANY MORE OF IT!!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME MAKING ANY MORE —THAT FORMULA WAS AN ACCIDENT — I COULDN'T REMEMBER IT IF I WANTED TO!!

GREETINGS, FRIENDS!! WHERE'S THE GUY WITH THE EIGHT FOOT NECK?

?

?

?

I'M WITH THE CIRCUS AND ANY GUY WITH A NECK LIKE THAT IS WORTH A THOUSAND DOLLARS A WEEK TO US!!

?

?

?

?

?

WHA'-TH--?

?

YOU STUPID, BIG-NOSED, BUSH-FACED GENIUS!! START THINKING OF THAT FORMULA!!

I WANT MY LONG NECK BACK!!!

BUT-BUT-BUT--BUT-BUT-BUT-BUT--

THUMP THUMP

THE END

BUD SAGENDORF

POPEYE

IT WAS NICE OF YOU TO COME OVER TO HELP ME REARRANGE MY FURNITURE!

'AT'S OKAY, OLIVE. WHAT DOES YA WANT MOVED FIRST?

PUSH THIS DAVENPORT OVER INTO THE CORNER!

HOW'S 'AT, OLIVE?

A LITTLE MORE!

JUST A LITTLE MORE', POPEYE!

?

GIVE IT ANOTHER LITTLE PUSH – IT HAS TO FIT IN THAT CORNER!

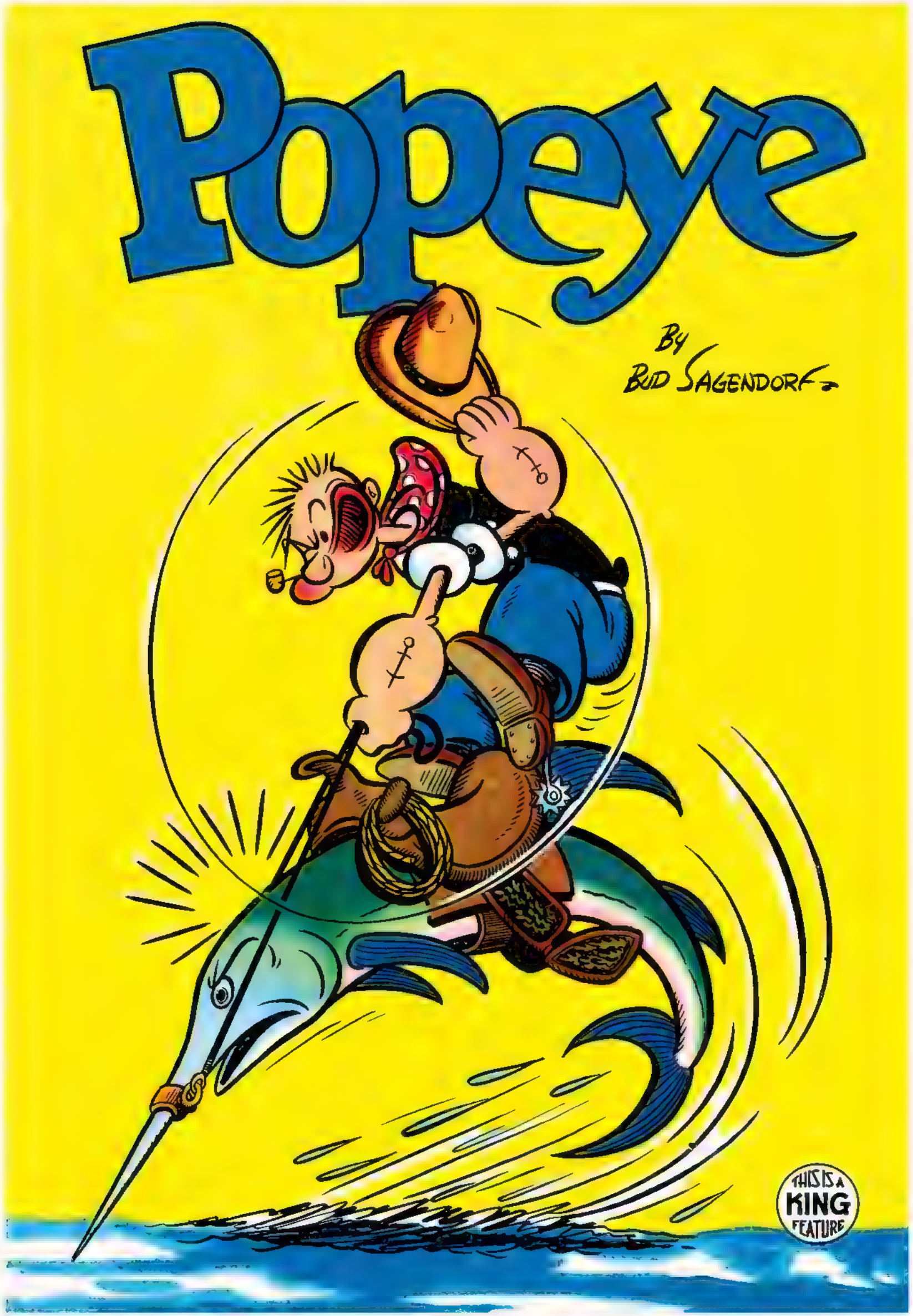
?

CRASH

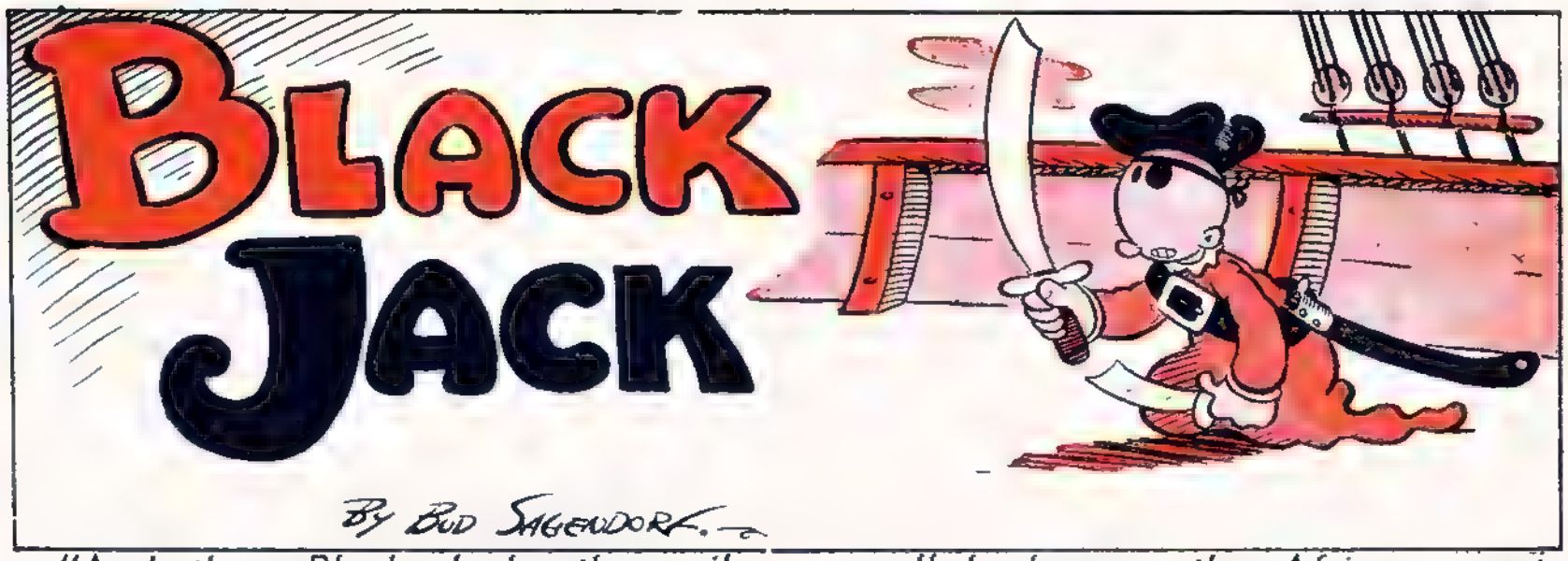
I'LL SEE YA LATER, OLIVE!

?

BUD SAGENDORF



Popeye #9, October-November 1949



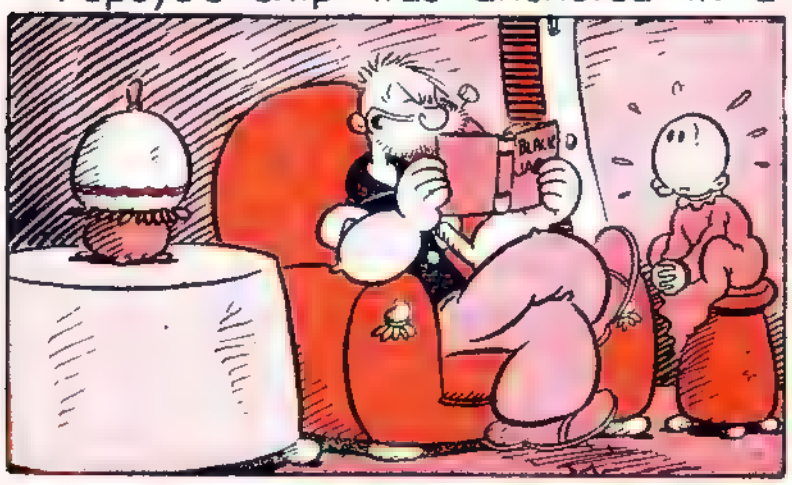
"And then Black Jack, the evil pirate captain, shoved forward with his cutlass. The point of the blade touched the back of the distinguished-looking captain of the merchant ship, he and his black crew had captured a few moments before. As the blade bit into his back the merchant captain was forced to walk forward to the end of the plank. With true heroic calm he stepped off the end and dropped silently into the shark-infested water below. Black Jack laughed long and loud with uncontrolled glee at the horrible deed he had just perpetrated." Pappy snapped the book shut.

"That is all I yam going to read to ya tonight, Swee'pea. We will finish the story tomorrow."

"Blow me down!" exclaimed the little fellow. "That Black Jack was quite a swab, wasn't he?"

"Yes! Yes!" answered Pappy. "But now it is yer bed time and I wants ya in bed b'fore Popeye gits back."

Popeye's ship was anchored in a small harbor on the African coast. Popeye had gone ashore to order supplies and had left Pappy in charge of Swee'pea.



With his head full of the doings of Black Jack, Swee'pea went to bed without any protest. Usually Pappy had some trouble getting him to retire but not this time. Swee'pea's head was so full of the deeds of the pirate captain, he hardly knew what he was doing.

With Swee'pea safely in bed, Pappy fixed himself a cup of coffee. Sitting down, he picked up the book he had been reading to Swee'pea and began to read. Even he found the acts of Black Jack interesting.

He had been reading for only a few minutes when he felt a sharp stab in the middle of his back. The cup of coffee he was holding in his right hand flew across the table, as a deep gruff voice behind him called out.

"I YAM CAPTAIN BLACK JACK AND I YAM CAPTURIN' THIS SHIP!"

"My gorsh, Swee'pea," Pappy snapped as he recognized the little boy's voice. "Ya gived me a start. Now quit playin' games an' git back to bed."

"Stop that blabberin' an' stand up b'fore I runs ya through," the little pirate demanded and emphasized his command with a shove of the butcher knife he was using for a cutlass.

With a yelp Pappy rose to his feet and let Swee'pea steer him through

(Continued on inside back cover)

MiSERMiTES!"

OR "I'D RATHER HAVE TERMITES!"

STARRING POPEYE

-Z- -Z-
-Z- -Z-

-Z-Z-
Z-Z-
Z-

-Z- -Z-

IT'S MIDNIGHT IN THE PEACEFUL SEAPORT TOWN OF SEAWET— ALL OF THE INHABITANTS ARE ASLEEP AND CERTAINLY NOT DREAMING OF THE HORRIBLE MONSTERS FAST APPROACHING THEIR HOMES FROM THE DARKNESS OF THE SEA —— BUD SAGENDORF

? ! ?

A LONELY LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER IS JARRED FROM HIS ROUTINE DUTIES WHEN HIS LIGHT PICKS UP THE MENACE FROM THE SEA ——→

TAKE COVER!

? !

HIDE IN YOUR CELLARS!

THE MISERMITES ARE COMING!

THEIR SHIPS ARE ENTERING THE HARBOR!

POPEYE ®9-4-910

WITHOUT A MOMENT'S LOSS, HE DASHES INTO THE SLEEPING TOWN TO SPREAD THE ALARM ——

BLOW ME DOWN, SWEE'PEA! WHA'S ALL THE BLASTID NOISE?

IT'S SOME SWAB ON A BICYCLE!

A FINE THING! I AM GOING TO COMPLAIN TO THE MANAGER!

AT A SMALL INN, POPEYE, SWEE'PEA, AND WIMPY ARE AWAKENED BY THE EXCITEMENT——

WELL, WE MIGHT AS WELL GIT UP AN' GIT DRESSED _IT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE WE'RE GO'NER GIT ANY MORE SLEEP!

SEE WHO 'AT IS AT THE DOOR, SWEE'PEA!

KNOCK

KNOCK

OKAY, POPEYE!

IT'S THE HOTEL MANAGER, POPEYE!

ALL GUESTS MUST HIDE IN THE CELLAR IMMEDI-ATELY!

?

?

WHA'SAMATTER? WHY DOES WE HAVE TO HIDE? I DON'T HIDE FROM NOTHIN'!!

OH, DEAR!

GOOD HEAVENS!! DON'T GIVE ME TROUBLE! PLEASE HIDE BEFORE THE MISERMITES GET INTO THE INN—

PLEASE, PLEASE GO TO THE CELLAR!

MY GOOD MAN, WOULD YOU MIND TELLING US **WHAT** A MISERMITE IS?

TAKE A LOOK OUT THIS WINDOW AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT THEY ARE!

BUT PLEASE HURRY!

THE MISERMITES ARE AN ISLAND RACE OF NASTY LITTLE THIEVES! THEY'LL STEAL ANYTHING— ANYTHING THEY CAN GET THEIR HANDS ON!!

THEY DON'T SOUND VERY PLEASANT!

BLOW ME DOWN!?!

WOW!?! THEY'RE SURE BUSY LITTLE SWABS!

SEAWATER INN

CRACK

AS SOON AS THEY'RE SIGHTED, WE ALL HIDE IN OUR CELLARS!

WHY DOESN'T YA **FIGHT** 'EM?

FIGHT THEM? HEAVENS!! WE COULDN'T DO THAT!! THEY WOULDN'T FIGHT FAIR – THEY'D USE ROCKS, STICKS, AND ANYTHING ELSE THEY COULD THROW AT US!

WE MIGHT GET HURT!

PHOOEY!! WHATCHA EXPECT 'EM TO DO- PLAY TAG WIT' YA?

?

?

OUT OF THE WAY, STUPID!!

HUH?

?

?

I SAID GET OUT OF THE WAY – I WANT THAT TABLE!!

?

?

!

COME ON, GANG!

OH, DEAR – WHY DOES THIS HAVE TO HAPPEN EVERY SIX MONTHS?

AW- DRY UP!

A VERY AMAZING CUSTOM – DON'T YOU THINK, POPEYE?

I'LL SAY, WIMPY!

QUIT CRYIN'!! IT'S YER OWN FAULT, IF YA JUS' LETS 'EM WALK IN AN' STEAL YER FURNITURE, WIT'OUT PUTTIN' UP A FIGHT!

AT LEAST THEY LEFT ONE STOOL TO SIT ON!!

?

ARF!

ARF!

NASTY LITTLE CREATURES— NO MANNERS WHATSOEVER!!

BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY. WHERE'S SWEE'PEA?

?

SEE WHAT I MEAN? THEY'LL STEAL **ANYTHING!!**

OH, MY GORSH!?! DOES YA THINK TH' MISERMITES REALLY TOOKED HIM?

HE'S GONE, ISN'T HE?

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

GIT YER HAT AN' COME WIT' ME!!

THERE'S ONE OVER THERE, POPEYE!

HEY, SHORTY! I WANTS TO TALK WIT' YA!!

?

WHAT YA WANT, SAILOR BOY?

WHERE'S ME LI'L BOY KID?

WHY DON'T YA SCRAM? CAN'T YA SEE I'M BUSY?

IMAGINE! BOTHERIN' A GUY WHEN HE'S STEALIN' A **SLEDGE HAMMER!!**

?

THE NOIVE OF HIM!

WHAM

WHY, YA LI'L SWAB, I YAM GO'NER BUST YA INTO LI'L---

BLOW ME DOWN. WHERE IS HE?

THE SCOUNDREL RAN OFF TOWARD THE DOCKS IMMEDIATELY AFTER STRIKING YOU!

WE'VE GOT TO CATCH ONE OF 'EM SWABS TO FIND OUT WHERE SWEE'PEA IS – I'LL TAKE THIS SIDE OF TOWN AN' YOU COVER THE OTHER!

TWO HOURS LATER –

AHOY, WIMPY, DID YA CATCH ONE?

I DIDN'T EVEN SEE ONE!

NEITHER DID I – THEY MUSTA CLEARED OUTA TOWN!

THEY'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT TO DO– WE WILL FOLLOW THEM TO THEIR OWN ISLAND!

ABOARD ONE OF THE MISERMITES' BOATS –

I GOT A BATHTUB!

I GOT TWO DOORS!

I GOT A BED!

ROAD CLOSED

I GOT A RADIO!

BUT I GOT SWEE'PEA!!

?

AHOY, MISTER MANAGER, DOES YA KNOW WHERE THE MISERMITES' ISLAND IS?

YOU'RE NOT GOING THERE?

'EM LI'L SWABS RAN ORF WIT' ME SWEE'PEA AN' I YAM GOIN' AFTER HIM!!

YOU CAN'T GO THERE!! THEY HAVE A HUGE **MONSTER** TO GUARD THEIR KING AND ISLAND- HE'D KILL YOU!!

PHOOEY!!

I YAM NOT ASCARED OF NO MONSKER— I YAM GOIN' AFTER SWEE'-PEA!

AS SOON AS IT'S DAYLIGHT, WE'LL LEAVE FER THE ISLAND!!

I TRUST THEY WON'T HARM HIM!

AW, I YAM NOT WORRYIN' ABOUT HIM- HE KIN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF—

I JUS' DOESN'T LIKE HIM ASSOCIATIN' WIT' THIEVES!

ON MISERMITE ISLAND

OKAY, HIS MAJESTY, KING MISER, THE ONE-THIRD, WILL SEE YOU NOW!

OH, YOUR ROYAL MAJESTY- MIGHTY THIEF- KING OF STEALERS AND NASTY LEADER OF NASTY THIEVES — I, ONE OF YOUR NASTY SUBJECTS, HAVE BROUGHT YOU A RARE TROPHY STOLEN FROM THE MAINLAND!

?

OKAY, OKAY, CUT THE GABBIN' AND LET ME SEE IT!

ACCORDING TO THE CHART THE HOTEL MANAGER GIVED US, WE SHOULD BE THERE IN A COUPLE OF HOURS!

THERE YOU ARE, YOUR ROYAL, THIEVING MAJESTY!

YIPE! IT'S ALIVE!

?

?

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF SWIPING SOMETHING WE'LL HAVE TO FEED?

OH, NASTY OF NASTIESTS, LET ME EXPLAIN – THIS IS THE BOY CHILD OF **POPEYE**, THE SAILOR. IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE YOUR ROYAL **BODYGUARD** HAS HAD A FIGHT – POPEYE IS SURE TO COME AFTER HIS KID AND THEN **ZOOG** WILL GET SOME NEEDED PRACTICE!

HM!?! – WHAT YOUR LYING MOUTH SAYS IS TRUE!

CALL MY MINISTERS FOR A MEETING IN THE ROYAL PLOTTING ROOM!

WARNING
WATCH YOUR NEIGHBOR
HE'S A THIEF TOO-

REMEMBER
HE WHO GRABS AND RUNS – WILL GRAB AGAIN-

ROYAL PLOTTING TABLE

OUR MOTTO
I STEAL
YOU STEAL
WE STEAL

?

?

THIS, YOU THIEVING MINISTERS, IS **LIVE BAIT** FOR A FIGHTING SAILOR – WE WILL SOON HAVE A CHANCE TO WATCH MY BODYGUARD WORK!!

THAT MUS' BE THE MISERMITE ISLAND RIGHT AHEAD OF US!

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO APPROACH THEM ON THE RETURN OF SWEE'-PEA?

WE'LL TAKE 'EM BY SUSPRIZE AND FORCE OUR WAY INTO THE KING'S PALACE!

GO TELL HIS THIEVING ROYAL HIGHNESS THAT POPEYE'S SHIP IS NEARING THE ROYAL DOCK!

OKAY! OKAY!

WELCOME TO MISERMITE ISLAND _ WE'VE BEEN ANXIOUSLY WAITING FOR YOU !!

?

?

IT SEEMS WE WERE EXPECTED!

I DOES NOT UN'NERSTAN' IT!

FOLLOW ME, PLEASE!

HEY, PETE, TELL THE BIG SHOT THAT I'VE GOT THE TWO JOES HE WAS EXPECTING!

OKAY!

HIS ROYAL MAJESTY, RULER OF ALL MISERMITES, WILL SEE YOU NOW_ PLEASE GUARD YOUR VALUABLES. HIS MAJESTY DOESN'T LIKE TO BE TEMPTED TO STEAL IN THE THRONE ROOM!

BLOW ME DOWN!! SWEE'PEA, IS YA OKAY?

IF THAT'S POPEYE_ MY BODYGUARD WON'T HAVE TO PUT UP MUCH OF A FIGHT!!

AHOY, POPEYE!

AHOY, SHORTY, I HAS COME FER MY LI'L BOY KID - **UNCHAIN HIM OR I'LL TEAR YER PALACE TO PIECES!**

?

YOU WILL HAVE A CHANCE TO WIN BACK THE YOUNG MAN!

CLICK

WIMPY, I GUESS WE WILL HAVE TO-- **BLOW ME DOWN!! WHERE'S WIMPY?**

WHAT HAS YA DONE WIT' WIMPY ?

? ?

CLICK

THUMP

GREETINGS, OL' PAL!!

BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY! WHERE IS WE?

I'M NOT SURE, POPEYE!

IT MUS' BE A DUNGEON UNDER THE THRONE ROOM!

I HASTA GIT OUT AN' SAVE SWEE'PEA FROM 'EM NASTY LI'L SWABS!

I WISH THEY'D TURN ON SOME LIGHTS!

THANK YOU!

CLICK

GORSH! THIS IS A REAL PRISING! THE WALLS IS SOLID CONCRETE!

QUITE SOLID, I'D SAY— NOT EVEN A DOOR!

WE IS IN A TOUGH SPOT, WIMPY!

INDEED, YOU ARE!! HA! HA! UNLESS YOU DO AS HIS MAJESTY ORDERS, YOU WILL STAY THERE!

WHERE'S A GUY WHAT SAID 'AT?

HIS VOICE CAME THROUGH THAT SMALL HOLE— IT'S THE ONLY OPENING IN THIS CELL!

.?

HIS ROYAL THIEVING MAJESTY WISHES TO KNOW IF YOU WILL FIGHT FOR THE SAFE RETURN OF SWEE'PEA?

TELL THE ROYAL PICKPOCKET THAT I'LL FIGHT HIS WHOLE BLASTID COUNTRY SINGLEHANDED!

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY- ALL HE WISHES TO KNOW IS IF YOU'LL FIGHT THE ROYAL BODYGUARD!

!

?

YA MEANS JUS' **ONE** MAN? PHOOEY! I'LL FIGHT HIM WIT' **ONE** HAND!

YOU WILL FIGHT HIM WITH **TWO** HANDS OR THE DEAL'S OFF- HE NEEDS EXERCISE AND WE DON'T WANT IT TOO EASY FOR HIM!

OKAY, I WILL FIGHT HIM ANY WAY YA SEZ!

FINE! FINE!

HA! HA!

WHEN DOES I FIGHT HIM?

RIGHT NOW! JUST FOLLOW ME AND I'LL TAKE YOU TO ZOOG!

BLOW ME DOWN!?! THEY'S A DOOR THERE!

!

!

COME ON, WIMPY, LE'S FOLLOW 'IM!

HERE YOU ARE, POPEYE, SIGN THIS CONTRACT!

DOES I HAVE TO SIGN FER THIS FIGHT?

CERTAINLY! ON MISER-MITE ISLAND, WE TRUST NO ONE - WE DON'T TRUST OUR KING - WHY SHOULD WE TRUST YOU?

?

HEY! THIS THING SEZ IF I LOSES THE FIGHT, I HASTA LEAVE THE ISLAND WIT'OUT SWEE'PEA AND NEVER COME BACK!

THAT'S RIGHT! BUT IF YOU WIN - HA! HA! - WE'LL GIVE YOU BACK YOUR LITTLE BOY!

OKAY, I WILL SIGN IT!

NOW TAKE ME TO THE SWAB 'AT I YAM TO FIGHT!!

THERE HE IS! START FIGHTING AND TRY TO MAKE IT GOOD!

?

?

GOOD HEAVENS, POPEYE! YOU CAN'T FIGHT **THAT**!! IT WOULD BE **MURDER**!!

BUT I HASTA, WIMPY!

COME ON, YA BIG SWAB! LE'S START FIGHTIN' — I WANTS TO GET THIS OVER!

CRASH

GOOD HEAVENS!! OH, MY! DEAR-DEAR- THIS IS TERRIBLE!

SPLAT

BAM!!

SPLAT!

DEAR! DEAR!

BAM

POPEYE, YOU'VE BEEN FIGHTING FOR HOURS AND YOU HAVEN'T LANDED A BLOW YET!

HE'S HARD TO GIT TO, WIMPY!

YOU STAY HERE, WIMPY, I YAM GO'NER GIT HIM THIS TIME!

OKAY, BIG BOY, SEE IF YA KIN TAKE ME DOUBLE-TWISKER SOCK!!

GOOD HEAVENS!! MR. ZOOG IS DISINTE-GRATING!

WHA'-TH-??

?

?

?

.?

COME ON, LE'S GIT SWEE'PEA AND GIT OFF OF THIS ISLAND !!

IT WOULD BE A PLEASURE, SIR!!

IMAGINE PUTTIN' A BLASTID MISERMITE-FILLED MACHINE AGAINST ME!

I YAM GLAD YA MADE 'EM PROMISE TO RETURN EVERY-THING THEY HAS STOLEN!

NO DOUBT THEY WILL BEHAVE THEMSELVES FROM NOW ON!!

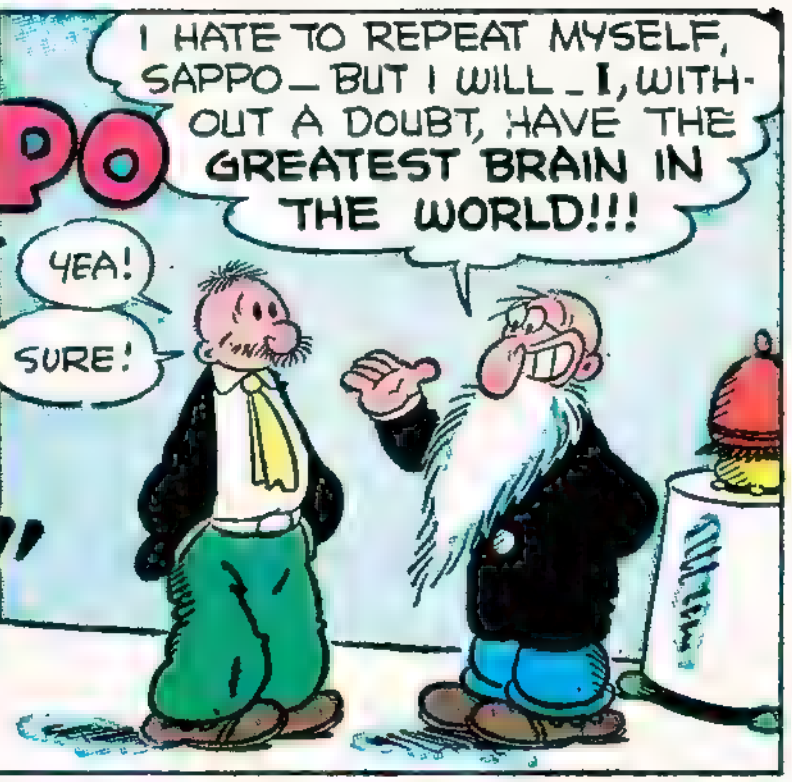
THE END

PRESENTING

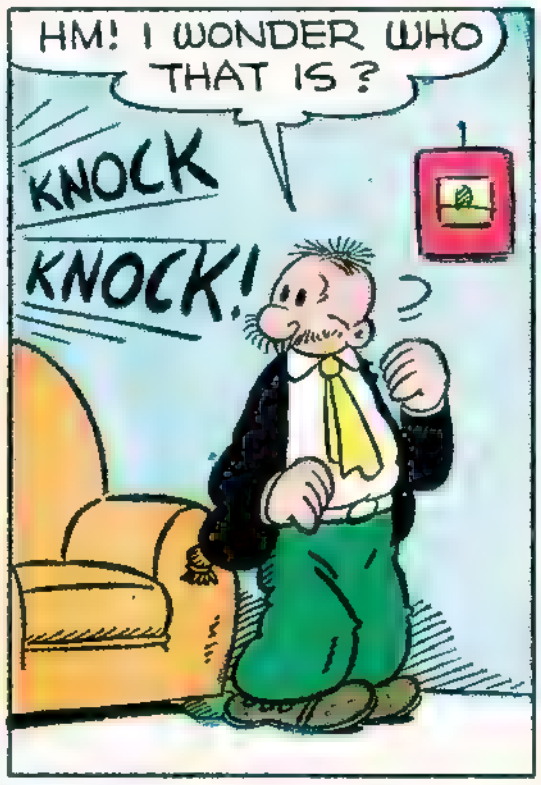
JOHN SAPPO

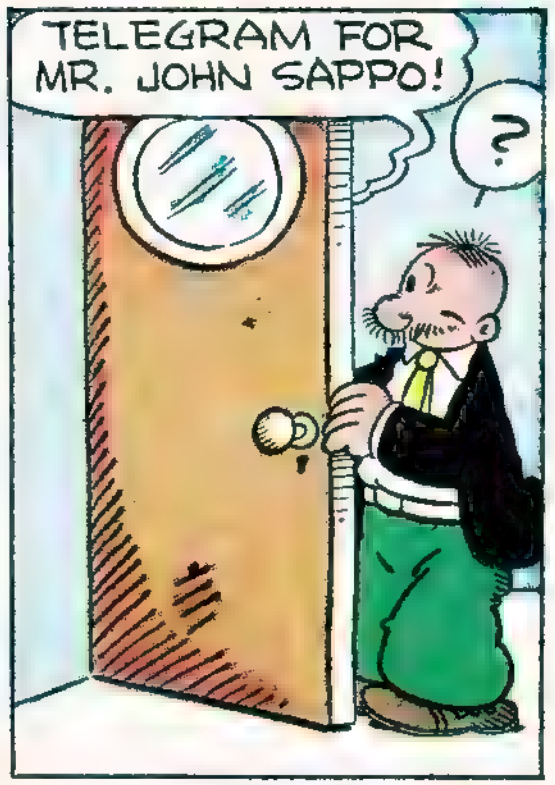
AND THE EXPERIMENT OF THE "SOUND PILLS!"

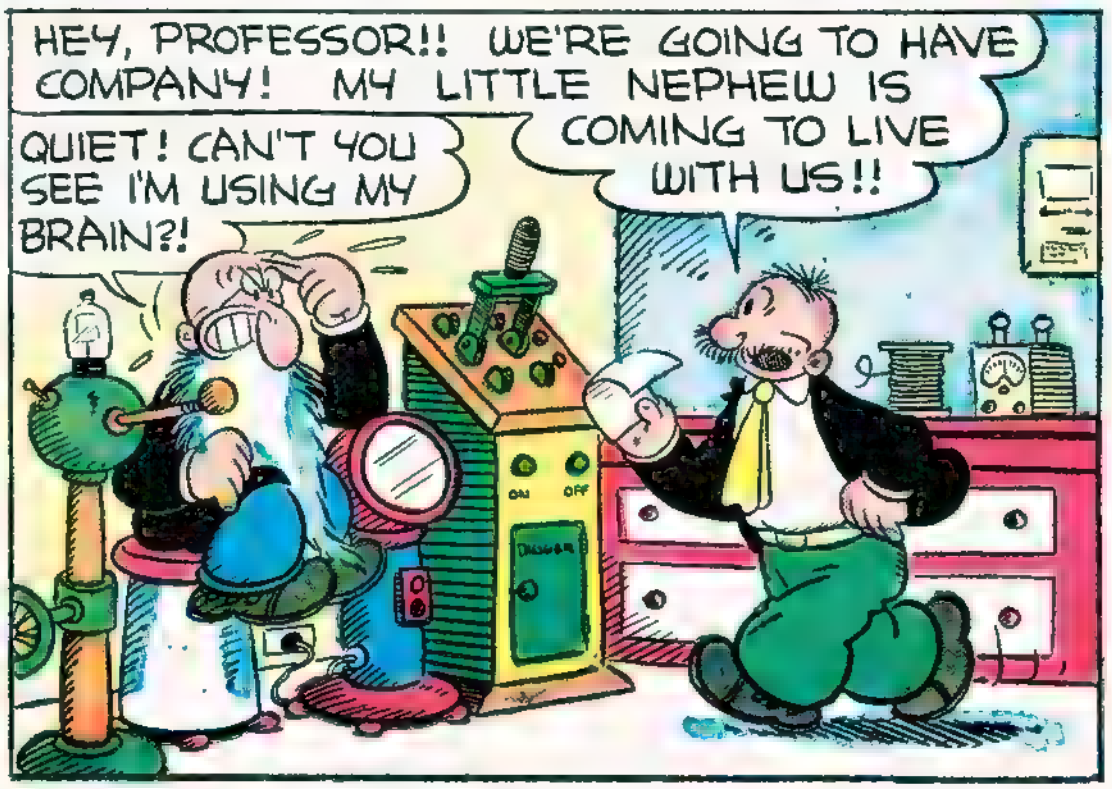
By Bud Sagendorf



IN A SMALL HOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF A PEACEFUL LITTLE TOWN, LIVE THE SAPPOS AND THEIR BOARDER, THE GREAT BUT ECCENTRIC SCIENTIST, PROFESSOR O.G. WOTASNOZZLE






HEY, PROFESSOR!! WE'RE GOING TO HAVE COMPANY! MY LITTLE NEPHEW IS COMING TO LIVE WITH US!!
QUIET! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M USING MY BRAIN?!
ON
OFF

BUT THIS IS IMPORTANT!
CAN'T IT WAIT UNTIL I STOP USING MY BRAIN?

2×2=4
$V=\frac{1087\sqrt{273+T}}{16.52}$
HM?
212°
$\frac{Y}{Z}=5$
HM!
AH!

WELL, THAT'S THAT!
NOW WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A GUEST?

MY NEPHEW IS COMING TO LIVE WITH US – HE SHOULD BE HERE ANY MOMENT!
FINE! FINE! IT'LL BE NICE TO HAVE A SMALL BOY AROUND!

I'LL BRING HIM IN TO MEET YOU WHEN HE GETS HERE!
OKAY, SAPPO!

THE LUCKY LITTLE LAD! HE'S GOING TO GET TO MEET **ME**, THE GREATEST SCIENTIST IN THIS UNIVERSE!
I'LL BE BIG! I'LL TREAT HIM AS AN EQUAL!

HE'S HERE, PROF.!!
BRING HIM IN!! **WELCOME**, YOUNG MAN! **WELCOME**!

HERE HE IS, EDDIE! PROFESSOR O.G. WOTA-SNOZZLE!!
BAH!!
GR-R-
HAW! HAW!
YOU DIDN'T TELL ME HE WAS SO FUNNY-LOOKIN'!
HAW!
HAW!

YOUNG MAN, THAT'S NO WAY TO TALK TO A GREAT INVENTING GENIUS LIKE ME!

NO?

OF COURSE NOT!!

GEE! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE AN INVENTOR!

DID YOU INVENT THE TELEPHONE?

NO!

DID YOU INVENT THE STEAM ENGINE?

NO!

GOSH! DID YOU INVENT THE AIR-PLANE?

NO!

HM? LET'SSEE? DID YOU INVENT THE ELECTRIC MOTOR?

ER- AH- NO!

THE VACUUM CLEANER?

NO!

THE RADIO?

NO!

BASEBALL BAT?

NO!

CAN OPENER?

NO!

STEAM TURBINE?

NO!

THE WATER WHEEL?

NO!

INVENTOR!!

HAW! HAW!

AM I LAUGHING!!

HAW! HAW!

HAW!

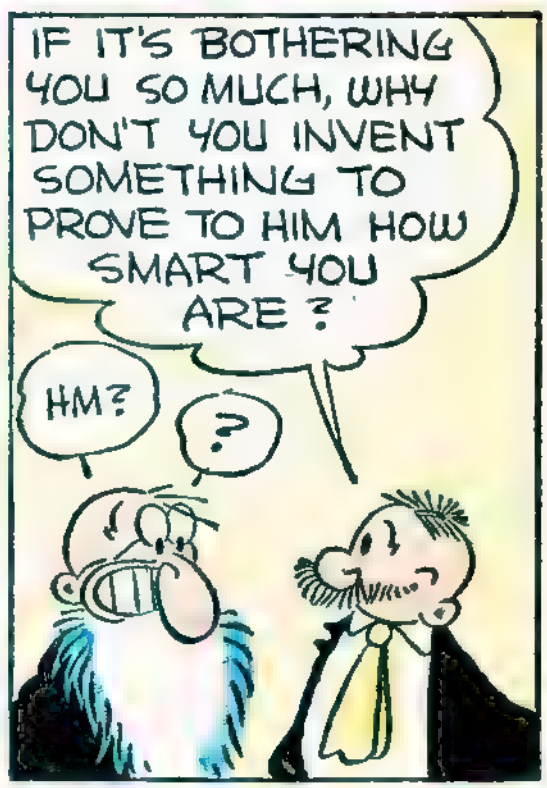
HEY, SAPPO! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!

WHAT'S WRONG, PROF?
IT'S THAT NEPHEW OF YOURS!
WHAT'S HE DONE?

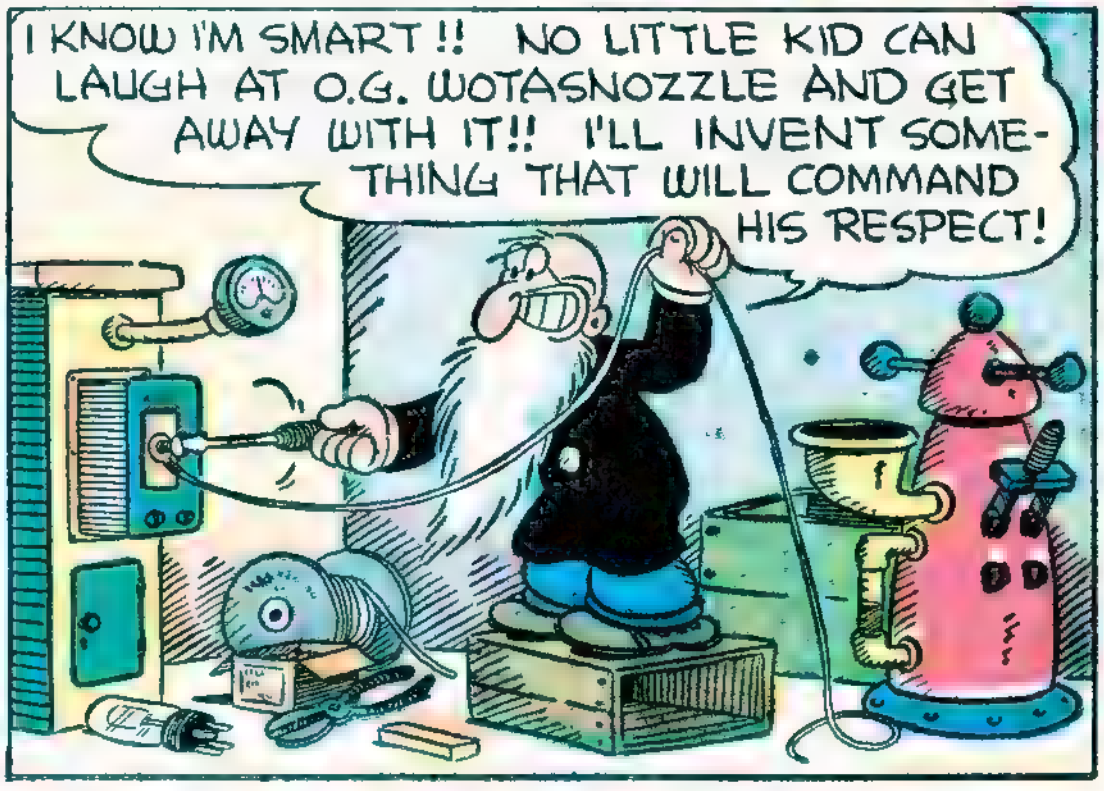
I TRY TO TELL HIM WHAT A **GREAT** INVENTOR I AM AND **HE LAUGHS AT ME**— IT'S VERY DISTURBING!

YOU DON'T MEAN YOU'RE GOING TO LET A LITTLE KID BOTHER YOU?
HAW!
HAW!

BAH!! LAUGH IF YOU WANT TO, BUT THIS IS SERIOUS! I'M A BRILLIANT MAN AND HE SHOULD REALIZE IT!


IF IT'S BOTHERING YOU SO MUCH, WHY DON'T YOU INVENT SOMETHING TO PROVE TO HIM HOW SMART YOU ARE?
HM?
?

I **COULD** DO THAT, COULDN'T I? THAT WOULD **SHOW** HIM!!


I KNOW I'M SMART!! NO LITTLE KID CAN LAUGH AT O.G. WOTASNOZZLE AND GET AWAY WITH IT!! I'LL INVENT SOMETHING THAT WILL COMMAND HIS RESPECT!

UNCLE SAPPO, WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE ?

BAM

THAT'S THE PROFESSOR - HE'S IN HIS LAB, INVENTING!!

GOSH!?! INVENTING IS NOISY, ISN'T IT?

BAM!!

BZ-Z-Z-Z-Z

CRASH!

SNAP!!

BZ-Z-Z-Z

YOU HURT HIS VANITY - SO HE'S INVENTING SOMETHING TO PROVE TO YOU HOW SMART HE IS!

GEE! I DIDN'T MEAN TO START ANY-THING!

GOSH!?! I WONDER WHAT HE'S INVENTING?

WE WON'T KNOW UNTIL HE'S THROUGH!

BAM

BZ-Z-Z

THE NOISE HAS STOPPED - HE MUST BE FINISHED!

HOORAY!!! I'VE DONE IT AGAIN!!

?

?

?

?

I EVEN AMAZED MYSELF WITH THIS ONE!!! THE MORE I INVENT, THE MORE I LIKE MYSELF!!

GEE!! WHAT IS IT?

?

THERE! NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK OF WOTASNOZZLE? ISN'T IT A GREAT INVENTION?

IT'S BIG!

?

?

BUT **WHAT IS IT?** WHAT DOES IT DO?

AH! PREPARE TO BE ASTOUNDED, SAPPO!!

JUST SAY A FEW WORDS INTO THIS MIKE!

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB!

THAT'S ENOUGH!

THERE YOU ARE, SAPPO! PICK UP THAT LITTLE CAPSULE!

OKAY!

?

CLICK

PLOP

NOW THROW IT AGAINST THE WALL OVER THERE!

?

SEE, **SOUND PILLS!!** MY MACHINE CONDENSES SOUND AND PUTS IT IN A GLASS CAPSULE. WHEN IT'S BROKEN, THE SOUND IS RELEASED!

?

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB!

YIPE! IT TALKS!

POP

NOW DON'T YOU AGREE THAT I'M A MENTAL GIANT?

IT'S A SWELL INVENTION, BUT WHAT'S IT GOOD FOR? WHAT PRACTICAL USES COULD IT POSSIBLY HAVE?

YEAH! WHAT'LL YOU USE IT FOR?

PRACTICAL?! USE IT FOR!?! WHY, IT HAS MILLION OF USES!!

I'LL PROVE ITS VALUE - SEE THAT MAN RINGING MRS. JONES'S DOORBELL ACROSS THE STREET?

HE DOESN'T KNOW MRS. JONES IS AWAY - SO I'LL MAKE A SOUND PILL AND WISE HIM UP!!

?

NOW ALL I NEED IS A BEAN-SHOOTER!!

?

?

?

YOU ARE WASTING YOUR TIME -- MRS. JONES IS NOT AT HOME!!

POP

OH! THANK YOU ---

?

WHA'-TH.. ??

HEY, SAPPO, I'VE MADE SOME SOUND PILLS - LET'S GO OUT AND HAVE SOME FUN!

HA! HA! LOOK AT THAT CAT ON THE FENCE! WATCH HIM JUMP -

?

PFFT

?

?

BOW WOW!

GR-R-R-!

POP

THAT'S NOT FUNNY!! PICKIN' ON A POOR LITTLE CAT!!

YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!

YOU BETTER BE CAREFUL WITH THOSE THINGS - YOU'RE LIABLE TO GET INTO TROUBLE!

DON'T BE SILLY!!

OH, BOY! THERE'S THAT COP I WANTED TO INVITE TO DINNER -

I MADE A SPECIAL PILL TO ASK HIM TO COME!!

YOU BIG FATHEAD! I CAN LICK YOU WITH MY LITTLE FINGER!!

!

?

POP

THAT WAS THE **WRONG** PILL!! I MADE THAT ONE FOR THE **GROCERY BOY**!!

HAH!

HAW!

HAS EDDIE ADMITTED THAT YOU'RE A GENIUS YET?
I WAS JUST GOING TO ASK HIM!

EDDIE, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
OH, HELLO, PROFESSOR!

AFTER SEEING MY SOUND-PILL MACHINE, DON'T YOU AGREE THAT I'M A **GREAT GENIUS?**

WELL, ANSWER ME!!
SAY IT!! WOTASNOZZLE IS A GENIUS!!
I SAID, SAY IT!!

BAH! PHOOEY!! STUBBORN BRAT-I'LL MAKE HIM TALK!!

HEY, PROFESSOR, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

YOUR NEPHEW REFUSES TO TALK!! BUT I'LL FIX HIM!!
I'M GOING TO **MAKE** HIM TALK!

BUT I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN MAKE HIM ADMIT YOU'RE A GREAT GENIUS BY USING SOUND PILLS?

HA! HA! JUST WAIT UNTIL MORNING! HE'LL SAY ALL KINDS OF NICE THINGS ABOUT ME!!

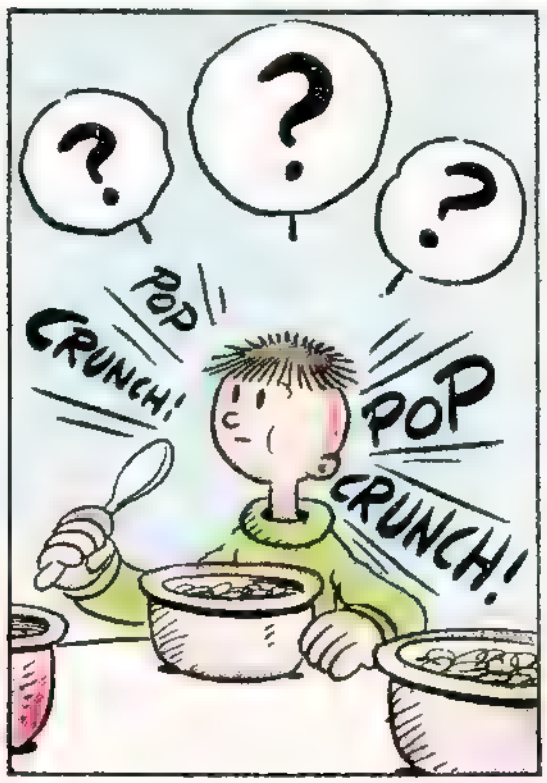
THE NEXT MORNING!!

IT'S EIGHT O'CLOCK, PROF, AND EDDIE HASN'T SAID ANYTHING NICE ABOUT YOU!!

GIVE HIM TIME! AS SOON AS HE EATS, HE'LL TALK!!

TELL HIM TO EAT HIS BREAKFAST FOOD, SAPPO!!

?



YOU'RE A GENIUS, PROFESSOR!!

WOTASNOZZLE IS THE GREATEST INVENTOR IN THE WORLD!!

YOU PUT SOUND PILLS IN HIS FOOD!!

HA! HA!

DOGGONIT! THAT PROF THINKS HE'S HOT STUFF! I'LL GET EVEN WITH HIM!!

HE INSISTS THAT I TELL HIM WHAT I THINK OF HIM!!

HM?

HA! HA!! I'LL DO IT!! I'LL LET HIM KNOW WHAT I THINK OF HIM!!

I'LL USE HIS OWN SOUND-PILL MACHINE TO TELL HIM—

I'LL MAKE A BUNCH OF SOUND PILLS, SAYING JUST WHAT I THINK OF **O. G. WOTASNOZZLE!!**

I'LL MAKE HIM WISH HE'D NEVER INVENTED THIS THING!

I'LL HIDE THEM AROUND THE HOUSE WHERE HE'LL BE SURE TO BREAK THEM—

HM!?! I WONDER WHERE THE BEST PLACE WOULD BE?

I'LL SPREAD THEM AROUND UNDER THE LIVING ROOM RUG—WHEN HE STEPS ON 'EM, HE'LL **HEAR** WHAT I THINK OF HIM!!!

YOU LOOK HAPPY, PROFESSOR!

I AM HAPPY !! SOME OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST SCIENTISTS ARE COMING TO SEE MY SOUND-PILL MACHINE —

AFTER THEY SEE IT, I'M SURE I'LL GET A MEDAL FOR MY GREAT GENIUS !!

THAT MUST BE THEM NOW!!

KNOCK

SHOW THEM INTO MY LAB, SAPPO!

KNOCK

WELCOME, GENTLEMEN, I WILL NOW DEM— ONSTRATE MY LATEST INVENTION!!

GOSH, I HOPE THEY LIKE HIS SOUND-PILL INVENTION-

- THIS MEANS A LOT TO HIM!

NOW THAT I'VE GIVEN A DEMONSTRATION, WE CAN GO IN THE LIVING ROOM AND YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT YOU THINK OF IT !!

WOTASNOZZLE, YOU'RE A FAKE!!

YOU DON'T KNOW AN ATOM FROM AN APPLE -

WHAT!?!

GR-R-R

FAKE!

POP POP POP POP

WHAT DID YOU GENTLEMEN SAY??

WOTASNOZZLE, YOU SHOULD GO BACK TO KINDERGARTEN!

INVENTOR-- HAW! HAW!

GET OUT!!! GET OUT OF THIS HOUSE!!!

POP

POP

POP

YOU MEAN, YOU THREW THEM OUT OF THE HOUSE?

I'LL SAY I DID - YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD WHAT THEY SAID ABOUT ME!!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT!?! IT WAS AWFUL!!!

WHA'--TH--?

POP

WOTASNOZZLE, YOU'RE NO INVENTOR!! YOU'RE A DOPE!!

HEY, PROF.! IT WASN'T THOSE SCIENTISTS INSULTING YOU - SOMEONE PUT SOUND PILLS UNDER THE RUG!!!

EDDIE!!!

GR-R-R

YOU'D BETTER STAY AWAY FROM THE PROF.! HE'S PLENTY BURNT-UP ABOUT THOSE SOUND PILLS UNDER THE RUG!!

GEE! I DIDN'T MEAN TO CAUSE HIM TROUBLE! I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS HAVING COMPANY!!

I'D LIKE TO MAKE IT UP TO HIM! ISN'T THERE SOME-THING I CAN DO?

TODAY IS HIS BIRTHDAY – YOU MIGHT SURPRISE HIM WITH A NICE GIFT!

?

GOSH!?! I HAVEN'T ANY MONEY TO BUY HIM A PRESENT!

I'LL HAVE TO THINK OF SOME-THING ELSE!

?

?

?

?

?

?

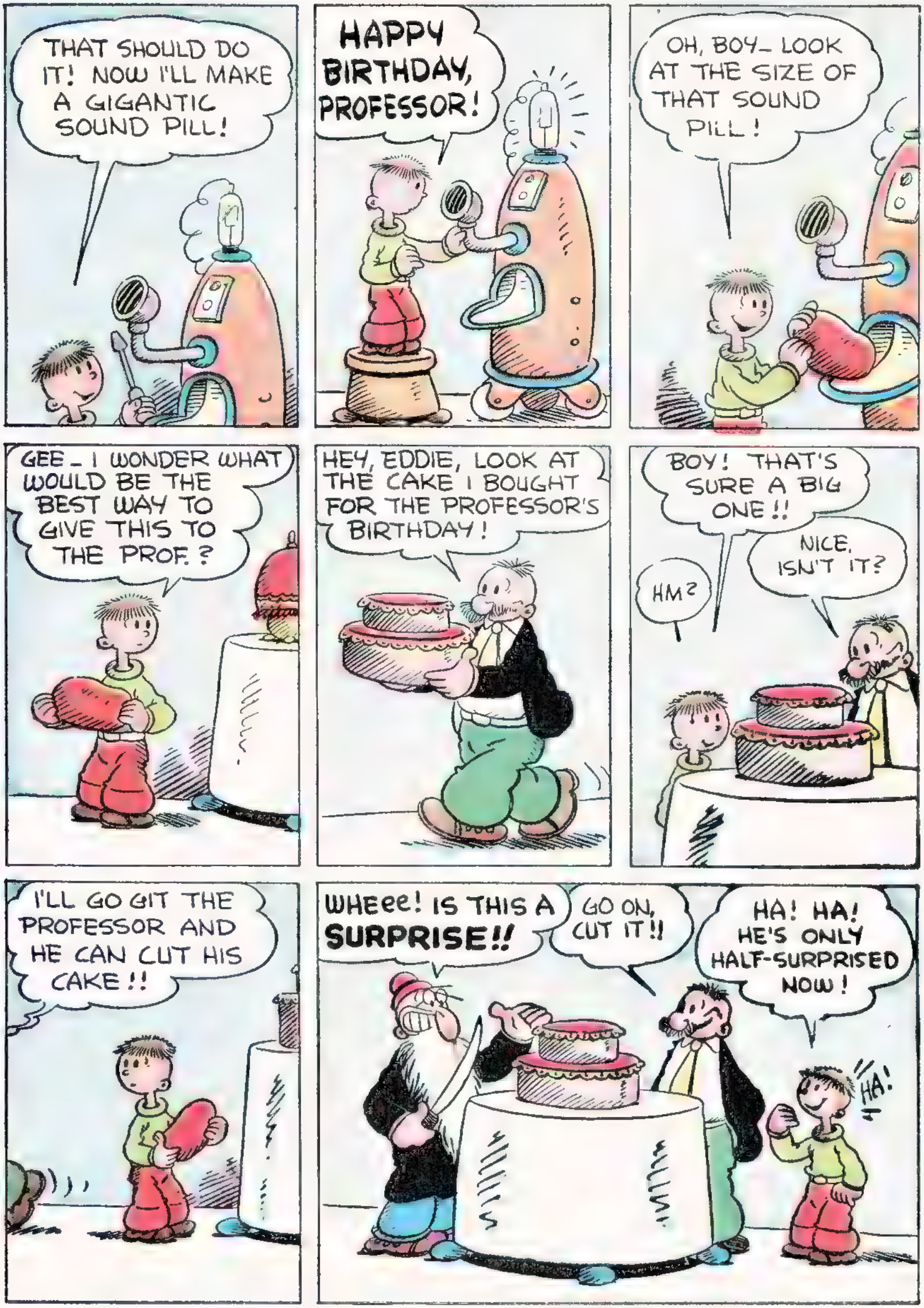
HM?

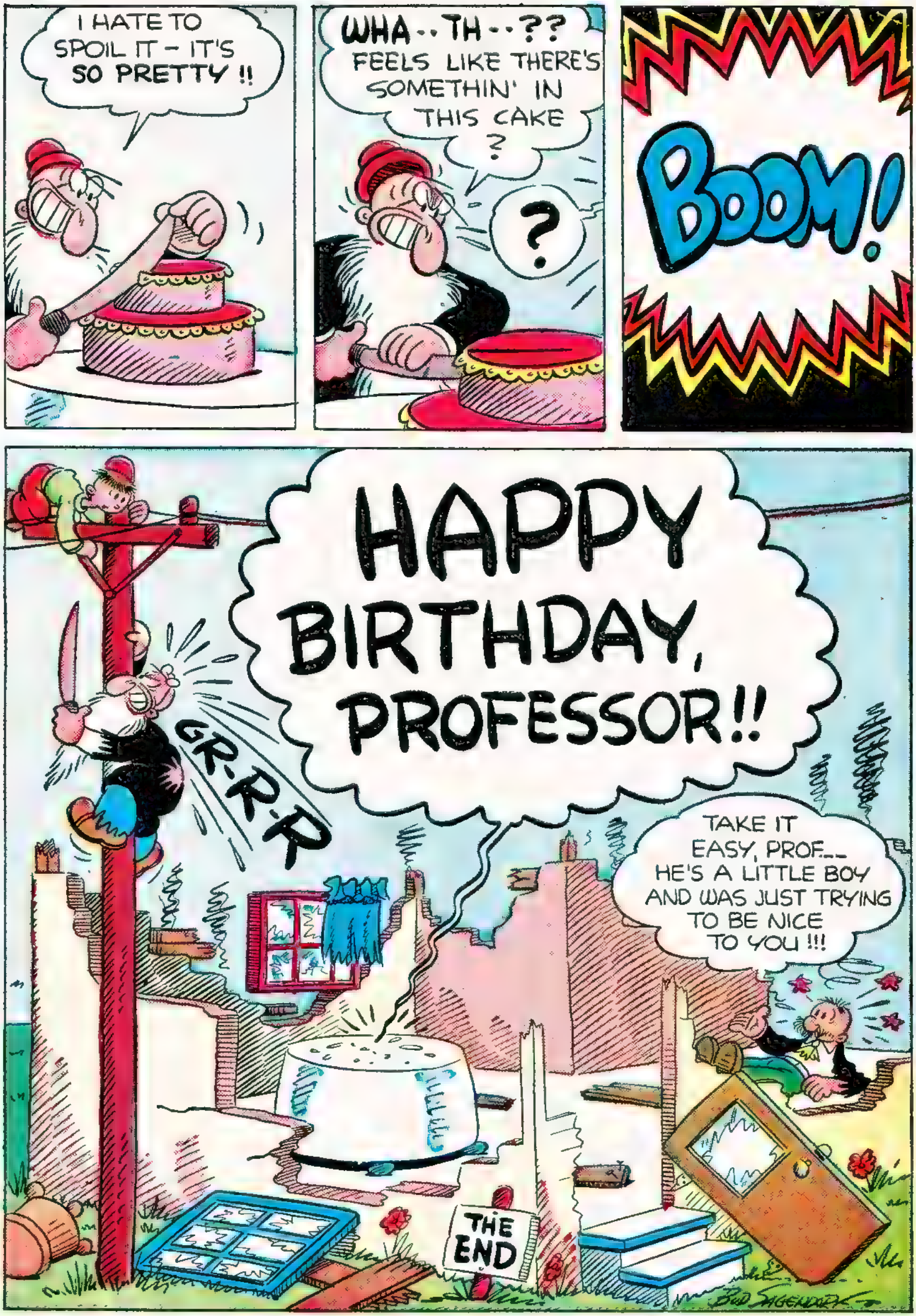
OH, BOY!!! WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THAT BEFORE?

I'LL MAKE A **SUPER** SOUND PILL, WISHING HIM A HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!

WILL HE BE SURPRISED!

IT WON'T TAKE MUCH WORK TO IMPROVE HIS MACHINE, SO IT'LL MAKE SUPER SOUND PILLS!


THAT SHOULD DO IT! NOW I'LL MAKE A GIGANTIC SOUND PILL!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PROFESSOR!
OH, BOY- LOOK AT THE SIZE OF THAT SOUND PILL!
GEE - I WONDER WHAT WOULD BE THE BEST WAY TO GIVE THIS TO THE PROF.?
HEY, EDDIE, LOOK AT THE CAKE I BOUGHT FOR THE PROFESSOR'S BIRTHDAY!
BOY! THAT'S SURE A BIG ONE!!
HM?
NICE, ISN'T IT?
I'LL GO GIT THE PROFESSOR AND HE CAN CUT HIS CAKE!!
WHEee! IS THIS A SURPRISE!!
GO ON, CUT IT!!
HA! HA! HE'S ONLY HALF-SURPRISED NOW!
HA!


I HATE TO SPOIL IT – IT'S SO PRETTY !!
WHA..TH..??
FEELS LIKE THERE'S SOMETHIN' IN THIS CAKE ?
?
BOOM!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PROFESSOR!!
GR-R-R
TAKE IT EASY, PROF... HE'S A LITTLE BOY AND WAS JUST TRYING TO BE NICE TO YOU !!!
THE END
BOB SIGENDAK

BLACK JACK

(Continued from inside front cover)

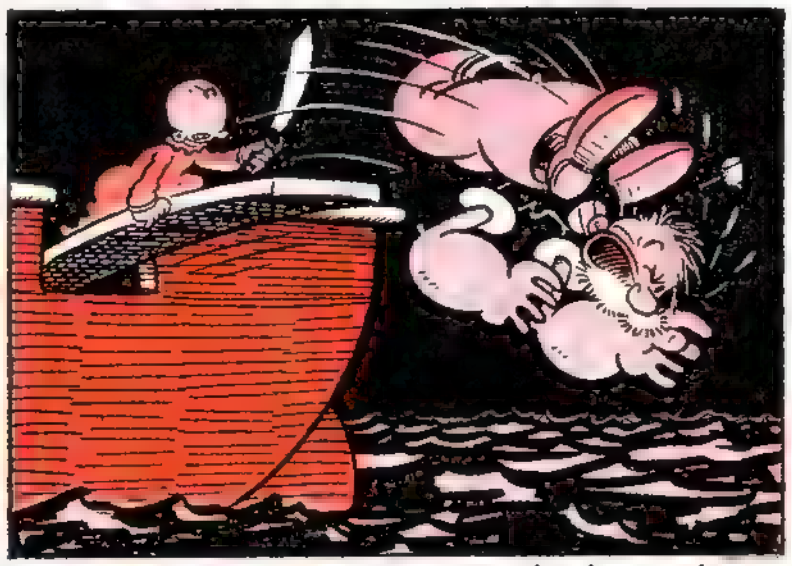
the door out onto the main deck.

"Okay, Swee'pea," Pappy tried hard not to be too angry. "Ya has played yer game now how about goin' to bed?"

The only answer Pappy received was another sharp jab. This was getting serious he thought as the little fellow steered him down the deck and ordered him to pick up a plank and place it over the stern of the ship so that one end stuck out over the water.

"YIPE!" Pappy shouted as he saw what was coming. "Fun is fun, Swee'-pea, but please do not make me walk the plank."

"Will ya please stop callin' me 'at silly name. Me name is BLACK JACK and I yam a mean horrible nasty pirate and I will run ya through if ya doesn't call me by me right name."



For the first time Pappy got a look at Swee'pea's face and his heart sank as he saw that the young man was fast asleep.

"Oh!" he moaned. "He is asleep and really thinks he is Black Jack."

As Swee'pea motioned for him to climb up on the plank Pappy made one last desperate attempt to awaken him.

"Ahoy, Swee'pea, WAKE UP! Ya does not know what ya is about to do to yer adoptid father's Pappy."

"Blast yer hide!" shouted the pirate. "I warned ya not to call me that name!"

Swee'pea lunged forward and drove his knife at Pappy. With a yelp Pappy sailed off the end of the plank. It was lucky for the old man that Popeye happened to come along at that moment in the ship's small boat for he landed in Popeye's lap. He quickly explained what was going on and the two of them sneaked aboard.

It took Popeye but a moment to unarm Swee'pea and to awaken him. He had had this trouble with the little boy before but never when he had been dreaming he was a pirate.

"Blow me down!" Popeye said to Pappy as the three of them sat at the galley table a little while later. "Ya has got us in a fine fix by readin' 'at story to me little boy kid. We does not dare to let him go to sleep now fer fear he will dream he is Black Jack again."

Pappy scratched his head and then smiling picked up the book he had been reading to Swee'pea and pulling the little boy up on his lap began to read aloud from where he had stopped.

"As the brave merchant captain hit the water, there was a mad scramble of man-eating sharks as they dove at the tender morsel. But the brave captain was not to die from the fury of such as they. With deft skill he dodged the rush of finny monsters and the only place their sharp teeth were allowed to touch was the cord about his wrists. This was as he intended it and as the teeth ripped through the cord and his hands came free, he lashed out with his bare hands and killed every shark in the water about him.

"Black Jack was still laughing as the dripping figure of the merchant captain crawled over the rail and landed on his evil back. Pulling Black Jack to his feet, the merchant captain proceeded to give him such a beating as no man had ever received before.

"With a final smash of his fist the captain sent Black Jack across the deck to lie in a heap against the rail. Drawing himself to his full height the merchant captain pointed his finger at the pirate and in a stern voice proclaimed, 'Black Jack, you shall hang for the evil you have done!' "

Pappy closed the book and laughing said to his son, "I does not think Swee'-pea will dream any more of being Black Jack."

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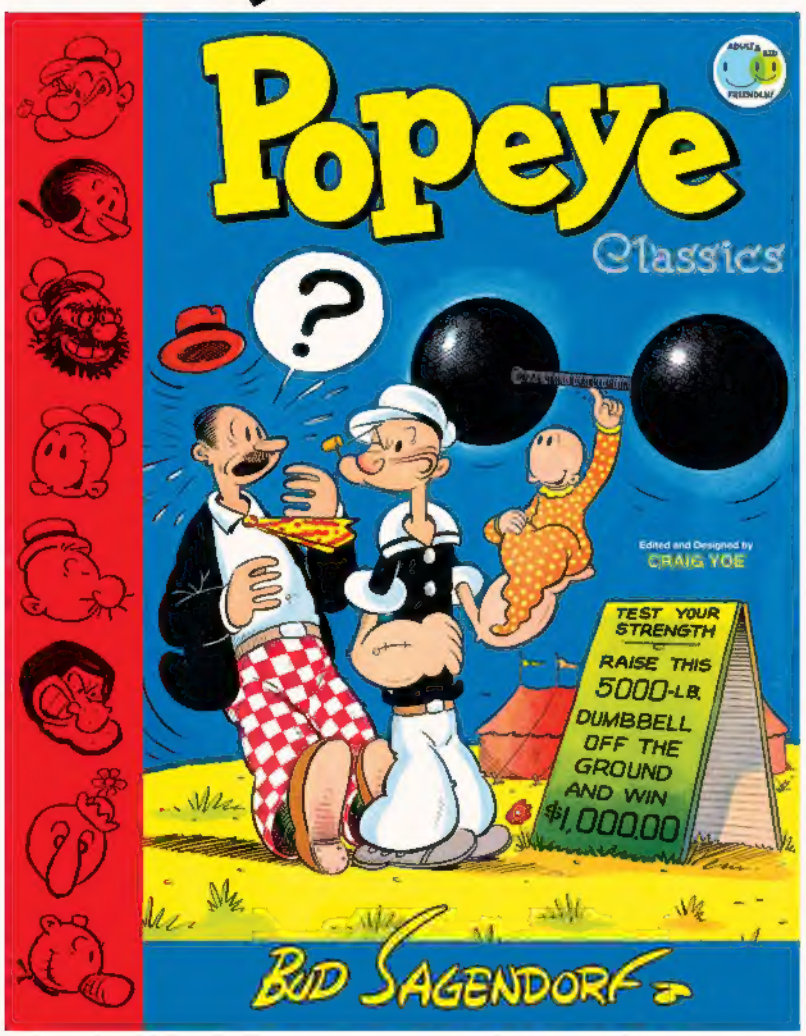

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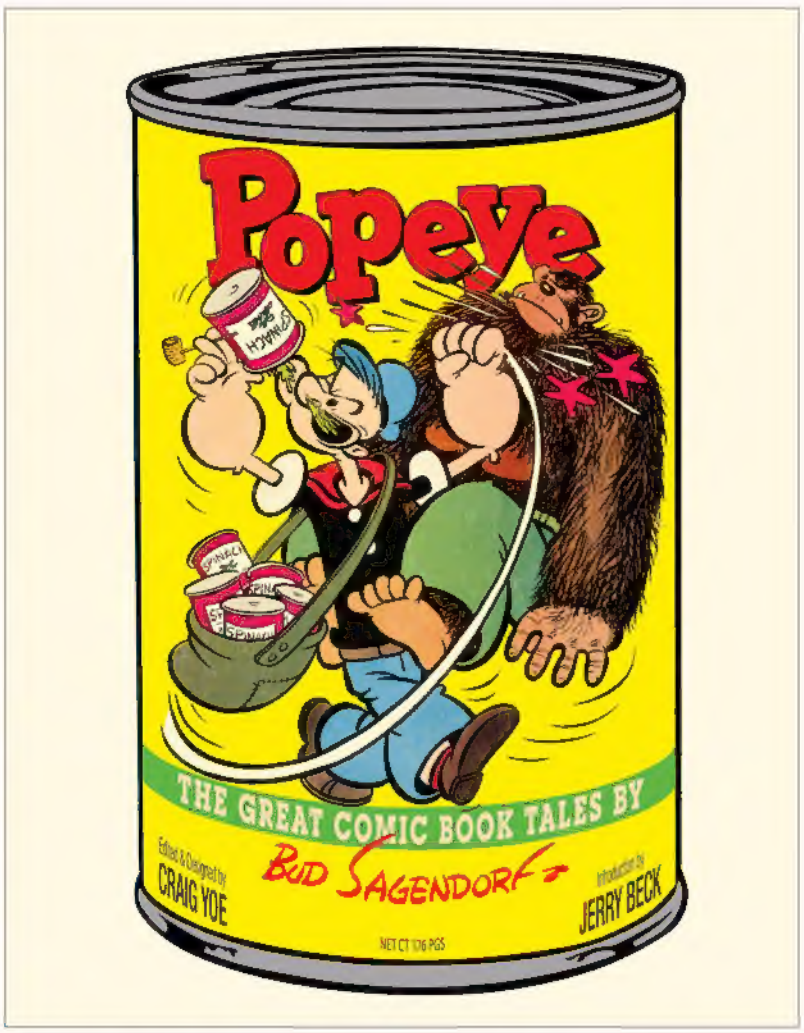

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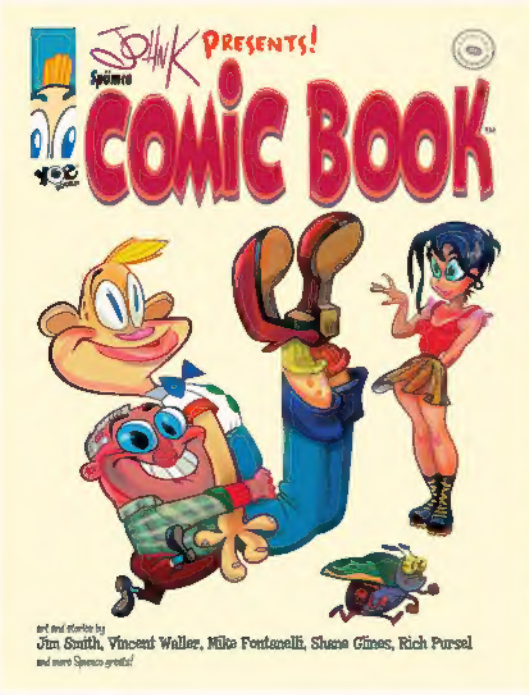

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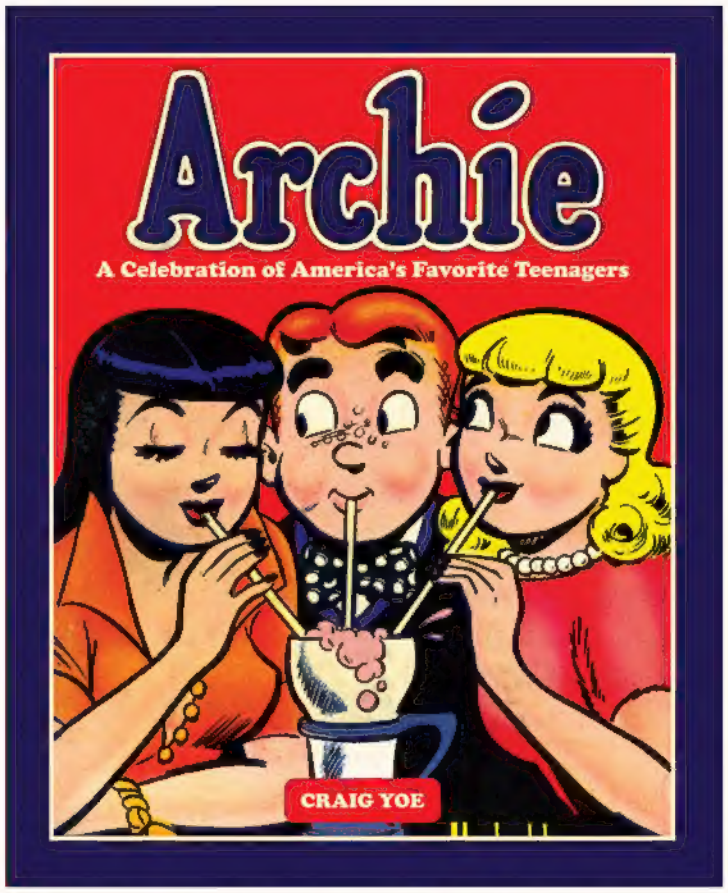

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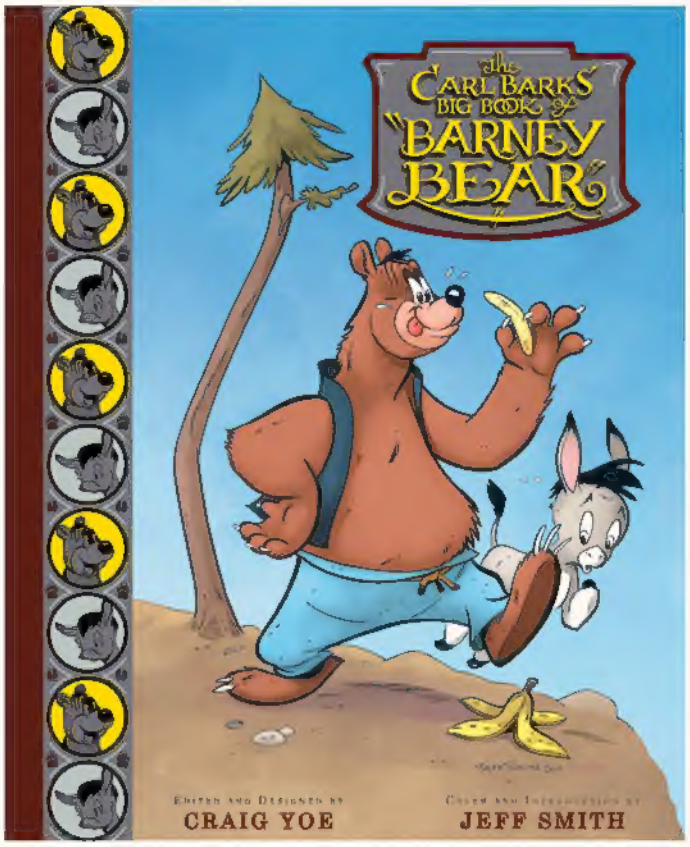

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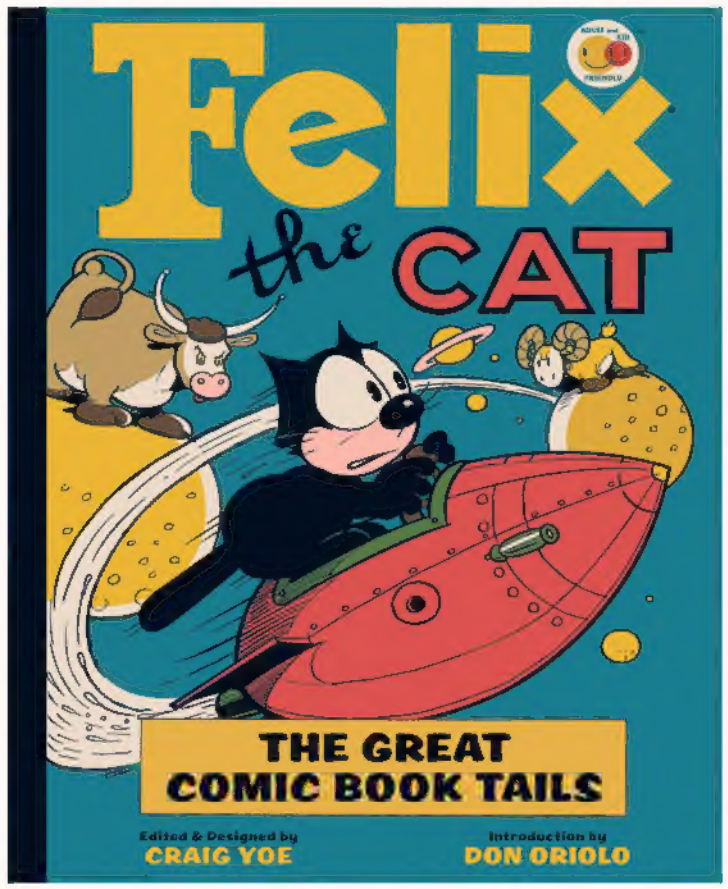

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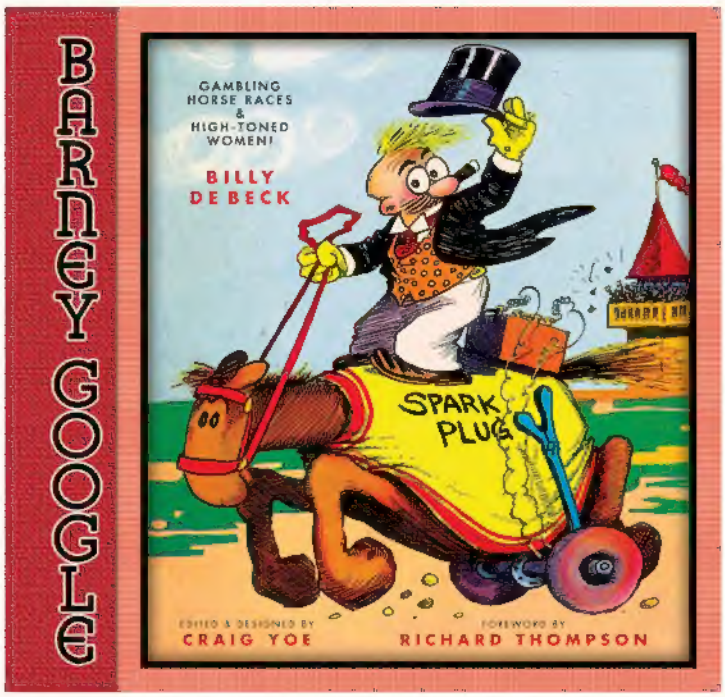

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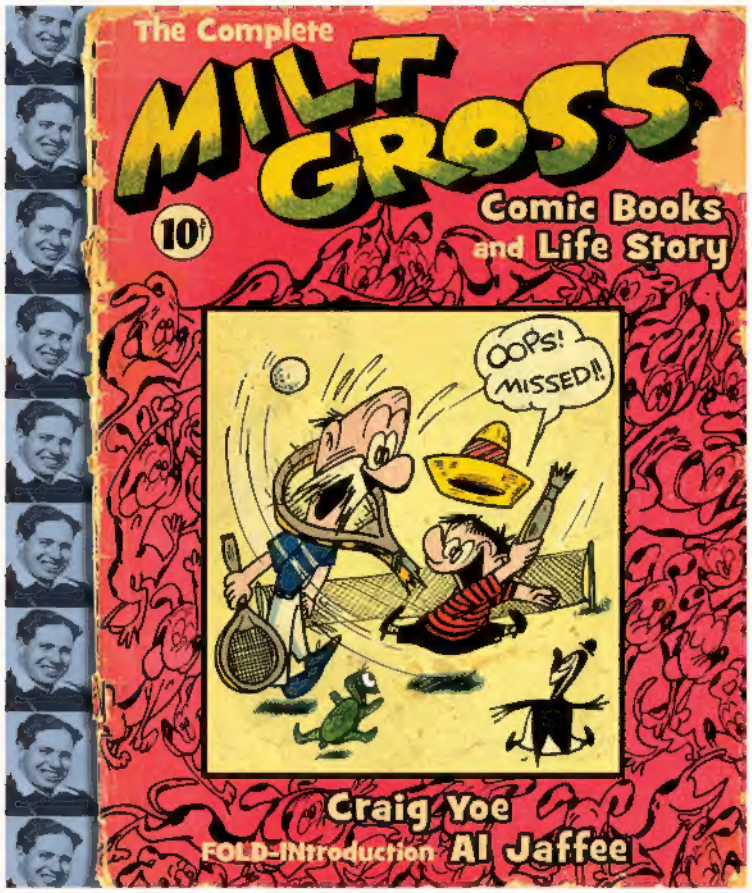

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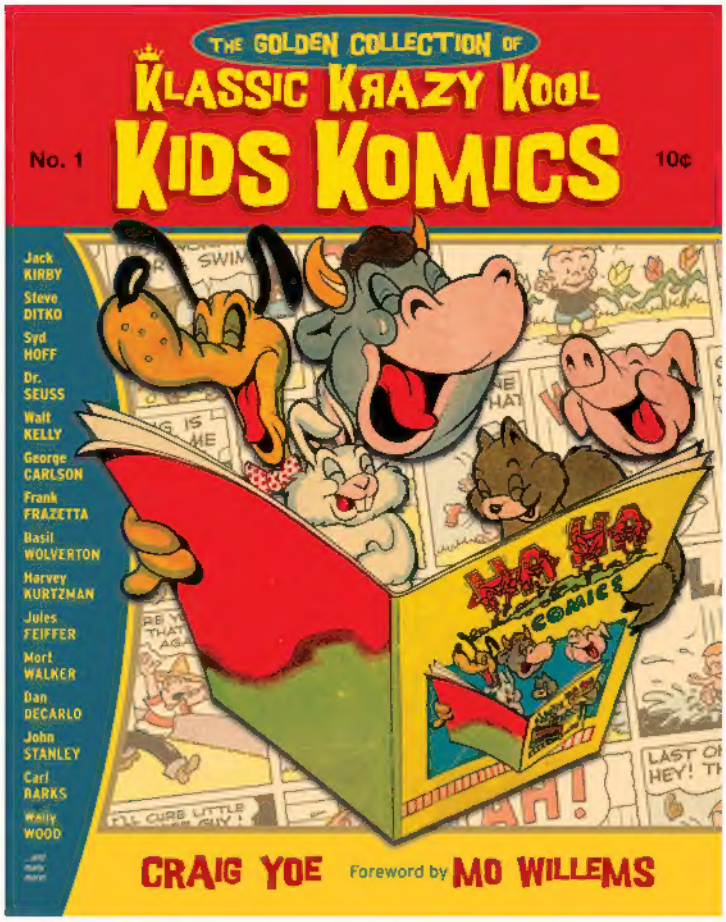

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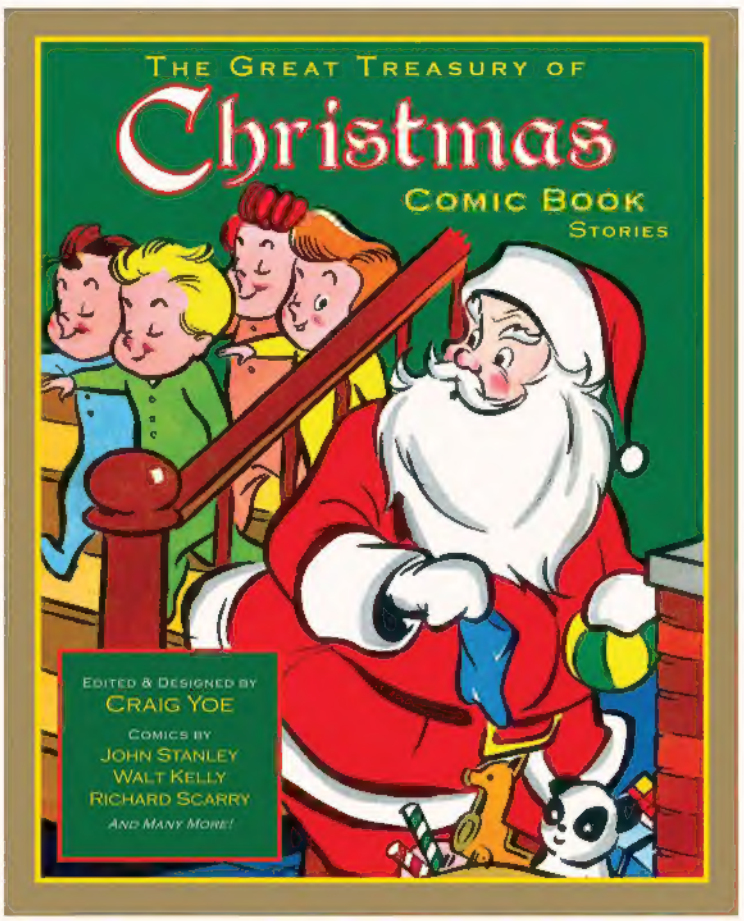

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